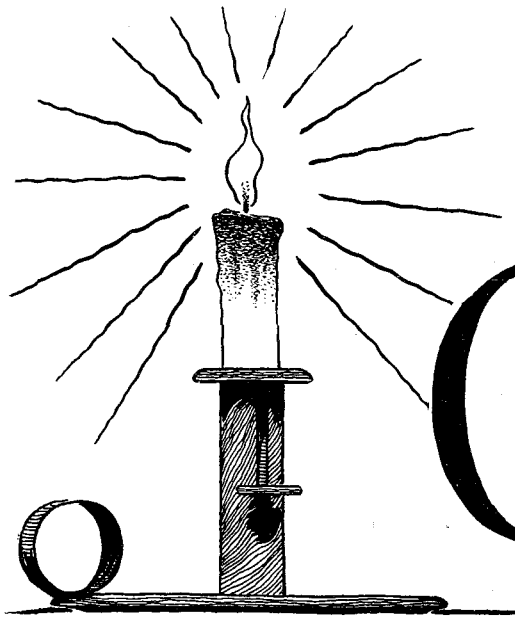
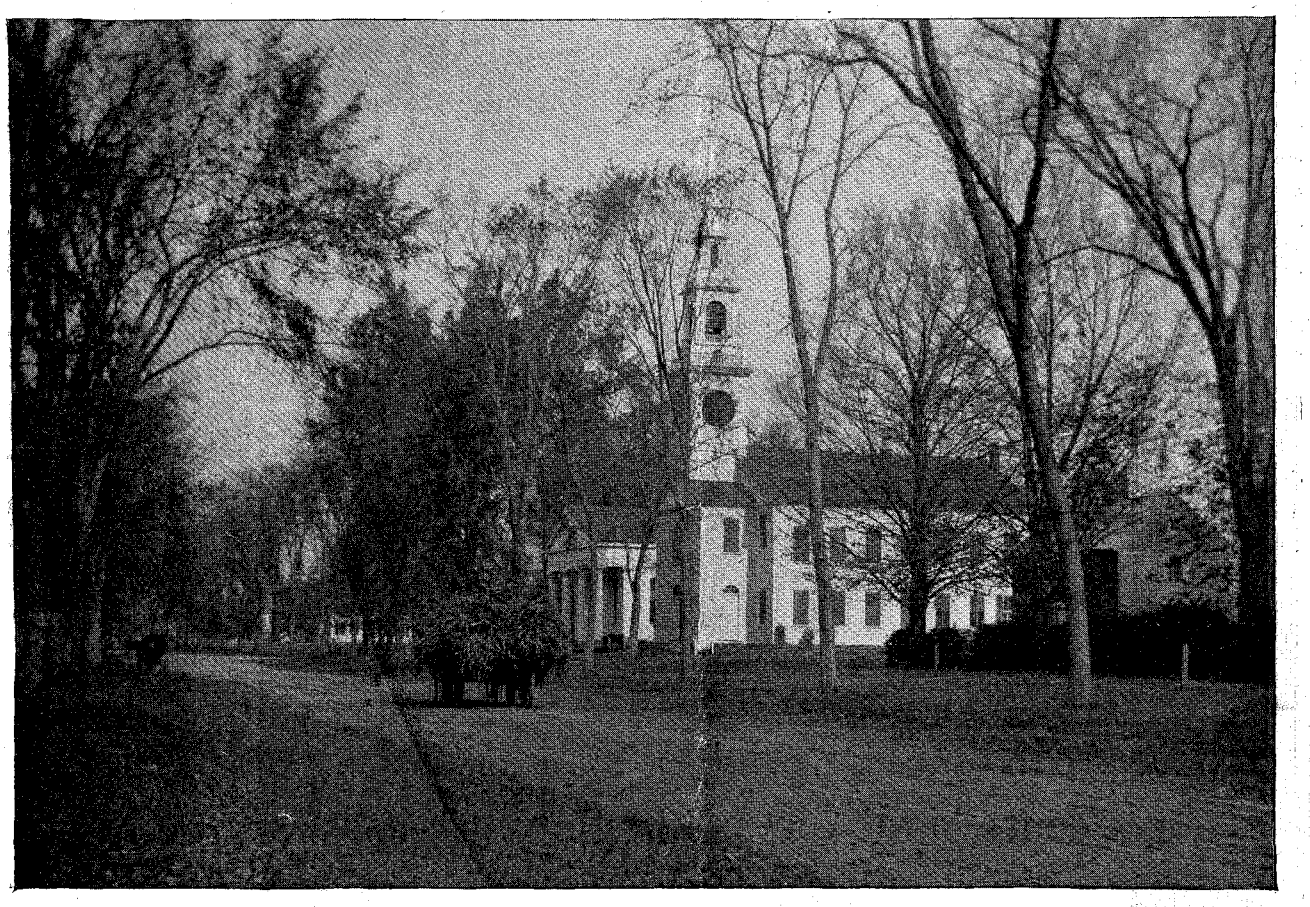
750
Proff. Hall
Proff. A. Hall 1894
Drury Coll. Grounds



THE OUTLOOK

A FAMILY PAPER

Nov. 25



THE VILLAGE CHURCH

BY RICHARD BURTON

BESIDE THE ARCHING ELMS IT STANDS,
AS IT HAS STOOD SINCE DAYS OF YORE,
WHAT TIME THE FATHERS RAISED THEIR HANDS
TO GOD, THOUGH BOUND IN IRON BANDS,—
DID PRAISE AND WORSHIP AND IMPLORE.

THE AIR IS PURER NOW; THE STREET
LEADS CHURCHWARD CHEERILY; ABOVE
THE SINNERS' SIGH UPRISES SWEET
SUCH SONGS TRIUMPHANT AS ARE MEET
WHEN LAW IS GLORIFIED BY LOVE.

THANKSGIVING NUMBER · · · · · 1893

THE OUTLOOK CO. · CLINTON HALL · · ·
ASTOR PLACE · NEW YORK · · · · · · · · · ·

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buttermilk Soap

Buttermilk Toilet Soap
contains all of the
healing, cooling, and
softening qualities
which have always
followed the use of
pure Buttermilk.
These qualities make it
a pleasing soap to use,
and give the
face and hands
a beauty and
clearness
that is so prized
by ladies.

Buttermilk Toilet Soap is sold at the popular price of 10 cents, and yet excels any 25-cent soap on the market. **For Sale Everywhere.**

FOR GENTLEMEN
Sample, 10 Cents

SEND 12 CTS. IN STAMPS FOR
FULL-SIZE CAKE FOR TRIAL.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP COMPANY
185-187 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

☞ *More than a Million Ladies after trying one cake have become constant users of*
BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP.

¼ size fac-simile of package.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE ANNOUNCEMENTS

(SEE CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR FULL PROSPECTUS)

Christmas Number

A SUPERB MAGAZINE

STORIES BY ROBERT GRANT: "The Bachelor's Christmas. Illustrations by IRVING R. WILES. **THOMAS NELSON PAGE:** "How the Captain Made Christmas." **HERBERT D. WARD:** "The Semaphore." Illustrations by A. B. FROST. **HENRY VAN DYKE:** "The Source," an Allegory. Illustrations by J. R. WEGUELIN. **EDITH WHARTON:** "The Fulness of Life."

F. MARION CRAWFORD writes of "Constantinople." Illustrations by EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

AN UNPUBLISHED WORK OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Recently discovered and now first printed with an Introduction by ANDREW LANG.

DELLA ROBBIAS. A search for new works by the great artist and his pupils in Italy. By ALLAN MARQUAND. Printed in tint.

DESIGNS BY HOWARD PYLE. "JANUARY AND MAY," a song without words. Music by GILCHRIST.

AN ARTIST AMONG ANIMALS. A delightful article by **F. S. CHURCH.** With illustrations by the author.

POEMS by **THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, GRAHAM R. TOMSON, EDITH M. THOMAS.**

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

GEORGE W. CABLE will contribute, beginning with the January number, a romance entitled **JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER,** the first novel written by him for many years.

Two other important serials have been engaged:

J. M. BARRIE, author of **"THE LITTLE MINISTER,"** has written for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE a characteristic novel, the first since that famous story.

GEORGE MEREDITH will contribute a vivid and strong novel, entitled **"THE AMAZING MARRIAGE."**

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON has selected the frontispieces for 1894. These will not be drawn from articles in the Magazine, but will form an artistic feature in themselves, each picture illustrating some tendency of contemporary art, and accompanied by an article by Mr. Hamerton. The first will be Manet's "Fifer."

NOTABLE STORIES will be, as always, a feature of the year, including stories extending over more than one number by **W. D. HOWELLS, W. H. BISHOP,** and **Miss ELLIOTT,** the author of "Jerry," and short stories by **LUDOVIC HALÉVY, JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, PAUL BOURGET, THOMAS NELSON PAGE, GEORGE A. HIBBARD,** and many new writers.

F. MARION CRAWFORD and EDWIN L. WEEKS, the celebrated painter, have co-operated in preparing articles on **"CONSTANTINOPLE."**

LIFE AT NEWPORT, LENOX, BAR HARBOR, and the **NORTH SHORE OF MASSACHUSETTS** will form a group of clever social studies by four bright authors and artists working in co-operation. A series of exceptional interest and artistic importance.

CLEVER SOCIAL STUDIES BY OCTAVE THANET, being sketches of many American types, especially of the West.

DOMESTICATED ANIMALS, the **DOG,** the **HORSE, BEASTS OF BURDEN,** and **DOMESTICATED BIRDS,** by Prof. SHALER, illustrated by distinguished artists of animal life. The articles will be an important feature of the year.

ON PIRATICAL SEAS—**A NARRATIVE OF PETER GROTJAN,** a Philadelphia merchant, in the beginning of the century, will extend through several numbers.

SUBSCRIBE NOW, BEGINNING WITH THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 743 Broadway, New York

TERMS: { **$3.00 a Year** / **25c. a Number**

SPECIAL OFFER. The numbers for 1893 and a subscription for 1894, - - - **$4.50**

The same, with back numbers bound in cloth, - - - - - **6.00**

For Sunday Schools

3 Distinct Courses PILGRIM Bible Studies

Course I. THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, for 1894.
Course II. STUDY OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST, in 52 lessons.
Course III. STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF ISRAEL, 2 years' course.

Course III. A STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF ISRAEL.

A two years' course, to be published in quarterly parts, beginning January 1, 1894. Four grades: Senior, Intermediate, Junior and Lesson Picture Cards. The first year covers the Bible history from the Creation to the coronation of Saul; the second year will trace the history of the Israelites from the beginning of the kingdom until the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70.

Course II. A STUDY OF THE LIFE OF JESUS THE CHRIST.

In fifty-two lessons. In quarterly parts, or each grade (except cards) complete in one volume. Four grades: Senior, Intermediate, Junior, and Lesson Picture Cards.

Courses II and III follow the **outline** method, taking large portions of Scripture in a single lesson and studying them historically rather than textually. The arrangement of the material is **chronological.** Each lesson is handled in such a way as to give just the help absolutely necessary, and no more.

Course I. THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS FOR 1894.

Six grades: the Teacher; Senior, Intermediate, Junior Quarterlies. Little Pilgrim Lesson Paper, Little Pilgrim Cards (pictures in colors).

THE INDUCTIVE METHOD, introduced into the Pilgrim Series of International Lesson Helps about three years ago, has had a fair trial and has proved a great success. *The Lesson Questions* and *The Word and Phrase Studies* are worthy of special notice, while *The Lesson Work for the Week, Lesson Themes* and *Seek-further Questions* furnish special incentives for a thorough study of the lesson.

SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS.

Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago

THE

Popular Science Monthly

FOR DECEMBER

The Story of Bob.—By DAVID STARR JORDAN. (Illustrated.) An account of the behavior of a South Sea monkey in the various surroundings of human civilization.

Modern War Vessels of the United States Navy. By W. A. DOBSON. (Illustrated.) Describes the construction and armament of the ships in our new navy, with pictures of the New York, Miantonomoh, and other typical vessels.

Evolution and Ethics. II. By Professor T. H. HUXLEY. The concluding part of this much-discussed lecture.

The Fruit Industry in California. By CHARLES HOWARD SHINN. (Illustrated.) Shows the present extent and the prospects of this valuable industry.

OTHER ARTICLES ON

HOW OLD IS THE EARTH? THE CREATION; A PENOBSCOT INDIAN MYTH; STATE INTERFERENCE IN SOCIAL AFFAIRS; CRIMINAL WOMAN; ETHICS AND THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE; THE CALUMET IN THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY (Illustrated); THE ESSAYS OF JEAN REY; SKETCH OF SIR DANIEL WILSON (with portrait).

CORRESPONDENCE: EDITOR'S TABLE; LITERARY NOTICES; POPULAR MISCELLANY; NOTES.

50 cents a number; $5.00 a year

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

PRINTING OFFICE
Large font of Type (over 4A) with Figures, Holder, Ink, Pad, Tweezers, Postpaid, **15c**
INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 CORTLAND ST., N. Y. City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How Little Mary Bayne Got the Better of His Majesty the Turkey Gobbler

Our Advertising Man's Thanksgiving Story for the Little Girls and Boys

Little Mary Bayne went to the country last summer, and found such a lovely vacation home up among the hills of western Connecticut. r. Cutler owns a fine farm, furnished with all things that make the good farmer glad. The horses, equally steady and kind for riding or rm work, the patient oxen, the gentle cows, the mild-mannered sheep, and the busy chickens, were all a delight to Mary Bayne.

The Cutler farm was a paradise over which there came, however, a cloud. One huge Turkey Gobbler now and then strutted from the barnyard over the lawn, spreading his tail-feathers and dropping his wings until they trailed rattlingly over the ground, flaming his red comb, and striding about as if he were the glory of all Connecticut.

His Majesty the Turkey Gobbler seemed terrible to little Mary Bayne; and as soon as he appeared she would steal away into the house, glancing out now and then in a timid fashion, not daring to venture outside until His Majesty had aired his glory long enough and taken himself back to the poultry-yard. The Gobbler seemed to know he was a terror to little Mary Bayne, and acted as if he enjoyed it, for every morning, as soon after breakfast as Mary Bayne appeared out-of-doors, in upon the lawn would strut His Majesty, and then the little girl's joy was over, and she would fly into the house for shelter. I verily believe he would have followed her quite into the parlor to tease her there, had he not held Miss Cutler, the charming housekeeper, in sensible respect; for this fine fellow was a bit of a bully, and seemed really to enjoy the fear he inspired in little Mary Bayne's heart.

One morning my friend Mr. Bostwick, who was a great crony of Mary's, saw his little protégée furtively looking out of the window, and said:

"Why don't you go outside, Puss, and enjoy this lovely day on the lawn?"

She turned a very sober face toward him and whispered: "*The Turkey Gobbler!*"

He took the whole story in at a glance, and said, "Why, Mary Bayne, has that insolent fellow been troubling you? Just take my hand, and we will go out and teach him a lesson."

Hand in hand they went toward the lawn, but as they passed the door little Mary Bayne drew out her hand and fell back, while her brave defender went on right toward His Majesty, who was, as usual, moving around in grand fashion, scraping the ground with his wings, and seeming to think he would be as overpowering to Mr. Bostwick as to the little girl; but, to His Majesty's surprise, Mr. Bostwick, not a bit frightened, said in a loud voice:

"See here, sir, you are a mean bird! You come in here where you don't belong. Now, stop this business! Get away from the lawn, and don't you frighten little Mary Bayne again—for if you do, I will have an account to settle with you. Get out, sir!"

His Majesty was evidently taken by surprise at such an address. He lifted up his dragging wings, folded his tail-feathers, and with dignity strolled off toward the barn. Mr. Bostwick, turning, said:

"Now, Mary Bayne, see how he goes? You can play away to your heart's content."

"Yes, sir, but—he will come again."

"Mary Bayne, if that insolent fellow comes back to trouble you, come right to me, and we will attend to his case."

An hour later, Mr. Bostwick, busy with his paper, was conscious of a movement at his elbow, and heard a sharp whispering, "*He is here!*" Throwing down the "Tribune," he said:

"Well, now, this shall be stopped. Come right along with me, Mary Bayne, and we will teach His Majesty a lesson this time he won't forget."

So hand in hand they started for the lawn, Mary Bayne now cautiously marching out with him over the grass directly in front of the proud b d who had been in full feather of glory; but as he saw Mary Bayne appear with her protector he really seemed a little nervous.

Mr. Bostwick spoke this time very sternly.

"Are you here again, Mr. Turkey Gobbler? Didn't I tell you to keep away from the lawn? This is little Mary Bayne's playground, and you have no business here; and, besides, you are no gentleman of a Turkey. What sort of manners is it to be frightening a little girl? Now, I tell you once for all, don't you dare to come here again this summer! Hence! Scat! Begone! Skedaddle!"

The effect of this speech was very marked on His Majesty. The tail drooped, the wing feathers all came up together, the comb lost its color, and, turning quickly around, the Turkey Gobbler (no longer His Terrible Majesty) dropped his head and started on a dead run for the barnyard. No Turkey Gobbler could ever for a moment pretend to be imposing, dignified, much less terrible, when he was playing the part of a coward, and running away with all his might; and little Mary Bayne, standing by the side of her friend and deliverer, clapped her hands and laughed merrily to see the ignominious retreat of her old, and once feared, enemy.

Are Turkeys ever ashamed? As to that I can't just say; but certain it is, His Terrible Majesty never seemed to find any pleasure in coming to the lawn through the rest of the summer, and little Mary Bayne felt more like laughing than crying whenever she saw him in the distance.

Our Advertising Man finds more pleasure in greeting the little folks at Thanksgiving-time with a story than in using this page in a strictly professional style. So he only ventures in this corner to remind housekeepers that a slice of delicious Ham, just broiled to a turn, or a dainty sliver of Breakfast Bacon, furnishes a most appetizing relish with Flesh, Fish, or Fowl. He trusts all your tables will be regularly supplied with the FERRIS charming brand, which many enthusiastic housekeepers declare are "The Best in the World."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Terms

The Outlook is a weekly Family Paper, containing this week fifty-six pages. The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

New Subscriptions may commence at any time during the year.

Receipts.—We do not send receipts for subscriptions unless the request is accompanied with stamp. The date on your label will indicate within two weeks that the remittance was received.

Changes of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given, and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing The Outlook stopped at the expiration of their subscriptions should notify us to that effect; otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Check, Draft, Express Order, Money Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash and Postal Notes should be sent in Registered Letter.

A Special Representative is desired in each town in the country. Correspondence is invited.

Letters should be addressed:
THE OUTLOOK,
Clinton Hall, Astor Place,
New York.

The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

"We propose to take ground on the universal reality, the indestructible religious nature, which is as much a part of creation as the globe itself and its physical properties, and far more important."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"All the Lord gives us is opportunity; we are to do the rest."

LAWSON VALENTINE.

Contents, 25 November, 1893

	PAGE
COVER POEM:	
The Village Church. By Richard Burton	917
THE WEEK	923
EDITORIAL:	
A Thanksgiving Homily	928
The New Political Situation in France	928
The Boycott in the Church	929
Not Athletics	929
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:	
The Old-Time New England Sabbath. By Clifton Johnson. (Illustrated from Photographs by the Author)	930
Old-Time Church Music in New England. By Alice Morse Earle	933
Poetry: A Song of Thanksgiving. By Julia Taft Bayne	934
Thanksgiving in Boston in the Twenties. By Edward Everett Hale	934
Miraculous Susan of Quaker Hill: A Thanksgiving Story. By Hezekiah Butterworth	935
Two Club Papers of 1848. By Mary Allaire	940
Uncle Harry Dayton. By Lillian W. Betts	941
Grandfather Larkin's Cellar: A Thanksgiving Story for Young Folks. By Sydney Dayre	942
The Greater Glory.—XL. By Maarten Maartens	945
SUNDAY AFTERNOON:	
Science and Religion. By the Rev. A. W. Momerie.	947
Pure Religion and Undefiled. By Lyman Abbott	949
BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
Marie Antoinette	950
The Chronicles of the Sid	951
Minor Notices	951
Literary Notes	952
Books Received	967
THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:	
The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D.; Dr. Deems as Preacher, Minister, and Man; The Presbytery of New York; The Resignation of Dr. Paxton; The American Board in New York; The Salvation Army Congress; Woman's Board of Missions at Portland, Me.	953
The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress	954
Gleanings	955
Manchester College, Oxford	956
An Interesting Conference	969
CORRESPONDENCE	957
FINANCIAL	963
NOTES AND QUERIES.	963
BITS OF FUN	966
ABOUT PEOPLE	968

Copyright, 1893, by The Outlook Company.
Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-office.

Meh Lady

A STORY OF THE WAR

BY

Thomas Nelson Page

NEW EDITION

Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart

Small folio, $1.50

A beautifully illustrated edition of this charming Southern classic, in uniform style with the illustrated edition of "Marse Chan" issued last year.

"Its contrasted humor, force, and pathos put it foremost among any 'Southern,' 'War,' or 'dialect stories we have ever read."—*Independent.*

"'Meh Lady' is a war story that strikes a tender chord of feeling."—*Buffalo Times.*

"Nothing more beautiful has ever been penned by a Southern writer."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

743 & 745 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

ALL THE WORLD USES

The Remington Typewriter.

From America, its native country, the Remington has been welcomed everywhere that civilization has penetrated. Its sterling excellence commends it to the workers of every nation, in every clime.

It is a genuine cosmopolitan, adapting itself to any language and every purpose. It is the product of patient ingenuity, long experience, and untiring enterprise.

Perfectly Simple, Entirely Durable, Easily Operated

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT

327 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

America

United States,
Canada,
Mexico,
Honduras,
Costa Rica,
Colombia,
Brazil,
Argentine,
Chili,
Peru,
Ecuador,
Hawaii.

India,
Persia,
Burmah,
Siam,
Straits Settlements

Asia China, Japan, Siberia.

Europe

Great Britain,
France,
Spain,
Portugal,
Italy,
Germany,
Austro-Hungary,
Russia,
Norway,
Sweden,
Denmark,
Netherlands,
Switzerland,
Turkey.

Egypt,
Algiers,
Cape Colony.

Australia New Zealand, Tasmania.

Africa

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"VOLUNTEER."
Presented by
The New York Yacht Club
to
Captain Charles J. Paine
in grateful recognition of his unequaled skill and ability, thrice defending America's Cup.

Solid Silver

Exclusively.

TRADE MARK

STERLING

WHITING M'F'G CO.

Silversmiths,

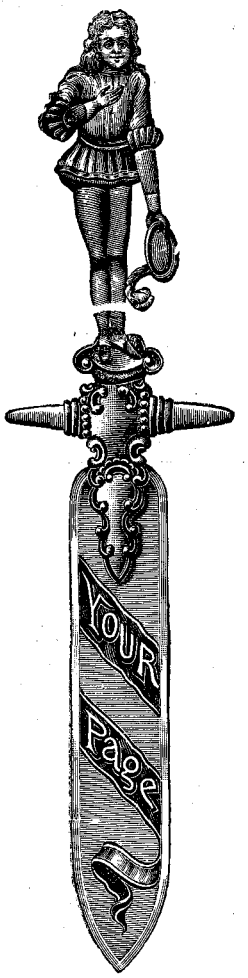
Broadway & 18th St.

NEW YORK.

"MAYFLOWER."
Presented by
The New York Yacht Club
to
Captain Charles J. Paine
to commemorate the victory of his sloop Mayflo
over cutter Galatea
in America's Cup races.

The Silver Page

"A charming present to a literary friend"



The design of this exquisite sterling silver book-mark appeals to the most refined taste. The little Page is faithfully modeled in every detail, the back as well as front, from an old Elizabethan cut of three hundred years ago. It makes a charming gift for any occasion, and is but one of many new and pleasing attractions to be found in our *New Illustrated Price-List*, and which are desirable Holiday Gifts. Price, $2.00.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO.

17 Union Square, New York

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware

The

ANVIL

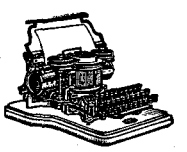
and

SHUTTLE

Model Hammond

IDEAL KEYBOARD

The Typewheel Improved
Manifolding and Perfect Touch



UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD

UNIQUE!

PEERLESS!

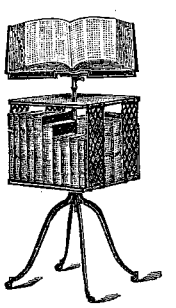
Full particulars from

Hammond Typewriter Co.

447-449 East 52d Street

NEW YORK

$5



$9

Dictionary-Holder—better than you can imagine. If not, send it back. We pay express both ways. Other similar things. Illustrated catalogue.

LAMBIE COMPANY, 25 Bond Street, New York.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs. **FREE**

SOLID SILVER SERVICE given by the use of

Sterling Silver Inlaid

SPOONS AND FORKS

Pieces of silver are inlaid in the back of the bowl and handle, then the article is plated entire.

No possibility of worn spots at these points. Guaranteed in family use for 25 years.

See that each article is stamped on back of handle,

"E STERLING INLAID HE"

Not "XIV" or "XII."

Not to be confused with such goods, which are sectional plated. Send for new 25-year Guarantee Certificate.

Ask Your Jeweler for the INLAID Spoons and Forks

MADE ONLY BY

HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.

Crescent Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

THE JUDGES Of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

Have made the

HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to

WALTER BAKER & CO.

On each of the following named articles:

BREAKFAST COCOA, ...
Premium No. 1, Chocolate, . .
Vanilla Chocolate, ...
German Sweet Chocolate, . .
Cocoa Butter. . . . . .

For "purity of material," "excellent flavor, and "uniform even composition."

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 25 November, 1893 Number 22

The Week

THE latest official news from Hawaii, arriving here by steamer and by telegram across the continent, on Saturday, November 18, gives no further information on the situation there, except the bare announcement that Minister Willis has presented his credentials to President Dole, of the Provisional Government, expressing in the ordinary form from the President "renewed assurances of the friendship, interest, and hearty good will which our Government entertains for you and for the people of this island realm." It appears to us quite incredible that the presentation of such an address should be forthwith followed by a declaration of war against the Provisional Government, requiring it in the name of the United States to abdicate and give place to the deposed Queen. It is, indeed, reported in the press that Secretary Gresham takes the ground that the Provisional Government was constituted only for the purpose of securing annexation to the United States, and, therefore, that when Minister Willis announces that annexation to the United States is impossible, the Provisional Government will *de facto* lapse, and the old Government be, without formal action, legally reinstated. This appears to us at best a very academic view, and it is not one which will be likely to commend itself to, or be accepted by, the Provisional Government. If any confidence can be placed in newspaper reports, the Provisional Government has a well-armed and well-drilled, though very small, force, quite adequate to resist any endeavor which the Queen may make to oust the Provisional Government and reinstate her own; and it also appears to be certain that President Dole will not dissolve the Provisional Government, or give place to the Queen, except in response to such a demand of the United States, accompanied with such a show or threat of force, as will be tantamount to a declaration of war. That the Administration intends any such action as this appears to us incredible, and would be so wholly unbelievable as not to be worthy of report, were it not for the fact that this intention is credited alike by the friends and the critics of the Administration. We advise our readers, however, while awaiting official information, not to give too much credence to the newspaper rumors, or allow themselves to be too much disquieted thereby. The report of Mr. Blount appears as we go to press, too late for summarization this week.

❀

Last summer the Emperor of Germany secured the increase of the army, upon which he had set his heart; but now that he has his soldiers he is obliged to secure an increase of revenue to support them, and the great question now before Germany is the financial question. In his speech at the opening of the Reichstag on Thursday of last week the Emperor expressed his pleasure in the co-operation of that body with his plan of developing the army institutions, which he holds to be necessary in the interests of peace. It is the curious feature of the situation that every additional regiment raised is always raised for the sake of preserving peace. "It will now be your foremost task and common labor," continued the Emperor, "with the Federated Governments to care for the raising of means to cover the increased expense caused by the increased peace-footing of the army." The financial arrangements between the Empire and the different States which compose it have not been successful, and the Emperor's policy now looks to a settled system fixing the payments of the several States to the Empire and the Empire's return of its surplus to the States. Accordingly, a measure will be brought into the Reichstag looking to the reorganization of the financial system of the Empire. Immediate financial needs will be met by bills affecting the taxation of tobacco and wine, and by increasing the revenue taxes. Commercial treaties with Spain, Roumania, and Servia will be submitted. The Emperor expresses the hope that the tariff measures taken in Germany against Russia, which have caused so much irritation, may be withdrawn as the result of negotiations now in progress. The financial question is likely to prove a difficult one, for although the Reichstag has voted the increase of the armament of Germany on a peace footing, it appears from the official returns that a majority of more than 1,200,000 voters disapprove of the bill, and that there are about 1,800,000 men who vote with the Social Democrats, constituting the largest single party in the Empire, and constituting also the most rapidly growing party, for while at the recent elections the Radicals showed an increase of 100,000 votes, and the Conservatives and Ultramontane parties were unable to hold their own, the Socialist vote increased nearly 360,000. This probably does not mean that 1,800,000 voters in Germany are committed to Socialistic doctrines, but it does mean that 1,800,000 voters are thoroughly dissatisfied with the present policy of the Government.

❀

The new French Chamber of Deputies was convened on Wednesday of last week. We comment elsewhere on the change in parties and the new elements which were introduced by the late elections, and which involve a reorganization of the working forces of the Assembly. No sooner had the Chamber met than public interest centered on the question of adjustment of different sections. In order to secure a compact working majority, the Government must rely upon the co-operation of those groups which are in closest sympathy with each other. There are 581 members of the Chamber, of whom 515 voted on the question of selecting a Provisional President of the Chamber. M. Casimir Perier received 295 votes, representing the Moderates of the Assembly; 195 Radicals and Socialists voted for M. Brisson; 25 votes were cast for other persons; and 66 members abstained from voting. It would, therefore, be possible to defeat the Government by a coalition of the Radicals, Socialists, and members of the Right. To secure a working majority, the attempt will be made to effect a coalition between the Moderates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Extreme Left, and the Left Center, and the hope is entertained that a strong and consistent policy may detach a number of Radicals from their party affiliations. On the other hand, the Radical leaders are attempting to form a coalition of their own. They will shortly formulate a working platform for the session, and they are endeavoring to draw to themselves Moderates who are supdosed to have Radical leanings. The ministerial declarations of policy are moderate and judicious, so far as reports afford a basis for opinion, and there is every prospect that the Ministry will have a working majority.

❀

The Outlook has already reported the recent employment of the referendum in Switzerland on the question of the introduction into the Federal Constitution of the recognition of the "right to labor," which, if it means anything, practically must mean the obligation of the State to find work for every man willing to work at living wages. This movement was due to Socialist agitation; and the results of the general election in Switzerland, which took place October 29, were looked forward to with a good deal of interest, on account of the belief that the voting would show a great increase of Socialist strength. The result, however, seems to indicate a distinct loss to the Socialistic party. In many of the cantons there was so little interest in the result that there were no contests, and the elections have effected very little change in the general composition of the Chamber, although, on the whole, the only gain immures to the benefit of the Moderate Liberals. The Socialistic candidates, however, have suffered a significant defeat. The demand for the referendum on the right to labor contained 55,000 signatures, while the Socialistic vote two weeks ago amounted to less than 30,000. Under a system of proportional representation the Socialist party in Switzerland would, therefore, be entitled to about seven members to a House of 147. In two cantons the results are interesting for other reasons. In Ticino, where strife has been so bitter of late years, the Radicals show a decided loss of strength; and in Geneva, which has long been a center of aggressive radicalism, the Liberal Conservatives elected all their candidates.

❀

The news that Admiral Mello has proclaimed Prince Pierre (or Pedro)—the son of the Countess d'Eu, and grandson of the late Dom Pedro—Emperor of Brazil, comes to us by way of Spain, but is probably correct. Its importance is not so great as it would be if Mello's prospects of success were stronger. Still, it is possible that the Brazilian people may shake off their apparent apathy and take a more active part in resenting Peixoto's undoubted assumption of despotic power, and that a junction of the naval insurgents with the discontented southern provinces may be brought about. Mello is also reported to have moved out of the harbor of Rio Janeiro, and to be on the watch for the El Cid, from New York, which is now on the high seas, under the Brazilian flag, with the new name Nictheroy, and with its dynamite gun ready for use. This latter report, however, is quite as likely as not to turn out to be incorrect. The proclaiming of the Empire by the insurgents means that Mello wants financial aid, and a party on land as well as a fleet at sea. It in no way alters the relation of the United States toward this civil war. This Nation is on friendly terms with the Republic of Brazil, and has not recognized Admiral Mello's belligerent rights. But we are in no wise concerned to maintain Republic as against Empire, or Empire against Republic. The recommendation of the New York "Tribune" to the President, "to give such instructions to the American squadron as will bring the monarchical revolt to a speedy end," is the most reckless perversion of the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine that we have anywhere seen. If the "Tribune's" advice means anything, it means that our country is to interfere in every civil war in South America when there is a possibility of a republican form of government being overthrown. This is not the Monroe Doctrine; nor are our people anxious to begin a war to settle the internal affairs of Brazil. In point of fact, Dom Pedro's Government was the best that Brazil has ever had, or is likely to have. It does not follow that another Empire, ruled by a boy of eighteen, under the directorship of Admiral Mello, would be equally good; nor, on the other hand, does the mere name of Republic insure a stable, fair, and just government. Every nation, it has been said, possesses the government it deserves; and until the common people of Brazil shall form higher ideals of their duty as citizens and gain fuller knowledge of what a representive government and a republican constitution involve, we fear that their affairs will continue to remain unsettled. As we go to press both reports given above are contradicted in the New York papers—the whole forming a good example of the difficulty of obtaining correct news from Brazil.

❀

The English miners' war has ended in the agreement to arbitrate which ought to have preceded and prevented it. On Monday of last week Mr. Gladstone read in the House of Commons a letter which he had addressed in duplicate to the mine-owners' and miners' federations, inviting them to send representatives to a conference to be held forthwith under the chairmanship of Lord Rosebery. The statement was received with cheers in the House, and the recommendation of the letter was accepted by the two parties to the conflict. On Friday the conference was held, and it was decided that the miners should on Monday return to work at the old wages, and that a Board of Conciliation should be formed which should determine wages in the future. Before the conference was held, it should be stated, the representative of the miners stated that they would accept no greater reduction than "ten per cent. of the forty per cent. advance" secured since 1888. The long struggle has been fought for the establishment of the principle that wages must not be lowered so as to lower the "standard of living" among the families of the miners. This principle, though new in modern political economy, was recognized by the mediæval Church, and is in thorough accord with the new religious spirit which demands that the payment of men shall be regulated by a sense of human needs and not solely by the law of supply and demand. It is worthy of note that in the Board of Conciliation formed to determine the wages of English miners, the Chairman, if not elected by the members at their first meeting, is to be appointed by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The manner in which this great strike is being settled, through the mediation of public officials, logically should seriously alarm those who believe that conflicts of this sort in monopolized industries ought to be fought out by masters and men instead of being adjudicated by public authority in accord with the public sense of justice.

❀

Two or three weeks ago a whaling ship came into the port of San Francisco, the captain of which reported that he had picked up in the Okhotsk Sea ten men who had escaped in an open boat from the island of Saghalien, where they had been confined in a Russian penal settlement. The risks taken by these men in their attempt to escape, and the hardships they were willing to endure on the slightest possible chance of success, make a pitiable and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thrilling story. The incident is of general interest, because it brings vividly home to us in this country the truth about this new penal settlement, which, it is understood, is to supplant the Siberian penal colonies. Not long ago it was announced that Russia was to cease the deportation of prisoners to Siberia. But the meaning of this is not that Russia proposes to treat its criminals and political convicts more leniently, but rather with harsher austerity. This island of Saghalien, or Tarakai, as it is sometimes called, lies north of Japan, in the Pacific, at the extreme east of Russia's dominion. It has been known for some time among Siberians as the "Hell of Saghalien," and to it there have previously been sent a few criminals of extremely bad record. Now, it seems, Russia has been persuaded that Siberia can be developed by railroads into a land of wealth and comfort, and the Government hopes, by opening this new convict settlement, to take the stain and disrepute from off the name Siberia. The island where convicts will be sent henceforth is far worse as regards climate and general conditions of life than Siberia. A recent writer states that, poor as are the chances of escape, men are continually found willing to risk quick death in the waves rather than the terrors of the island—and this statement is certainly borne out by the incident quoted above. It is said that the fugitives traveled only by night, and in the daytime concealed themselves in deep ice-holes, where their sufferings were almost beyond belief. Russia has yet to learn that torture is not punishment.

❀

The nineteenth annual report of the Japanese Department for Education registers a distant advance in the educational history of that remarkable country. The new Minister of Education, Mr. Kono Tokama, displays abilities of a very high order, and evidently has a thorough mastery of his department, with the distinct aim of imposing a kind of national culture upon Japan—a culture looking toward the development of the people as a whole along the highest lines of activity. The standards of the middle and higher schools are being steadily raised, native teachers are being developed by a liberal use of rewards and by speedy recognition, and are consequently beginning to take the place of foreign instructors and to reduce the number of the latter very perceptibly. One very interesting feature of the report is its record of the growth of public libraries throughout the kingdom. Fifteen of the large cities have already organized and are operating libraries of considerable size. The library of the Imperial University already contains more than 80,000 books in European languages, and there is an evident determination to carry on popular education through the libraries no less efficiently than a technical education through the schools. Another sign of the times is the Japanese Academy, with its twenty-seven members, its regular meetings, and the general interest manifested in its organization and work. There are few things in contemporary history more interesting than the rapid development of Western civilization in Japan.

❀

The coming Constitutional Convention in New York State is certain to have a variety of important measures brought before it, and will have still others if the reform sentiment of the State is alive to the importance of the occasion. As the Convention will be strongly Republican, owing to the device by which it was to have been made strongly Democratic—the election of fifteen "delegates-at-large" on the State ticket—there is an unexpectedly good opportunity to get the temperance issue before the voters. The Prohibitionists, without doubt, will be active in trying to secure the submission of their amendment, and it can not be urged too strongly that those who believe in suppressing the saloons wherever public sentiment would indorse and enforce such suppression should secure the submission of the local option principle. When it was submitted to the voters in Florida, it was indorsed by an overwhelming majority, and we believe that it would be in this State. The Republican party two years ago committed itself to this principle. Closely akin to this question of temperance reform is the extension of the franchise to women. In the recent election of School Commissioners the women were generally denied the right to vote, on the ground that the recent law conferring the right is unconstitutional. In some of the agricultural counties, however, a considerable vote was polled, reaching 1,875 in Chautauqua. The desire to vote thus manifested will probably lead to a change in the Constitution freeing the hands of the Legislature. The Woman's Suffrage Convention held in Brooklyn last week urged the plan of securing "a million signatures" to a petition for equal suffrage. We wish that it were possible in some way to submit this question to the women themselves. A great many men would vote to grant suffrage to women if they desire it, who will not vote to impose it upon them against their will. Of more immediate importance is the agitation for the extension of the rights of local self-government. It is certainly an anomaly that sixty thousand people living in Wyoming should have unlimited powers of self-government, while the million and a half people in this city should have to ask the permission of legislators at Albany to charter a street railway company. In certain Western States, notably California, the people of cities are allowed to adopt charters which are, in fact, local constitutions, giving them the right to control their own affairs, except where such control would injure the rest of the State. This is certainly the right principle; and while the people of cities would doubtless often enact measures hostile to their own interests, they would, at least, not intend to do this, and would be educated by their mistakes. We have heretofore emphasized the importance of a clause prohibiting all appropriations of public moneys to any institution under denominational or ecclesiastical control.

❀

Officials at the Treasury Department reported the other day that the public revenues had fallen off nearly thirty million dollars since the beginning of the present fiscal year in July. Most of this decline was due to lessened customs receipts owing to the falling off of imports. The decline of our exports has been equally marked, and though it has not so directly affected the public revenues, it has even more directly affected the private revenues of our people. During the ten months ending October 31, our exports of breadstuffs and provisions amounted to $291,000,000, as against $360,000,000 during the correspondng months of last year. This reduction was mainly caused by the lessened volume of exports, but was made more marked by the lessened prices. What makes this matter more serious is that the reduction of prices has become more striking during November. At the beginning of the month wheat was six cents a bushel lower than last year, and corn four cents. At the close of last week the reduction in wheat had increased to nine cents, and that in corn to five cents. We notice that papers in the Northwest are urging farmers to hold their crops rather than sell at the present ruinously low prices. Upon this point we are not prepared to advise. Until the present century the money value of grain had steadily advanced, and economists believed that this advance would continue. During the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last two decades, however, owing in part to the reduced production of gold and the demonetization of silver, the money value of grain has rapidly declined. There is no obvious reason why farmers should look for any substantial bettering of prices until silver is remonetized.

❀

At six o'clock on Saturday evening last, the grievance committee of the employees of the Lehigh Valley Railway Company ordered a strike, and promptly at the stroke of ten the road was "tied up." The trains already on the road were taken to their destination, and in a few cases the crews made their return trip. With these exceptions, however, the stoppage was complete for the freight traffic of the road. All classes of employees seem to have joined in the contest—the orders of Locomotive Engineers, Locomotive Firemen, Railroad Conductors, Railroad Trainmen, and Railroad Telegraphers participating. The tie-up was carefully planned, and the orders of those in authority seem thus far to have been executed with precision. The fact that each train was taken to its destination was due to the existence of a law passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1877, making it a misdemeanor for a railway employee to leave his post at any other place. The men are anxious to avoid any violation of law which might furnish occasion for the calling out of the militia or the interference of the courts. If the New Jersey Central road, which parallels the Lehigh for a long distance, shall attempt to carry any of the Lehigh's freight, the men declare that those directed to handle it will not refuse to obey orders, but will promptly "resign" their positions. It is stated that the Erie road has already refused to handle the Lehigh business because its employees threatened to strike. This statement, however, may be erroneous, for it is doubtful if any road could, on any such ground, legally refuse any legitimate business offered it. Altogether the situation may prove serious. The question at issue is that of recognizing the organizations among the employees. The men claim, indeed, that certain regulations promised them were not carried into execution. But the real grievance is the refusal of the management to discuss matters with the authorized committee of employees. In June last the General Manager declared himself unwilling to meet the officials of the labor organizations, but willing to meet the employees of the Company. The men assented to this, but now, as they claim, the management "declines to receive any committee because it cannot know that such committee fairly represents its employees." The officers of the road state that the Company does not refuse to meet committees representing different classes of employees, but does refuse to meet a less competent general committee representing them all.

❀

The liquor interests in South Carolina continue to make war upon the Dispensary Law, but thus far with poor success. A few weeks ago we had occasion to report that the United States Commissioner of Patents had denied the application of the South Carolina authorities for the registry of the dispensary trade-mark. The courts have since ordered that official to grant the application. More than once have we been assured by press dispatches that the Dispensary Law had been declared unconstitutional, and one month ago we were assured of this by the most influential paper in South Carolina, the Charleston "News and Courier." The head-lines announced that the Act had been "declared invalid in all its parts." The decision reported, however, came from one Judge Hudson, who has been the liquor-dealers' oracle from the first. The grounds upon which Judge Hudson based his decision were briefly as follows:

"The Government of the State has no right to engage in the traffic of any known articles of merchandise and trade; no right to devote the money raised by taxation from the people to those purposes which are not governmental.

"The dispensary law cannot rest for its foundation upon the plea of the exercise of police power of the State. It is wanting in the elements of police. Neither can it rest upon the reason for which a general prohibitory law is supported, because it is not in any proper sense of the word a general prohibitory law. It is not intended to be a general prohibitory law. It is merely transferring from the citizen to officers of the State the traffic in intoxicating liquors; hence the dispensary feature is, in my opinion, unconstitutional."

This decision has just been reviewed by Judge Wallace in the Court of Sessions at Anderson. "It has been argued," said the Court, "that the General Assembly has no constitutional right to appropriate money to engage in business. For all public purposes the power of the General Assembly is absolute in the absence of constitutional provisions. . . . The State is daily engaged in the sale of phosphate rock to individuals for revenue." As to the police powers of the State, Judge Wallace ruled as follows:

"Even if the power of the General Assembly to enact the Dispensary Law could be derived only from its police power, there can be no question that under that power it would have ample authority to restrict the sale or traffic in liquor. . . . It appears upon the face of the Dispensary Act as it stands upon the statute-book that the purpose and primary object of those who passed it was to diminish the sale and consumption of liquor and to decrease the evils which are believed to result from the liquor traffic, for the public good, and I feel bound to say from my own observation that the Act seems to be accomplishing that beneficent object."

Judge Wallace recognized that his opinion as to the wisdom of the Act had really nothing to do with the question of its validity, yet it is worth while to observe that his opinion is that of the general public. Even the Prohibitionists of the State express great satisfaction with the workings of the law.

❀

Two papers of decided social interest are published in the volume containing the addresses delivered before the World's Railway Commerce Congress held in Chicago last June. One relates to the superannuation of railway employees in England, and the other to the insurance of such employees against accident, sickness, and death by certain railway companies in the United States. The English superannuation fund has been gradually extending itself for a generation, and since 1873 has been controlled and fostered by a comprehensive Act of Parliament. The employee contributes 2½ per cent. of his wages yearly, and the company adds as much more. If the employee leaves the service before the expiration of ten years, he receives all that he has paid in and 4 per cent. interest thereon. After ten years he becomes entitled, upon honorable discharge, to a pension ranging from one-quarter to two-thirds his former wages, according to the length of his service. Forty-five years of service secures the maximum pension. Unfortunately, these generous provisions were for a long while open only to the salaried officials of the railway companies, but gradually they are being extended to the ranks of wage-earners. The long exclusion of the workmen was typical of the livelier sense we are all apt to have of the misfortunes of those of our own social status. English railway managers found it disagreeable and almost inhuman to discharge office associates because of old age long before the wider sense of human obligations made them concern themselves about the discharge of old engineers and brakemen. The insurance system upon our own roads, we are glad to note, has been democratic from the first. Seven years ago the Pennsylvania Company offered insurance to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all of its employees. These were divided into five classes, according to their wages, and the monthly contribution fixed ranged from 75 cents to $3.75 per month. In case of sickness, the insured are entitled to from 40 cents to $2.00 per day, for one year if need be, and in case of accident, from 50 cents to $2.50 per day, as long as the disablement lasts. In case of death, the family of the insured receives from $250 to $1,250. Free surgical attendance is furnished in case of accident. These remarkably favorable rates are made possible, of course, by the fact that there is no expense for agents, and none for profits. Substantially the same system is now in successful operation on the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis. The Pennsylvania system has, in seven years, paid out in benefits $2,600,000. The admirable *esprit de corps* among the Pennsylvania employees is one of the results of the spirit manifested. The moral conception of the originator of the plan, Mr. J. A. Anderson, may best be stated in his own words: "No person in a civilized community can rightly ignore his obligations to benefit those with whom he is brought into contact, who are not equally favored with himself. Shall it be said that a number of individuals, united together in a co-operative capacity, are thereby absolved from such obligations?"

❀

Three subjects of wide popular interest were discussed at the meeting of the Protestant Episcopal Church Congress last week, a report of which will be found in another column. The debate on the temperance question did little more than to emphasize the increasing interest in this subject, and to show that, while there is a growing unity of purpose to suppress or at least to reduce the number of the saloons, there is still the widest divergence of opinion among the enemies of the saloon as to the best methods to be pursued in the war against it. The discussion respecting moral and religious training in the public schools was, from our point of view, very encouraging, since it elicited a substantially unanimous opinion that education without moral and religious training is not only seriously defective, but really impossible. "Where there is a will there is a way." Whenever Protestant Christendom comes to recognize, as the Roman Catholic Church does recognize, the necessity of moral and religious elements in any system of education worthy of the name, we shall have taken the first step, and the most important one, toward the discovery of some method by which such instruction can be incorporated in our public school system without violating the fundamental principle of American public life—the separation of Church and State. To the discussion respecting subscription to creeds we have nothing to add here. Our own view on this subject—that a creed is legitimate when it is the expression of what men believe, and illegitimate when it is an expression of what they must believe—is too well known to need emphasis.

❀

The Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, which recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary at Rockford, Ill., signalized its quarter-centennial by resolutions calling for some more effective representation of women in the American Board. From these resolutions it appears that the total donations to the American Board last year were $483,000, of which $205,000—a little less than half, our readers will observe—came from the three Woman's Boards, and yet the Woman's Boards have no representation whatever on the American Board. The resolutions passed at the quarter-centennial above referred to recite these facts and ask for representation in the corporate membership of the American Board. The two following resolutions deserve to be quoted in full:

"*Resolved*, That we respectfully request the Nominating Committee of the A. B. C. F. M., in selecting new members, for the one-quarter members not specifically divided among the States pro rata, to present the names of one or more representative women from among the officers both of the Woman's Board and Woman's Board of the Interior as candidates for election as Corporate Members at its next annual meeting.

"*Resolved*, That, in addition to the above, we respectfully recommend to the General Associations of the various States the propriety of including in their nominations a fair proportion of women in order that there may be no ground for the feeling that the labors of women are expected to be cheerfully given without representation."

Our readers may remember that we lately called attention to the lack of representation of women in the American Board, and their lack of adequate representation in those local conferences abroad on whose recommendation the missionary plans and appropriations are made by the home office. We are glad that the women have preferred this request, and we heartily second it.

❀

The experiment of running storage-battery electric cars on the Second Avenue line in New York City has been so far a success that the company has recently increased the number of cars, and extended the length of the route over which they run. This experiment is one of distinctly public interest because of the hope it affords that smoothly running, almost noiseless, cars may in time take the place of the noisy and dangerous trolley lines which now disfigure so many villages with their network of overhead wires and their unsightly poles. A similar attempt to use storage batteries was made some time ago on the Fourth Avenue line of New York City, and failed, we believe, on the point of economy. The Second Avenue cars are expected to be run at an expense of 5.29 cents per car-mile, and this is very close to the cost under the trolley system, with a reasonable likelihood that the amount might be diminished if the system is extended. In every other respect the superiority of the storage battery system is too obvious to need demonstration. If the street-car lines of a city were under the control of the city, and run solely for the interest of the people, the people could easily bring such pressure to bear upon the authorities that a slight difference in expense would not stand in the way of comfort and safety.

❀

The Supreme Court of New Jersey has rendered a decision to the effect that not only this year, but for the last forty years, the Legislature of that State has been elected in violation of the Constitution. That instrument provides that "the General Assembly shall be composed of members annually elected by the legal voters of the counties, respectively, who shall be apportioned among said counties as nearly as may be according to the number of their inhabitants." For a generation past the members have not been elected by counties, but by legislative districts, each member representing a single district. Were this decision retroactive in its effects, the good work at the polls at the last election would have to be done over again. Fortunately, however, this does not appear to be the case. In the decision rendered it is merely ordered that "future elections must be governed thereby."

❀

GENERAL NEWS.—Prince Alexander of Battenberg, formerly Prince of Bulgaria, but deposed in 1886, died at Gratz, Austria, on November 17.——In the English Parliament on Thursday of last week the Government was defeated by a majority of twenty-one on a motion by Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McLaren that a provision be inserted in the Parish Councils Bill giving the suffrage to women who would be entitled, if they were men, to vote in local governmental and Parliamentary elections; among those voting against the Government were Sir Charles Dilke, Justin McCarthy, John Burns, and William O'Brien.——The chief cashier of the Bank of England has been dismissed on account of improper conduct in the management of the Bank finances; of course the credit and stability of the Bank are not seriously affected.——Archduke Joseph Augustin of Austria and Princess Augusta of Bavaria were married in Munich last Friday.——Chauncey D. Ripley, a prominent lawyer of New York City and a man prominent in university and other educational matters, died last week.——The General Term of the New York Supreme Court has directed that Charles H. Gardner, the agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who was some time since convicted of extortion, be set at liberty; the decision was made solely on the ground that Gardner's act was not literally extortion (as the money was given with the intention of entrapping him and not through fear), but rather attempt at extortion.

A Thanksgiving Homily

All believers in government of the people, by the people, and for the people may well give thanks this year; for government of the machine, by the machine, and for the machine has received this fall the severest blow it has received in any election since Andrew Jackson introduced into American politics the doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils."

In September there were men ready to despair of the Republic, and other men whose courage only got far enough to exhort their fellows not to despair of the Republic. There are illusions of despair as well as of hope, and one of them is the illusion that politics in America are more corrupt than in the Old World. The Gravesend ring is very bad; but the Russian bureaucracy is immeasurably worse: worse not merely because it is imperial, not local; not merely because it is rooted in traditions as old as the Empire on which it feeds; not merely because it is fostered by the Church, while our rings are always liable to have the Church leading an assault upon them; but worse because the Russian bureaucracy is legal and even constitutional, and liberty is n revolt, while in Gravesend it is liberty which is legal and constitutional, and the ring which is in revolt. And what is true of Gravesend is true of every ring-cursed community in the United States. In the Old World despotism is law and liberty is revolution. In the United States liberty is law and despotism is revolution.

In America, therefore, it does not take a prophet to see that they who are for us are more than they who are against us. All eyes save those which are blinded by a pessimism that is ignorant of the history of other lands may see the mountain-tops full of the chariots and horsemen of the Lord fighting for freedom and for purity. In these invisible forces are the great and honored names of the Republic, are its battle-fields and its past victories for purity and truth and freedom, are all its traditions and all its grand historic growth, are the liberated churches, a patriotic and practical ministry, the free press, the right of public assemblage, the public school, the Anglo-Saxon blood and breeding, and the American conscience.

Take courage and press forward: this is our Thanksgiving homily.

The New Political Situation in France

The new tendencies to which The Outlook has often called the attention of its readers are visible not only in the intellectual, the moral, and the religious, but also in the political, world of France. The oneness of a nation's life, and its vital connections with men, times, and things, have never been more visible than in the recent history of that nation. A deepening of knowledge, a new moral seriousness and increase of reverence for the great Power which shapes history could not but affect the political life. For more than twenty years that life was stunted in its development by the stupendous loss of energy in its struggle for existence, its full expansion was prevented by polemics, and its work was narrowed by militant legislation. To oppose the formidable attacks of united Monarchists, a union of all Republicans was imperatively demanded, but the Radicals granted this union only after pledges from the Moderates which were tantamount to making the Republic the property of a political coterie, and legislation an instrument against the Church. The Monarchists and the Radicals fought each other passionately, without recognizing the nobleness of purpose represented by their antagonists. Any apparent or implied concession of the Moderates to the one excited the loud protests of the other, and not infrequently occasioned the fall of the Ministry. The overthrow of cabinets, though an evil, has not in Italy and in France all the injurious consequences that it might have elsewhere, as the ministries are permanent institutions of which the minister is a sort of president. Furthermore, one policy has forced itself upon all cabinets—mainly a resultant of the respective programmes of the Opportunists and of the Radicals—a neo-radical one. Accordingly, the fairer were the prospects of Reactionaries, the nearer to the Radicals were the Moderates compelled to advance, and the more radical was the governmental programme. Hence, while, during the last twenty years, the Republic has done wonders for France, the country has had an organization of parties whose governmental action was the opposite of the popular will. When the Reactionaries gained popular favor, the Government was almost wholly in the hands of Radicals; and when the Radicals seemed to make popular gains, the Government became conservative.

To these political oscillations the French Republic doubtless owes its survival and its present strength. The influences which led Cardinal Lavigerie, in 1889, to break away from his former monarchical associations, and the firm attitude of the Pope in his stand for the Republic, brought a large number of devout Catholics into the ranks of Moderate Republicans. This political transition was greatly helped by the action of young men like M. Jonnart, a most promising Deputy of Pas-de-Calais, and by many others who represent moderation, a broad political liberalism, and a keen intelligence concerning the needs of our time. Strangers to the old political quarrels, imbued with the new spirit, they showed, in a dispassionate way, that the Republic was no longer in danger; that the militant policy was an anachronism, and that new conditions demanded new ideals. The violence of extreme men of both extreme parties brought out the calm, matter-of-fact utterances of the new men who pleaded for a steady ministry, for a national and not a sectional policy, for order and timeliness in reforms, and, above all, for the maintenance in French political life of the principles of freedom of 1789. This programme is not new, but its wide acceptance by the younger men is the novel feature in French politics, and the majority of votes which the Moderates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

received at the last elections shows that these principles are fast gaining ground. Two hundred and ten out of 580 deputies are new men. A goodly number of them belong to the newer and healthier life of France. The election of the most conspicuous figure among the Neo-Christians, and of one of the most distinguished men of letters, M. Melchior de Vogüé, is full of significance. The disappearance from the Palais Bourbon of all the Boulangists but three—of Clemenceau, Floquet, Cassagnac, and their followers—means the exclusion of important elements of excitement and disorder. Now it is possible to see in the popular assembly men of great worth who have hitherto been eclipsed by noisy politicians, and whose social rank, character, and ability have been entirely placed in the background. The Dukes of Rohan, of Doudanville, the Princes of Broglie and of Arenberg, noblemen like MM. de Maillé, De la Ferranoys, De Moustier, De Montalembert, and De Jouffroy; a distinguished ecclesiastic like l'Abbé Hulst, men of letters like Mézières and De Vogüé, economists like Léon Say and Ynes Guyot, manufacturers like Schneider, the iron-king of France, and many others, must give to the House of Deputies an influence, and gain for it a confidence, which have been sadly wanting during the last twenty years. Still, while we rejoice at the elimination of extreme men, and at the prominence which the ancient elements of all parties will gain, the access of the new life seems the most positive advance. The few Monarchists left will, perhaps, attempt to play the game of despair, the Radicals and the Socialists will exhibit their uncompromising attitude, but, as the Moderates have a majority and their members have the largest parliamentary experience, they can doubtless give stability to the Ministry, prevent partisan legislation, elaborate better budgets, reduce the national debt, and give Frenchmen that liberty, tempered by a reasonable paternalism, which is the form of their choice. In this they will be helped by the new men. A broad survey of the political field will convince one that sound political intelligence and a healthier life have just won their way into the House of Deputies, and that the new Parliament, viewed as a center of future legislation, of executive control, or as an index of new political life, is certainly far in advance of its predecessors.

The Boycott in the Church

It is a curious illustration of the moral weakness, but also perhaps of the numerical strength, of the present majority in the Presbyterian Church, that some of its distinguished representatives should seriously propose to resort to the boycott in making war against the Union Theological Seminary. The boycott was first introduced into civilized society by the Church. It was called by another name; it was termed excommunication. It was supposed to carry with it other penalties in the future state, but on earth to cut the excommunicated person off from all fellowship with his fellow-men. It was borrowed from the Church by the trades-unions, who have made a vigorous effort to introduce it into American industrial society, but, on the whole, with such distinct ill success that they have about abandoned it. It is a curious anachronism that it should be taken up again in a Protestant Church as a weapon in ecclesiastical warfare.

The facts will be found given in some detail in The Religious World. A committee of the New York Presbytery seriously proposes that the Presbytery should forbid students under its care to pursue their studies in the Union Theological Seminary while under the ban of the General Assembly, and should provide that no minister can present himself for license to the Presbytery if he has acquired his education in that Seminary. The broad humor of this proposition is best illustrated by supposing the same principle to be applied in other departments of education. Suppose, for example, that the College of Physicians and Surgeons should request the Legislature to refuse to allow a diploma to be given to any one who had studied in the New York University Medical College, or that Columbia College, from which two years ago three professors went out to found a new Law School down town, should ask the Legislature to enact that no men should be admitted to the Bar who studied in the new Law School. Such methods of conducting warfare are not less worthy of derision and contempt when introduced by doctors of divinity in ecclesiastical assemblages. The only function of a Presbytery is to ascertain whether the student who comes before it is competent to preach and is sufficiently in accord with the spirit and principles of the Presbyterian Church to be inducted into the Presbyterian pulpit; and they have no more business to inquire where he got his education than where he got his clothes. The proposition of the committee has gone over for consideration until next month. We print here the names of the committee who recommended to the Presbytery this extraordinary measure. They are:

The Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D.
The Rev. James G. Patterson, D.D.
The Rev. W. D. Buchanan.
George E. Sterry, Esq.
John J. McCook, Esq.

Not Athletics

On the eve of the annual Thanksgiving game of football between Yale and Princeton, the "Medical News," of Philadelphia, makes some very timely and telling comments on the brutality which is fast changing an athletic sport into a brutal pastime. It notes the trend toward professionalism, and says that the betting on the games grows more and more common. It declares that football is not athletics, and that the influence of the game is reducing the average due to athletics proper. Instead of the careful and intelligent training of a large body of students, there is a concentrated training upon one man out of a hundred. As a spectacle the game is one to make the Greek, whose presence is continually evoked on all athletic occasions, shudder. "The quilted, bepadded, disheveled, long-haired, begrimed, scarred football hero," after "a savage scrimmage in the mud," is anything but a heroic or inspiring figure. The beauty of the old heroic games is utterly lost in the rough-and-tumble fighting in which the present method of playing football culminates. Moreover, the physical injuries to players are becoming so numerous that the game must be included in the mortality tables as a prolific source of fatality. Last week two players were killed, and every week during the season there is a long list of serious injuries. The game, as now played, offers too great a temptation for "slugging," in which a group of fierce, dirty, disheveled young men contend in inextricable confusion. There was much to be said for the old open game; there is little to be said for the present game. The reaction against the game as at present played has, we are glad to note, begun to reach the colleges.

The fact that the game is dangerous to limb and life might not be conclusive against it; the demoralization which comes from it is conclusive. Give us reformed football, and let the present game be ruled out entirely.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

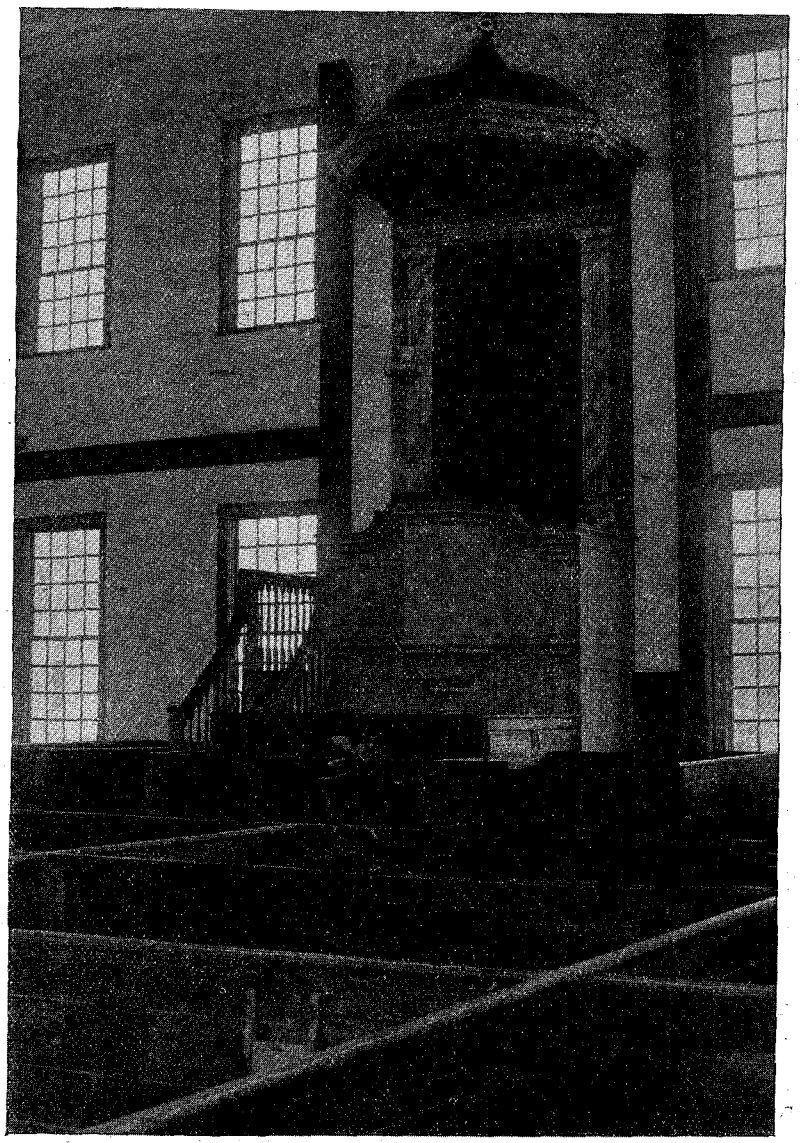
The Old-Time New England Sabbath

By Clifton Johnson

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author

IN order to make my description as clear as may be, I take a particular town and church as an example. The details are, in general, characteristic of the times; but there would naturally be a degree of variation in towns of a different environment. The description has reference to the early part of this century.

Norwich, or, as the name was pronounced by its inhabitants, "Norridge," was an average hill-town of western Massachusetts. The "meeting-house" was a plain frame building on whose clapboards the yellow paint with which it once shone resplendent was half worn away. No blinds guarded the big, small-paned windows, and no locks were deemed necessary to make fast the doors. The church was even less ornate than the average in towns about, in that it had neither bell nor spire. There were no trees to shadow it. In front was a bare common, and a little back of it was a wood.



The old Box Pews and High Pulpit

A large part of the worshipers came from a distance, and behind the building were sheds for their horses. In summer, the children and young people who lived within a mile or two were expected to walk to church. Often they came barefoot, and carried their best shoes and stockings in their hands to put on when they approached the meeting-house. Older people, who were so poor as to be obliged to go on foot, would wear their old shoes and carry their best ones wrapped in a newspaper. When they neared their destination, they would sit down by the roadside, change shoes, and hide the every-day pair behind a stone wall till after service. The elders, for the most part, however, rode in teams or on horseback, and in winter the whole family went in sleighs.

On the front of the church was a porch. Within the porch was the main entrance, which opened into a little "entry," where a stairway on each side, one for men and one for women, led to the meeting-house gallery. Under the stairways were closets for the women's extra wraps. The main floor of the church was divided into pews six feet square. The pews had seats on three sides, so that a part of the occupants sat with their sides and a part with their backs toward the preacher. The pew backs were high, and had a slatted railing some eight inches wide on top. The slatted railing was sufficiently elevated to be straight in the line of sight, and by it the minister was half hidden, and his motions had to be watched between the openings in the slats. A pew would accommodate eight or ten people. A chair or two was often placed in the center for the elderly members of the family. The children, excepting those very young, sat in the gallery, which ran around three sides of the room.

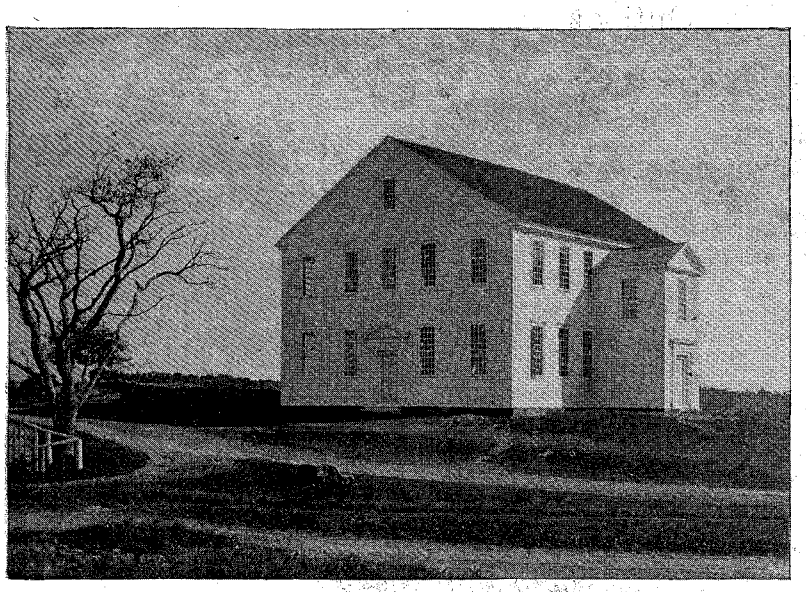
Pews were neither free, rented, nor owned. Each spring "a committee seated the people." The families of the highest rank—that is, the wealthiest—and those containing old people were given the most favorable places. The church was supported by what was called the "minister's tax." It was a town institution, and each person in the town paid a share in support of the church, proportioned to the amount of property he possessed, just as for any secular purpose.

The front seat in the gallery was "the singers' seat." In that part of it which faced the pulpit were the tenors and altos, while along the right side were the sopranos, and along the left the basses. Behind the singers' seat was the "musicians' seat." The performers sat just back of the tenors and altos, and the side sections of the seat were occupied by young people who were learning to sing. The music was furnished by a violin, flute, bass-viol, and double bass-viol.

The man who could play a violin was pretty sure to be in request to play at dances. Dancing was looked upon as a very questionable amusement by the staid churchgoers, and one violinist, in particular, was the subject of criticism. At length things became so hot that, to ease his conscience and the public mind, he procured a second instrument. This he used in meeting and called "the Lord's violin," while the first he called "the devil's violin."

At the back of the gallery on each side were four pews, high and square like those below, where sat the children of the congregation. The boys were on the right side of the church and the girls on the left. With the boys sat the "tything man," who, as was his duty, kept them in strict order. He bore, as a mark of his office, a long rod with a worsted tassel on the end, and if his eye detected

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Old Church at Rocky Hill, Amesbury, Mass.

any uneasiness among the youngsters, he tapped the floor with his rod and pointed it in warning at the offenders. Again, he might rise and reach over to the disorderly ones and prod them with his long rod. If a girl misbehaved, he would walk with creaking footsteps, in the awful hush of the church, clear around the gallery and bring her back with him to the boys' side. This did not happen often, for it was felt to be a great disgrace for a girl to be thus punished.

In each back corner of the gallery was a pew reserved for colored persons and known as "the nigger pew." The fact that these people were thus placed apart from the rest of the congregation, their dark skins and strange features, made them objects of curious interest to the children, and they would stare at the humble occupants of these pews and watch their every movement half through the sermon and long prayer.

The pulpit platform was higher than those of to-day, and was approached by straight stairs from one side. At the back was a plain bench fastened against the wall to serve as the preacher's seat. Above this was a good-sized window. On the front of the platform was the pulpit, overhung by an umbrella-shaped sounding-board which was fastened at the back to the wall just above the window, in a way so seemingly insecure that it always appeared to be on the point of falling on the preacher's head. Pulpit and sounding-board were painted white, but the rest of the room was unpainted. The floor of the church was without a carpet, and the seats were without cushions. Neither was there stove or furnace in the church, for these had yet to be invented, and a fireplace was not practical for so large a place. On cold winter days the shivering congregation suffered not a little during the long services. They sat with all their wraps on, but could not keep out the cold. Each family carried a foot-stove to church, and the women would use it, each a little while in turn, and pass it around; but when the thermometer got down to zero, this method of keeping warm was not very effective. The stove was a light box of tin perforated with holes on the sides and top. It was inclosed in a wooden frame, and was carried by a wire handle. A door at one side admitted a small iron pan of hard-wood coals, which were sprinkled over lightly with ashes and would last several hours. The whole served the purpose of a modern soapstone. The children in the gallery had not even a foot-stove as a defense against the frosty air, and could only curl their feet up under them, and hug their mittened hands, and watch their breath, which turned to little white clouds of vapor as soon as it touched the air.

The fact that there was no bell to call the worshipers, and that many lived at a distance, made the time of their arrival somewhat uncertain and straggling. There was no clock in the church, but "meeting" began at about half-past ten and continued till twelve. First in the service was a chapter read from the Bible; then followed singing, a long prayer, more singing, the sermon, and finally a short prayer and the benediction.

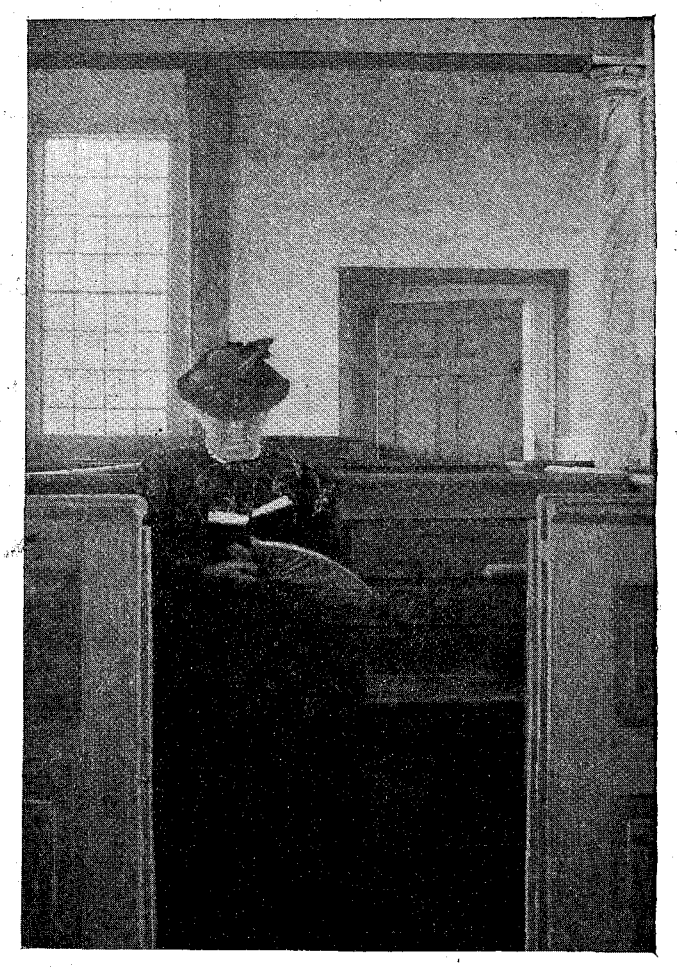
In singing, Watts's "Psalms and Hymns" was used. The books contained only the words, and when the choir rose to sing they held the hymn-book in their hands, and laid the "singing-book," which contained the tune used, on the high ledge that ran around the front of the gallery. The tunes sung were stately and slow; those like China, Ward, Hebron, and Silver Street were favorites. The leader of the choir was one of the tenor singers who had been chosen by his fellows to fill this position. On occasions when the master who taught the winter singing-school was in town over Sunday he led the choir.

The people who sat in the pews did not sing, but all rose and turned toward the singers while the singing was in progress.

When the minister prayed, the whole congregation rose and stood with bowed heads, and if the preacher happened to be "very gifted in prayer" some of the weaker of the women were nigh to fainting with weariness by the time he finished. The sermons were not by any means short, but some ministers would make their prayers even longer than the sermon.

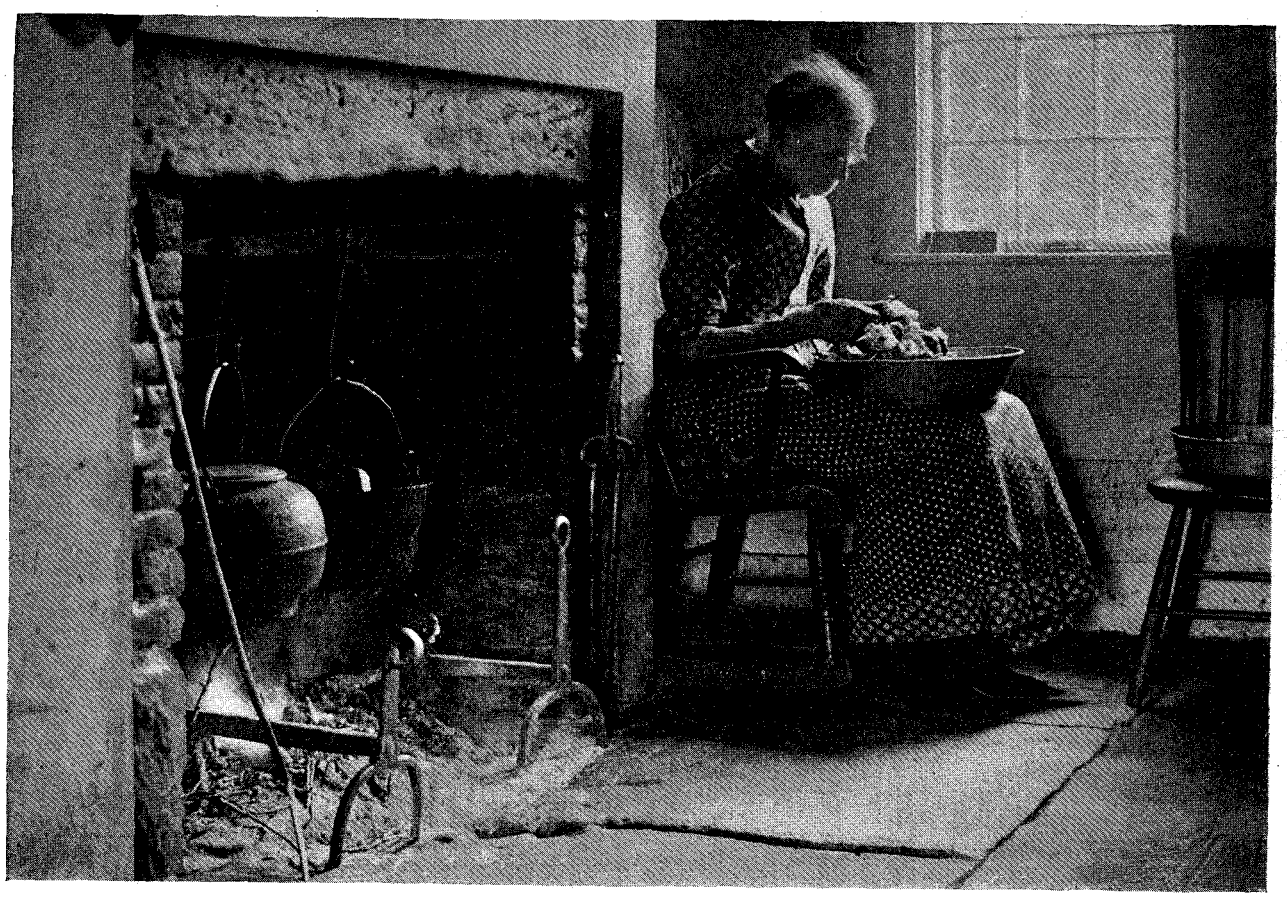
It was customary to pray in church for the sick of the community. Notices asking for the prayers of the church were handed in by the friends of the sick, and were announced by the minister among the other notices, and were remembered by him in his supplications. In like manner the prayers of the church were asked for a family when a member died—"for support in their affliction, and that this death might be sanctified to them." More than this, prayer was made for the safe return of any member of the church about to start on a long journey, and when he was home once more thanks were returned for the safe accomplishment of the trip.

To stay themselves through the long services, it was customary for the women to carry sprigs of caraway or dill to meeting. On these they nibbled intermittently from



Before Meeting-time in one of the Box Pews

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The One who Stayed at Home to get Dinner

beginning to end. When caraway and dill were out of season, cinnamon and preserved flag were relied on. But this is not the full list. Many had a fondness for cloves; others liked cassia buds; still others had a fancy for carrying a rose to church, that they might, while reflecting on the sermon, pick out and chew its petals. Even the men, to a degree, indulged in these various Sabbath nibblings.

During the warm weather, when the morning service was ended, the people who did not live close by gathered at once in family groups to eat the lunch they had brought. This consisted of little more, usually, than a few doughnuts, or a piece of gingerbread and cheese. Afterwards the people scattered to collect in little knots about the room to hear and tell the news and discuss the theology of the sermon. Sometimes, during the nooning, the deacons of the church would conduct a short prayer-meeting at a school-house close by.

In winter those of the worshipers who came from a distance scattered to the nearer neighbors and there ate their lunch, warmed themselves before the big fireplaces, and filled their foot-stoves.

Services began again at one o'clock, and continued till about three, when the people scattered to their homes. They found hot meat and vegetable suppers awaiting their return, prepared by some one of the women who had stayed at home.

The Sabbath began in most families on Saturday at sundown. Indeed, Saturday all through was tinged with the Sunday feeling, and was half overhung by the brooding air of quiet and solemnity which belonged to the day of rest. "Keeping Saturday night" began directly after supper, when every-day tasks were put away and the work of the week was accounted done. Week-day books and papers were removed, and the Bible and such religious books as the family possessed, like "Pilgrim's Progress" and Baxter's "Saints' Rest," were brought out instead.

Then the family read several chapters in the Bible, and had prayers. Spare time Sunday was spent very quietly in studying the Catechism, reading the Bible or some commentary, or in reading Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion" and other "Sunday books," or perhaps in learning hymns and verses of Scripture. The children were not allowed to run about or do any playing, but were expected to sit very still and be very sober, and were brought up in accordance with a little rhyme they were taught:

> We must not work, we must not play,
> Upon God's holy Sabbath day.

The elders themselves did no work not absolutely necessary on Sunday, and in many cases the sweeping was done the day before, and the vegetables for Sunday's boiled dinner prepared Saturday afternoon.

At sundown the Sabbath ended, and the stiffness and solemnity of the day of rest could be thrown off. It was, in particular, a relief to the children, who looked forward anxiously for the time of sunset to come, and perhaps, as the day waned, would go outdoors and take a favorable position for seeing the sun disappear, that no time might be lost in taking advantage of the change to the week-day freedom. After sunset the children were allowed to play as much as they pleased. The women would bring out their needlework in the evening, and the men were free to to take up any task they chose; but it was too late to do very much or to start a new piece of work, and the time was spent rather quietly.

In many neighborhoods it was the custom to have a Sunday evening prayer-meeting in the school-house, where those who lived in the vicinity would gather and spend an hour in song and prayer. Sometimes passages of Scripture were repeated, a sermon read, or an exhortation made by some one more fluent than the others. In winter there would be a big blaze in the school-room fireplace, and the cozy warmth of the place and less formal mode of proceedings made it doubly attractive in contrast with the chill atmosphere of the church where they had sat during the long morning and afternoon sessions. The room was lighted by half a dozen candles brought from the homes of the worshipers. One or two were on convenient window-sills, and the rest distributed about on the desks. Their flickering flames and the leaping blaze of the fireplace filled the room with dim, pulsating light.

Finally came the home-going—dark groups straggling along snowy roadways brightened now and then by the faintly sifting rays of an old tin lantern, while above the wide, cold landscape brooded the starlit heavens, somewhere in whose far deeps dwelt the God they worshiped.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old-Time Church Music in New England

By Alice Morse Earle

The English were never a musical people, says Mr. Haweis, and English Puritans were even fanatical in their dislike of music, destroying organs and music-books, and driving choirs out of existence. Hence we cannot wonder that our Puritan ancestors in America, far removed from all refining Continental influences, almost let the art of music die out among them. Far more strange is it to know that when the simple psalmody of those solemn days had reached its lowest ebb; when there were no musical instruments or notes or instructors in the land; when but two or three tunes, imperfectly remembered, were all the utterances known of the "heavenly maid"—that Puritan ministers were the first to start a reform and a revival of music. These good men wrote tracts, essays, sermons, and singing-books, and fairly forced the new "singing by rule," or by note, upon congregations that, when once won over, reveled in the new pleasures. The most important step, and perhaps the most fought over, was the giving up of "lining." When psalm-books were few, the custom was universal to have the deacon "line" or "deacon" the psalm—which was to read each line aloud for the congregation to repeat the words in song. The custom was persisted in long after psalm-books became common—is, in fact, in existence still in some parts of the West.

"Squeaking and grumbling, toling, whining, interfering and drawling" everywhere prevailed, and what Judge Sewall called "runnings over"—that is, unconsciously running from one tune into another—seem to have been the order of the day. The churches, indeed, proved Shakespeare's words,

> How sour sweet music is
> When time is broke and no proportion kept!

Some very comical mistakes arose through this custom of lining. Some of the hymns read very absurdly line by line, though Dr. Watts attempted to make each line of his hymns complete in sense. The well-known hymn whose contradictory first line is,

> The Lord will come and he will not,

and also the second line,

> Keep silence, but speak out,

is a favorite example of the absurdity of "lining."

One old Vermont deacon forgot to bring his spectacles to meeting, and when the singing-time came he rose, and, after holding the open psalm-book at various lengths from his dim eyes, at last looked up at the congregation and slowly announced, in a properly deaconish tone:

> I find I cannot read a word.

The choir, who had been impatiently waiting to sing, assumed this announcement to be the first line of a common-meter hymn, and at once sang in full voice the deacon's apology. The astonished deacon cried out, with more emphasis:

> My eyes, I say, are blind,

and the choir promptly responded with his words. He then fairly shouted:

> Come! stop that noise, I will be heard.

By this time several members of the choir began to appreciate the joke, but were too full of life and fun to stop, and with double force they poured out the third line of the deacon's impromptu hymn. He then gave forth his fourth sentence:

> Keep still, or I'll resign,

and sank to his seat in despair.

The happiest results of the innovation of "singing by rule" were the establishment of choirs and of singing-schools. These latter usually met on Sunday night, after sunset, which hours, it must be remembered, were not, in New England, the *Sabbath;* and these gatherings formed rather a gay ending to a very solemn and tedious day. The records of New England churches show the progress of singing through the seats assigned to these taught and trained singers. The "backer seats" in the gallery were given in some meetings. Others had "two pues back on the front gallery." Sometimes the singers had two rows of seats entirely across the meeting-house, in front of the pulpit and deacon's seat. One row—the men's seats—faced the congregation and the women singers. A long rack for the psalm-books divided these two bands, who stood when singing, and bawled and fugued in each other's faces. Often a great square pew was built for the singers, inclosing a table for the books. These square pews were held to be entirely too convenient for the sentimental beginnings of love-making; indeed, love affairs appear to have been wholly carried on in old New England in the singing-seats and singing-schools. At last, in every New England town were heard

> The psalms of David in the singing-seats
> Of the meeting-house—bass-viol, flute,
> And tuning-fork; and rows of village girls
> With lips half open; treble chased with bass
> In most melodious madness.

John Adams, in his diary, shows the interest felt by him, as by all New Englanders, in the new way of singing.

The most marked and original figure in all the years of New England psalm-singing and teaching was William Billings, a man so extraordinary in energy that he made an impress on American music which will never be forgotten. He lived in Boston from 1746 to 1800, through Revolutionary and early Federal days. He was the very personification of incongruity; he was as patriotic as he was musical; as ludicrous as he was religious; as common-place as he was smart and active. He was somewhat poetical, after the rhyming fashion of his day, but by trade a tanner; and he was the first American musical composer, the inventor of the fugue-tune. His personal appearance was like his character. He was blind of one eye, had one shortened leg, and one withered arm. He had a voice so powerful that when he sang he fairly crowded out all other sounds—a voice rasping and harsh from his constant habit of snuff-taking. He carried his snuff in his coat-pocket, which was made of leather, and he was well besprinkled with the snuff which he constantly spilled; yet he was the close friend of the most cultivated and refined New Englanders.

Whatever special claim he has as a musical composer rests on his originality. His music was "a poor thing, but mine own." He did not steal and twist others' tunes, nor did he adapt sacred words to such gay dance-tunes as "Indian Philosopher," "Little Pickle," "Babbling Echo," "Poor Soldier," "Ossian's Ghost," "German Spaw," as did other "composers." In olden days the words of the hymns were changed as well as the music. "Hymn-tinkering" prevailed then as it does in our own time.

We cannot wonder that they wished to change some of the words of these old hymns, which indeed were terrible—what Lucy Larcom called

> The psalm-tunes of the Puritan,
> The hymns that dared to go
> Down shuddering through the abyss of man,
> His gulfs of conscious woe.

The early settlers had only the halting metrical versions of the Psalms. The rhymed horrors of hell-fire and damnation were written and became popular in the eighteenth century, and were so well to our own day. Think of singing such depressing lines as these:

> My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
> Damnation and the dead.
> What horrors seize the guilty soul
> Upon a dying bed!

And can we wonder that when Watts's lurid Forty-fourth Hymn was given out to be sung, one sensible choir-master mildly but firmly responded from the singers' seat: "We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are not willing, reverend sir, to sing that hymn." And yet it would seem that a congregation that had parsed and spelled and committed to memory Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," that really *liked* that baleful poem, should not have been very much troubled at the smell of sulphur in any hymn.

It makes me feel inclined to forgive pious old Dr. Watts for his hymn-horrors, to know that late in life he regretted many of his rhymed "composures," and would have liked to see them wholly forgotten.

Some of the old tunes, too (not Billings's fugues, however), made the soul sink in depression. Wantage, Bangor, Aylesbury, Mortality, Funeral-Thought, fairly groaned in song; but perhaps they were just as desirable, inky-black though they were, as dance and opera music.

It was almost universally deemed imperative that each performer in the choir, and sometimes each person in the entire church, should beat time visibly and with emphasis; and comic indeed was the result. Some sturdy old soldiers threw the entire forearm up and down, as if preparing for battle; others swung the arm in a semicircle; some mild trebles mincingly lifted and depressed the hand or the forefinger; others swayed the head and body; others beat on the hymn-book; many swayed the hymn-book from side to side. So, when the wave of song burst forth, the entire congregation bent and rose with the force of the tide. As years passed on, the younger folk began to see the absurdity and undignified appearance of this swaying body of singers, and the deacon or choir-leader was ordered to beat time in solitary state, with his hand, in full sight of all the singers. Then that, too, became old-fashioned, and rules similar to this of Wilbraham, in 1770, were common: "Whoever leads the singing shall be at liberty to use the motion of his hand while singing for the space of three months only." Soon all the old, brawny, wrinkled hands that had beat time to the glory of the Lord were forced to keep still altogether in His house, and by that time nearly all the old voices were silenced, too, by death.

Many a bitter trial had these leaders of New England choirs to endure. In almost every congregation would be found some strong-lunged and loud-voiced Christian who would invariably forget which stanzas were omitted in the singing, and would roar out half through the wrong verse, to the annoyance and discomfiture of the choir. And there were always some cracked-voiced old saints who clung to the primitive pronunciations of words. With them do was always *doe*, put rhymed with *but*, earth was *airth*, shall was *shawl*, and before many words beginning with a vowel would be heard a long, buzzing m-m-m, as if the word began with that letter. And there were always some drawlers to be dragged along and hurried up. The joining in the singing of the pious occupants of the "Deaf Pue" tantalized the choir-master and sometimes almost annihilated the music. Other customs, though sanctioned by the choir-leaders and singing-teachers, were equal hindrances to good music: such was the singing of "counter," and the assigning of treble parts to the tenor voices.

Musical instruments were generally introduced into the churches in the following order. First the pitch-pipe of wood or metal, which sounded a single note and thus gave the proper key; then came tuning-forks or brass reeds, sounded with a "fum, s'la, fum-m-m;" third, the violoncello, or, as it was universally called in those days, the bass-viol. For many years these "Lord's fiddles," as they were also termed with unintentional irreverence, were the only musical instruments allowed in many churches. Then the clear flute and the grumbling bassoon helped to swell the sound; then the clarionet and hautboy; then the violin—after much opposition, because associated with low tavern dance-music. At last organs became allowable, then popular, then universal, though many called them "tooting-tubs," "boxes of whistles," etc. The accounts of the contests over the introduction of these various accompanying instruments; of the insults, abuse, and despair which they provoked in peaceable old Christians, form in the records of many towns and churches the most spicy tidbits found by the historian, and show how truly to the Puritan the songs of the sanctuary were indeed sacred.

A Song of Thanksgiving

By Julia Taft Bayne

The sheep are coming home.
From far hill-pastures, where the wild winds blow,
To the fold's shelter thankfully they go;
And in their meek accord
They praise the Lord!

The children, too, come home—
From lands afar, from many a city street—
Beneath their childhood's roof what memories meet!
Around the bounteous board
They praise the Lord!

Dear Shepherd, bring us home—
When all the days of all our years are told,
Lead to the shelter of thy heavenly fold.
Reclaimed, redeemed, restored,
We'll praise Thee, Lord!

Thanksgiving in Boston in the Twenties

By Edward Everett Hale

For a child, Thanksgiving began with the Proclamation.

The Proclamation, for old people, was, and is, a test of the Governor's ability to rise above the drudgery of politics to the Idea. And a collection of Massachusetts Proclamations for Fasts and Thanksgiving, such as some one is said to have made some years ago, would show that their Excellencies so regarded that particular duty—as in the light of an exercise which should show at once patriotism, piety, and literary ability.

For me, these Proclamations were heard in Brattle Street Meeting-House, one of the monuments, since lost, of Revolutionary and ante-Revolutionary days in Boston. Of ante-Revolutionary days, for the stately pile was begun and finished in those John Baptist years which were preparing for the Revolution. John Hancock's name, carved in the corner-stone, had been so prodded by the bayonets of English sentries, who paced up and down there before the Massacre Riot, that it was hardly legible afterwards.

Of Revolutionary history, because we boys always looked up to the tower as we entered the church, to see the twenty-four pound cannon-shot imbedded there just above the first window. This is the shot of which Holmes sings:

> The simple pile, which, mindful of the hour
> When Howe's artillery shook her new-built tower,
> Bears in her bosom, as a bride might do,
> The iron breastpin which the Rebels threw.

The shot was one which Washington threw from his Prospect Hill batteries before the English left the town.

In that church, or meeting-house, waked for the purpose, very likely, by my mother, that I might listen, I heard Mr. Palfrey, the minister, read all my first Proclamations. He was afterwards a distinguished Free Soil leader—the first with such a party name who ever represented Massachusetts in Congress—not the last, thank God!

I must have heard the instructions of Governor Levi Lincoln in 1824 and 1825. But of these I know nothing. It is in 1826, as I now suppose, that this exploration of mine into the twenties must begin.

A Massachusetts Proclamation would end with these words:

> Given at the Council Chamber in Boston, in the year of our Lord 1826, and of the Independence of the United States the Fiftieth.
> LEVI LINCOLN.
>
> By his Excellency the Governor,
> with the advice and consent of the
> Council. EDWARD D. BANGS, Secretary.
>
> God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Observe that even the infant was taught that in Massachusetts no man governs unless his Council consent.

In after years, when we were old enough to know one statesman from another, it was with joy, mingled with awe, that we watched this identical EDWARD D. BANGS as he listened and approved. He sat not ten feet from us, the other side of a narrow aisle, in his own pew. His coat was always brown, and it had a velvet collar. His arm rested on the side of the pew, and he placed his finger on his shaven right cheek as he sat, as I have seen no other man do. He was always at church. Well pleased, as we supposed, he heard the Proclamations which he had attested. We had other statesmen all around us—Judge Thacher was behind, Daniel Webster on the right, Harrison Gray Otis was behind him. But not one of these ever had his name read out by the minister.

The Proclamation was read, not on the Sunday before Thanksgiving, but on the Sunday before that. This was in order that we might all bring our money on the next Sunday for the annual contribution for the poor. This was the only survival or remnant left which indicated in those days that a church had a humane side and must and could take care of somebody. I have since seen the accounts of the deacons of those days, and know where my annual fo'pence-ha'penny went.

It happened, from this general prosperity, that my fo'-pence-ha'penny, and most of these offerings, were invested for harder times—funded, in fact. And thus, once a quarter, at the age of seventy-one, I am invited by a proper postal card to attend a Board Meeting which shall determine what shall be done with the interest. Such were the charities of a time before the disease called pauperism had been well introduced into New England.

Every one went to meeting when Thanksgiving Day came—as certainly as on Sunday. I think it was understood that Mr. Palfrey would preach on some subject, not of politics, perhaps, but of public administration. Even we children had a faint hope that there would be something said of carnal or worldly interest which should vary the monotony of the regular service. What children dislike in church services, as in everything else, is their monotony.

There was another relief which we relied more upon. It was the anthem. I say *the* anthem; I rather think that in those earlier days we thought there was but one anthem in the world. So the average American boy to-day might think that there is but one Fourth of July oration—when he reads that "*The* oration was delivered by Mr. Depew."

This was the one variation, in fifty-two weeks, in the form of church service. At the end of the Thanksgiving sermon, after prayer, instead of "Lord, dismiss us," or the Doxology, or other closing hymn, Mr. Palfrey would say, "An anthem will now be sung." No one stood up then when the choir sang. But we boys, in our pew, could turn as we sat and face them; the girls could not. We could see and hear the anthem at once.

Then the benediction, and so we could go home to the Thanksgiving party. Soon came the cousins, on both sides of the family, from their churches, which were not ours. These cousins never met except on this day. Pictures and books appeared which we saw on no other day; among them, as I have since remembered, Turner's earliest engravings. Then the dinner: chicken pie, and turkey with cranberry sauce; squash, mince, Marlborough, and apple pies; cranberry tarts; scalloped oysters and lobster salad; grapes, figs, oranges, nuts, and raisins. Never, observe, soup, or ice-cream, or any modern innovation on a dinner which might, except the Marlborough pie, have been prepared by Madam Winthrop and Madam Hull, and, with the Marlborough pie, could have been prepared by the last of the Madam Sewalls.

And then, while the elders rested, the children, who never rested, so soon as the dining-room was cleared, took their turns in blind-man's-buff, vingt-un, commerce, old maid, checkers or chess, or possibly the Game of Human Life, or the Kings of England, until supper came; and, too soon, bedtime, later than usual.

Miraculous Susan of Quaker Hill

A Thanksgiving Story

By Hezekiah Butterworth

Imprimis, the reader will ask why the woman in our title with the simple name of Susan was called "miraculous," and, *secundus*, where is Quaker Hill. I will answer the last question first, and try to give the reader a view of the picturesque elevation where George Fox preached in the glorious old Rhode Island, of Governor Coddington, and of Roger Williams; and as for that said useful woman, who was indispensable to the old families of the once Indian country of Pokonoket in the trying days of dipping candles, picking live geese, and at "killing-time," our story will seek to portray the one marvelous and mysterious event of her otherwise uneventful life.

I should say that the quaint, plain Quaker meeting-house on the historic elevation near Portsmouth, R. I., is the most interesting church in all America. It stands for the old Rhode Island principle of soul-liberty, as set forth in Roger Williams's day—and what could stand for more? It is now very much what it was two hundred years ago, when a rich Rhode Islander proposed to offer George Fox a salary to remain on the Island as preacher—which caused the good man to flee.

They do not do so now, to be sure, but times have a little changed even among the hillside farmers on the Garden Island of the New World.

I recently attended a Friends' meeting at the quaint, roomy church on Quaker Hill. The Narragansett Bay rolled in the distance as clear and blue as when George Fox himself must have beheld it in 1671, or more than two hundred years ago. The Hill is still the Mecca of the Societies of Friends, and may be found on the Old Colony Railroad near Portsmouth, R. I., some eight miles from Newport, and a few miles from the Barton-Prescott house, of historic fame.

The island was Aquidneck when George Fox came there, "a voice crying in the wilderness of the world," and when Bishop Berkeley became prophetic at Newport, and voiced his inspiration in the immortal line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

There are few spots on the earth more serene and lovely than Quaker Hill. There is an ethereal beauty over the blue waterways and bountiful farms, a "Gulf Stream influence" it is called, that seems almost spiritual, and we do not wonder that the good old Quaker spirit should have found its sympathetic atmosphere here. After the long past, the Gospel of the Inner Light and universal Love is still preached on the self-same serene hill of Portsmouth looking over to Mount Hope—the ancient burying-ground of the Indian race—the Narragansett Bay, and the sinking sails of the far sea. It is worth a pilgrimage to spend a Sabbath on Quaker Hill.

The old-time Newport Quakers did not keep holidays, but Thanksgiving was always a benevolent day on the thrifty Quaker farms around the transfigured hill. The mention of the day recalls tables of luxuries that, unhappily, are no more seen. Those were the days of apple dumplings made of Rhode Island greenings which Rhode Island mythology claims to have come from the original Garden of Eden; of pandowdy in comparison with which the modern apple pie merits little commendation; of No Cake, rightly named, for it consisted of parched corn so deftly cooked that it floated white on milk; of plum porridge, hot and cold; of hasty puddings with toothsome sauces; of bannocks; of whit-pot; of all kinds of game—wild geese, teal, partridges, and quail; of pound-cake that induced pipes and fireside slumbers and dreams such as never haunted the self-denying soul of George Fox. The old Quakers of Portsmouth were good livers, but they shared all they had with every one.

Blessed are the graves with their mossy stones around the queer church on old Quaker Hill! The precisianers here lived quiet lives, but their principles of soul-liberty emancipated the world. The little square panes in the gray meeting-house windows, to a student of life, are more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than all the rose hues of the lights of Cologne Cathedral. It is the soul of things that is great. And great souls held their visions here.

I vividly recall the whortleberry and blackberry pastures of Portsmouth, where "Miraculous Susan" used to spend the greater part of her time in July and August, gathering berries for the Newport market. I can see the old woman now as she used to pass with her baskets and tin pails, and her bottle of cold coffee for lunch.

I used sometimes to go with her, and when she had filled her baskets with berries she would help me fill mine. "It is what we do for *other* folks that makes life pleasant," she often said.

The children used to start back with awe into the roadside alders and witch-hazels as they saw her, and one of the school-group would be likely to say:

"That's her—the 'ooman over whose head the miracle-ring appeared, right in the church, hanging in the air on nothing. And some said it was made of silver, and some said it was made of gold, and some of pearls. But they found her out. She didn't mean it. I'll tell you what it was—won't you never, never tell?"

The mystery of the simple history of Susan had been so often told in confidence that when one put one's finger on one's lip in speaking of it, it was a sign; there are some things that it is reverent not to tell publicly—this was one of them.

There was a poem of some unknown author that she used to repeat to me when whortleberrying, which to my simple mind surpassed in lyric beauty anything that Wordsworth ever wrote. It began:

> Why, Phœbe, have you come so soon?
> Where are your berries, child?

The unfortunate Phœbe was to my eyes a never-failing source of tears. The earthquake of Lisbon never affected me like *that*.

I shall never forget the tempests that sometimes followed the long August days when we went whortleberrying. If we had an uneventful tour, we yet had eventful skies. The hot forenoon; the ospreys wheeling in the fiery meridian heaven; the fevered air; the pearl-white clouds that rose in the north like mountains, peak rising above peak as in the Alps or Andes; the universal singing of birds in joyous expectation of showers; the hurrying hay-wagons; the rapid motions of the rakes and forks; the scent of new-mown hay; the carrying of water to the haymakers by the farmers' wives and daughters; the shadow of the cloud; the half-sun and half-shadow on the fields; the muttering of the thunder; the few terrific peals; the thunderbolt that smote some tall tree in the near woodland pasture; the deluge of rain; the dripping leaves; the breaking cloud; the rainbow; the broken sunset; the singing of birds again; the flying of night-hawks, and the cool, starry night that followed—I can still see that country dog-day, as such a day was called. I still can feel in my imagination as I felt in the changing air from a fevered heat to refreshing cool, as we sheltered ourselves under the thick savin-trees, waiting for the shower to pass.

Miraculous Susan, over whose head the silver ring appeared in the old Orthodox church on the Heights, lived in a small cottage near Quaker Hill. Across a narrow waterway was Tiverton Heights. The water is spanned by a stone bridge now; it was a ferry in Susan's day.

A strange event had happened to Susan. We never knew of her telling the story but once, and that was at a husking at Tiverton, after her feelings had been a little touched by certain jokes about her that had fallen upon her ears at a husking-party.

"No," she said, shaking her calash, "I fear sometimes that there's no miracle ever happened in my poor life—I can't say; but I've had a hard time. I never encouraged any man to marry me—how could I? only Malachi, he just took hold of one end of my apron-string one evening, and opened his mouth, and I said 'Stop!' and looked at him just like *that*. Malachi was a likely man, but I wouldn't be a burden to him. The doctor said that mother would be a cripple for life, and he had no sooner said that than my mind was made right up. I knew my duty. If a thing is right, it is right, and there need be nothing more said about it; and if a thing is wrong, it is wrong, and there need be nothing more said about that. I've had some blessin's and a pretty even life, take it all in all—only that miracle that happened to me in church, and nobody was to blame for that! I did think that the 'angel of the Lord had come down,' as the choir used to sing, but I fear I was mistaken."

Miraculous Susan arose and bent over the corn-heap and pulled down a large husking of corn. It was a bright, clear, still November day, with a woody odor in the air that came from the falling leaves of the flaming maples and walnut-trees where the river made an ox-bow. There had been a gusty storm the night before, leaving leaf-wet woods. The crows were cawing in the far tree-tops, and the pilfering jays were swinging in the wild grapevines. Hither and thither a nimble squirrel, called the "chipmunk," might have been seen running along the gray stone walls.

The Parson sat next to Miraculous Susan by the husk-heap.

"You never gave Malachi any yarn to wind?" said he, good-naturedly, to lead up to the neighborhood story.

"No, I never encouraged him as much as *that*. I only treated him so well that he came a second time. La, Parson, if I'd only said the word I needn't ha' been huskin' here for one bushel in ten. But my folks, they were all ought-to-be people, and I had to be just what I ought to be. It was born in me. I know that I got spiritually proud, and actually thought that the Lord had appeared to me and set a halo of glory around my head. Think of it, a poor lone woman like me! But the world has been good to me, and it will be a great deal better on the day that I go out of it than it was on the day when I came into it, and none the worse for my being in it—don't you think so, Parson?"

"Yes, Sister Susan, that is just my own opinion."

"I can make mince pies equal to Dorothy Hancock's, though I can't pull a string as that woman did on the French fleet one day, and have a whole frigate go bang, banging around me. There's a difference between some folks and others."

"You are right, Susan—you *can* make mince pies."

"And pandowdy!"

"Yes, I never ate any Thanksgiving pandowdy equal to yours."

"That's because I let the crust candy, and then breaks it all up, and kneads it into the apple.—This is a beautiful world!"

It surely was on that day and in that thrifty meadow. The sky was as blue as in April. The hills in their late autumn hues shimmered afar like dreamlands. The long meadows were restful and bright with cool green aftermath. Between the hills ran the way down to the cranberry meadows, the salt marshes, and the purple sea.

The farm lay upon a stretch of land now known as Tiverton Heights, which was already famous in Indian history, but is now also associated with stirring events of the Revolutionary War. There is no place in America that commands more romantic scenes and waterways. At a distance lay the town of Little Compton, the residence of Captain Benjamin Church, the Indian-fighter, and the rich hunting-grounds of the Awasonks. In the lowlands at the sea-levels was the island of Rhode Island, where had lived Bishop Berkeley, of prophetic memory. In the town now called Middleton, near Newport, the Aquidians had met their fate; and the same town now is famous as the place where Barton captured General Prescott:

> 'Twas on that dark and stormy night,
> The winds and waves did roar,
> Bold Barton then with twenty men
> Went down upon the shore.

The old inhabitants still love to tell how Tuck Sisson on that memorable July night broke open the British General's door by butting against it with his head.

To the west, where now the great stone bridge, costing a quarter of a million, connects the island of Newport the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beautiful with the mainland, was the pleasant ferry. And beyond lay the Narragansett, one of the beautiful inland seas of the world. Here also were the Highlands of the Pocassetts, and thence Queen Wetamoe and her warriors used to cross Mount Hope Bay to unite in the war-dances of King Philip at night. To-day every town on the Heights has its wonderful tales and romantic legends.

The "husk-heap," as the unharvested corn was called, was many hundred feet long, and covered on the top with thatch and swale meadow-hay. Behind it rose a number of "husk-stacks," as the heaped husked cornstalks were termed, while in front were two huge ox-carts, with high sides, which were brimming with yellow Indian corn. Over the corn-heaps where the husking had already been done was a long row of pumpkins, "pig corn" and "smutty corn," on the ground. The crickets were singing cheerily everywhere, as they always did on bright days about the corn-heaps.

The huskers were a merry company. In the middle of the long row of these busy people sat Deacon White, the owner of the seashore farm, and next to him Sally Bannocks, his widowed sister. At his other side sat Parson Brown, who had come over from the parsonage under the great elbowing elm-trees to "lend a hand;" and beside the good Parson sat Miraculous Susan, the woman-of-all-work of the town. An old Indian woman, named Maria, took a place apart from the others at the end of the heap. Miraculous Susan and Indian Maria husked for the Deacon on shares, receiving one bushel in ten of the corn that they basketed for their labor. A dozen or more boys and girls made up a happy party such as could have been seen in November a hundred years ago on almost any large New England farm.

In these merry days of plenty the young people had a droll song that they used to sing. It was evidently written in derision of the unthrifty farmer, who had no such bounteous corn-heaps as these. It was sung in doleful minor, and the refrain words "Over there" had the most melancholy cadence of anything that I ever heard except the hymn-tune "Windham." It ran as follows:

O potatoes they grow small,
Over there.
O potatoes they grow small,
For they plants 'em in the fall,
And they eats 'em skins and all,
Over there!

O they had a clam pie,
Over there.
O they had a clam pie,
Over there.
O they had a clam pie,
And its crust was made of rye,
You must eat it or must die,
Over there!

The fiddling tune of "Old Rosin the Beau," and the lively strains of "Money Musk," the "Virginia Reel," and "Fisher's Hornpipe," were often heard at the husking-parties, played by the village fiddlers, of whom every town had one. For more serious music, the huskers sang the old plaintive Scotch airs.

Miraculous Susan? She was the servant of everybody in distress; the good woman of the town. She heard the first wail of the infant, and stood last by the trembling widow when the sod fell hollow upon the coffin. Did a child have a bad case of measles or throat-ail, she was there; was there a case of typhus fever, her faithful hand fanned that brow. *She* did not shrink even from a case of smallpox. Did a farm-wife fall sick in haying-time, thither went Miraculous Susan. Did a woman with a great family of children need special help on washing-day, baking-day, or at "killing-time," there she was found. She used to say that the Lord created her "fists full of days' work for everybody," and that that was her mission in life; and always added the reflection of doubtful comfort, "And I shall get through by and by."

Her name? "Miraculous Susan"? How did she come by that?

Therein is our story, as we have intimated. Other people told it many times; it was a wonder-tale of the old farms. I never knew her to tell the story but once, and that was on this particular day, at the corn-heap.

"Parson Brown," said she, pulling down a large armful of cornstalks and corn, "do you really think that there are such persons as *ghost-seers*, or that all such things are only just like the 'House that Jack built,' just one thing leadin' into another?"

"Susan," said the good Parson, "I haven't believed much in those things since what happened to you, according to Elder Almy's view of the matter. Don't be offended, Susan. There are mostly mysterious causes for mysterious things. You are an honest woman, Susan, and it is much good that you have done in the world. As for that miracle, Susan, that was a very peculiar case. It's husking-time, and we are all your friends; just tell us *your* side of that story which makes the people—the Lord forgive 'em!—all call you Miraculous Susan?"

Susan drew her Rob-Roy shawl around her, and gave the Parson the same kind of a look that she had given Malachi when he just took hold of her apron-string to get courage to ask *the* question. Then her face relaxed, and there came into it a kindly look, and she said, "Parson Brown, I will. You have all been proper good to me, and have always meant well, if you do say 'Ichabod' to me now; you mean well."

Susan pulled down a large heap of corn to husk while telling her story, and shook out of it the dry corn-cockles, saying, "First the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear," and adding, "Every cornstalk is a Thanksgiving sermon." The children drew near to hear, and with them one girl, Susanna, whose eyes grew with the story.

"Tell all you know," said Deacon White; "and it is mighty interesting to hear a person tell a little *more* than he knows. I always like people that can see just a little beyond the horizon—what is the imagination for?"

"I shall tell you only the plain truth," said Susan. "So let me begin with the planting-time, when the bluebirds came with the sky on their wings, and the children dropped the first corn into the ground. I was dreadful poor that year. Mother had just died and left me alone and lonesome, and I began then to be hands and feet for everybody, so as to heal up the great lump in my heart. I had a Rob-Roy shawl that I had worn for years to church, summer and winter, and one June day, as I was coming down the steps of the church, Deacon White, here, says he, says he to me, 'Susan, you ought to have some better things to wear; and if we have a prosperous year, and my ship comes in prosperous-like, I mean to get the folks together in the fall, and to have them make you a present of a real camlet cloak.'

"Could I believe my ears? It was only grand folks that wore camlet cloaks! The wives of people who traded at sea!

"I attended church at Quaker Hill for the most part, because, to tell the truth, I had to dress plain, and my simple clothes did not make me look so poor among the gray Quaker folk as they did among the silk gowns and camlet cloaks at Tiverton. And then, at the hands-shaking after the Quaker meetings, I used often to find something in my hands besides emptiness, and I always felt friendly to the Quaker folk who were led by the Spirit, and who believed their words were Spirit when they preached and exhorted. They are good people, and I wish that the world were full of such, which I say though I am Orthodox.

"Well, I looked at the Deacon. His first wife had a camlet cloak, brought over from the East Indies or some foreign parts where the camels grow.

"But what the Deacon said did touch my heart in a tender place. He was the first person in all the community that had ever seemed to think that I would like to be thought of. My lip trembled, and I pulled down my calash to hide my weakness, because my eyelids began to twitch, and I couldn't help it. I walked down the steps firmly, and then I took the wood-path home, and sat down on the pine-needles all alone on the way and had a good cry. I didn't know that I had any such feelings before. It wasn't the thought of a camlet cloak that made me break

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up so, it was that the Deacon had seen that I had had a hard time, and felt for me.

"Well, the corn came up, and the blades waved in the long fields in the June air, and the robins sang everywhere. I was spry that summer, and everywhere I went there arose before me a vision of that camlet cloak. Not that I wanted such a cloak, but I wanted the people to have some regard for me, and what the Deacon said stood for that. Everybody likes to be thought something of sometime.

"The blades of corn turned at last into silk and tassels, and then it was September, and every kernel that had been planted under the April skies had produced an ear, and some two. The green fields turned yellow and rustled, and the crickets piped and the birds sang their last song and flew away. Then came Indian summer, and the Thanksgiving days were near at hand. It had been a prosperous year, and the Deacon's ship had come in with its gun booming.

"One day the stage came lumbering up the Heights, and the driver drew up the reins before my door, and looked under the great leather boot where the mail-bags were, and brought out a large box, and called:

"'Susan, here—I've got something for ye, from Newport.'

"'That's passing strange,' said I, throwing my apron over my head. 'I haven't any near of kin in Newport.'

"'Friends,' said he.

"'Friends?' said I. 'I haven't many of them anywhere, as for that matter; they're as scarce as hens' teeth in this world where there's so much selfishness. But I hadn't ought to complain; we all of us get treated better than we deserve. The Lord forgive me for saying such things as those! This is a good world.'

"He handed down a package.

"'Guess it came from foreign parts,' said he. 'Do the best you can, Susan, so that when this bothersome life is all over you will—you will—"Go lang;"' and he was out of sight in quick time, the wheels rattling over the stony hill.

"I took the package into the house, and opened it, all alone. Could I believe my eyes? It was a camlet cloak, all made of silk and camel's hair, and grand enough to have bedecked a queen, and large enough to cover my whole body.

"I first thought that I would just sink right down on my knees and pray. Then my vanity got the better of me, and I held up the cloak before the looking-glass; my cap-border rose when I thought how fine I would look going up the steps of the old church with that garment covering me, like a picture of Queen Vashti in the Bible.

"While I was standing there, grand as a drum-major at a general training, who should come in but old Elder Almy, of Portsmouth Farms.

"'What has thee got there, Susan?' said he, looking up queerly from under the broad brim of his hat.

"'A royal garment fit for a queen,' said I. 'Look there, Elder Almy—a camlet cloak!'

"'I see, I see,' said he. 'I heard that the Tiverton folks were about to make thee a present,' said he, 'and I hoped it would be such an one as would make thy heart better. It is only the present that makes the heart better that the Lord desires thee to have, Sister Susan.'

"'Elder Almy,' said I, 'I am a plain-spoken woman, and I am going to ask you one question, if you are a Quaker. Why should not a poor woman like me have a camlet cloak?'

"'Thee shouldst, if it would make thee better, Susan. What hast thou to go with thy camlet cloak? Look at thy shoes, Susan. How is thy meal-chest, Susan? How wouldst thee look in thy green calash and thy camlet cloak, Susan?'

"'But I'm goin' to get a whole lot of new things to wear with my camlet cloak,' said I.

"'How about thy purse, Susan? Hast thou means to live after the pattern of thy royal garment? And would it be good for thy heart if thou hadst? Simple living is a duty, Susan. I dress as simply as my work-folks, Susan. If I did otherwise, I would encourage extravagance in them. Thy camlet cloak begetteth pride, Susan, and pride resisteth the spirit, Susan. It is better for thee, Susan, far better, to be poor in spirit.'

"Then I up and fell from grace, the Lord forgive me!

"'Elder Almy,' said I, 'I am just as good as any of the people that wear camlet cloaks. There was no different blood in the veins of Queen Anne than that in my own. Small people make small presents. The Governor has sent forth his proclamation for all people to assemble in the churches on the 20th day of the 11th month, and I am going to assemble.'

"'*All* of you, Susan?'

"'Yes, *all* of me, and the camlet cloak. It doesn't make one feel happy to be given pewter spoons. There!'

"'Nor a gold crown, Susan?'

"I was sorry afterwards that I said these things, for Elder Almy and all the Quakers were the most feeling and generous people, and as for Mrs. Almy, why, she would have given away her bonnet off her own head.

"I had some money that I had hidden away in an old Spanish money-jar, against sickness. I resolved to take that and go to Newport and buy me some silk for a hood, an alpaca dress, and a string of beads, which Elder Almy would have classed among the vanities. I went to Newport, and I found there that I needed so many things to go with the camlet cloak that I spent all the money that I had. 'The Lord who sent the camlet cloak will provide,' said I.

"I shall never forget that bright Thanksgiving morning that I was to set out from Quaker Hill, and for Tiverton, in my silk hood and camlet cloak. It was a cold morning, but clear. I could hear the surf roaring at Newport, and the bells ringing.

"As I was getting ready to go, I chanced to open the old saddle-room door, and what should I see there but the very foot-stove that my mother used to carry to church, before they had one stove for all the people. A thought struck me. My pew was in a cold part of the church; I would fill the iron cup inside of the foot-stove with coals, and take the stove along with me under my camlet cloak. No one would ever see it, and it would keep me comfortable all the day.

"My mother was better off than I, and her foot-stove was not one of the ordinary kind. It was made of block tin, was perforated in stars, had a mahogany frame, and a brass pan for the coals. It was always a mystery to me how coals in that little hand-stove would hold fire for so long a time. *She* used to use hard-wood coal, and mostly walnut. I had some good coals of apple-tree wood in the stove that morning, and I put them into the pan, and closed the stove door, and took the stove in my left hand under my cloak like a basket of eggs. Nobody ever carries a foot-stove now, though there can be found one still in the saddle-rooms and eaves-holes of nearly all the old houses, along with the brass warming-pans, candle-molds, and shovels and tongs and fenders.

"How bright the water looked at the ferry! How the old ferryman stared when he saw me! How an old crow on a dead tree peered down at me and cried out in the keen air, 'Haw, haw, haw!'

"I met Elder Almy on the way.

"'Goin' to Thanksgiving?' said he.

"'How do I look now, Elder?' said I.

"'Just like a rag-bag—a traveling vanity on the road to Vanity Fair. You'll get there, Susan. Did you hear that crow? What was he talking about, Susan?'

"'Pewter spoons, I guess,' said I. And I just gave him *that* look that I had given Malachi.

"The churchyard was full of people, the dead and alive; for that matter, the dead are always there. The bell was ringing, and carriages were coming from all the neighboring farms. All eyes were bent upon me as I passed through the crowd and went up the church steps. I took my seat in the back pew where I usually sat, and put my feet on the warm foot-stove and spread over it the camlet cloak like a tent, and looked up to the tall pulpit, the red curtains, and sounding-board, and hour-glass.

"Elder Holmes alluded to me in the opening prayer, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one whom 'celestial charity delighted to honor.' After the prayer I looked up again and around, and I saw that all the eyes in the church were turned towards me.

"'The Lord keep me humble!' prayed I.

"That prayer was answered. Surely it was.

"The text was a curious one—'Where there is no vision, the people perish.' Elder Holmes, he gave a Bible history of visions, and of the times when the Lord spake to Israel in visions, and the times when there were no visions, and then he went over history to show that when people lost their prophetic sense the nation declined. It was a wonderful discourse. But while he was giving a picture of the woeful Middle Ages, when the people lost their visions in bloody wars, the church suddenly grew still; you could have heard a pin drop. The foot-stove had made such a warmth under my cloak that I had almost gone to sleep. I was glad that the Middle Ages were gone, and was thinking that things in this world must be above all right now, when the stillness of the church awoke me. I started up and looked around wild like, and my heart gave a thump as I saw Elder Holmes standing in the pulpit, silent, with uplifted hands—and the great silk sleeves of his robe did make his arms appear awful. The Elder was looking straight at me.

"I turned my head. Every eye in the gallery was fixed upon me. I looked towards the deacons' pew. The four deacons all set, bent forward like, staring straight at me. What had happened?

"I might well ask that. Every one seemed looking at something over my head. I looked up, and there, right over my head, hung a vision. The heavens had come down, or so thought all the people, and so thought I. How shall I describe it as it appeared to me? I seem to see it now.

"Over my head hung a ring, bright as silver and pearls, and full of golden light. A miraculous ring! From the ring there were floating away little silver rings which I took to be wings of angels and which melted away as they went up. The sunlight shone through the silver ring as I sat between the windows, and the vision seemed at times like a circle of glass filled with glimmering gold. I never can describe how I felt at that hour. I thought of the hymn—Heaven forgive my vanity!—

> "The Lord descended from above,
> And bowed the heavens most high,
> And underneath his feet he cast
> The garments of the sky.

"I lifted up my eyes to the choir. The singers were all looking down upon me as though they were just rising to sing. Even the bass-viol *seemed* to be looking. Then I dropped my eyes to the pew where the deacons' wives sat, and Deacon Coon's wife, she looked just as though her eyes would shoot out of her head, and Deacon Bradford's wife, she sat looking just like *this*, with a snuff-box in her hands—*so*—and her neck as long as a sea loon's flying—*so*.

"It was a curious sight. I shall never forget it to the longest day of my life: the choir, all eyes looking down; the deacons on one side of the high pulpit looking out of their pew; the deacons' wives on the other side of the pulpit looking out of their pew, and the parson in his high curtained pulpit under the sounding-board, with his arms in his robe, uplifted—this way.

"'Signs and wonders!' said Parson Holmes. 'Let us gaze on in silence!' They did. The silence was *awful*.

"My heart beat so violently that I felt that I must get up and go out into the yard. I rose slowly, and went down the aisle, where all the people were sitting like statues. As soon as I got up, there was a great uplifting of what seemed to be pearly angels' wings around my head—little silvery wings—and then the vision vanished.

"I never felt so proud in all my life as when I went back to Quaker Hill that day, a camlet cloak on my back, and a vision of angels, for aught I could say, hovering over my new silk hood. I imagined I was one of the old patriarchs. What would Quaker Almy say now? Wa'n't I as good as anybody?

"The news of what had happened spread everywhere. In a day or two Deacon Almy came to see me.

"'Signs and wonders!' said I.

"'Pins and needles!' said he. 'The Lord don't appear in visions to people in camlet cloaks, that talk sassy when reproved. I have a theory about that vision. We are commanded to try the spirit, Susan,' said he, looking at me with a searching eye. 'What didst thee carry that day with thee under thy camlet cloak?'

"'Nothing but my mother's foot-stove,' said I.

"'Did it *smoke?*' said he.

"'A little bit,' said I.

"'And where did the smoke go to?' asked he.

"'I smothered it under my camlet cloak,' said I. 'A little of it might have gone out between my shoulders,' said I, after stopping to think. 'I sat bent over, and I couldn't see my back. How could I?' The word 'smoke' made me feel very uncertain.

"'And a light smoke always forms a circle before it ascends, and in a ray of sunlight the circle would look like gold,' said he, 'and then it would all break apart, feathery like,' said he, 'and'—I couldn't endure any more.

"I arose and seized the broom.

"'You unbelieving Philistine!' said I.

"'You may spare that carnal weapon,' said he. 'Susan, you are a good woman in the main, but you haven't the kind of spirit that sees visions. I'm sorry for ye.'

"Well, would you believe it? I began to doubt the vision myself, and Elder Almy, he gave out his suspicions among the people, and some thought one thing and some another.

"But right after Thanksgiving there came an awful snow-storm, and though I had a silk hood and a camlet cloak, I hadn't no meal, nor hardly anything to eat or burn. Then Elder Almy and some of the brethren came over from the Quaker Hill farms, and brought me two cords of wood, and some bags of meal, and a quarter of beef, and a whole sage cheese, and some stout flannel, and Sister Almy she put five pistareens in my hand, and gave me a braided husk mat and a quilted bed-coverlet, and they all talked to me about the Inner Light, and humility, and loving others better than self, and then they held a meeting in my kitchen as still as the wings of death; and when they were gone, I hung up my camlet cloak in the cupboard for good and all, and resolved to love henceforth and forever just such poor creatures as myself, and to serve 'em as best I could; and I never felt so thankful in all my life. Deacon White, here, he and the church all meant well, but, as Elder Almy says, 'Always make presents that will do people good.' Good presents, of course, make people feel better than poor ones—but beautiful things may be serviceable, too.

"This is a good world, Deacon, and I will always love you for the camlet cloak; but then, you know, Deacon, and you know, Elder, that—There, the horn is blowing for dinner, and I've husked this morning five baskets of corn."

"*Was* it a miracle, Susan?" asked one of the huskers—the girl with large eyes.

"Well, some say it was, like Elder Holmes, and some, like Elder Almy, say it was only smoke: I can't be sure. It seems to me like the battle of Sheriff Muir, that my old grandfather, who was a Scotchman, used to tell about:

> "Some say that they ran,
> Some say that we ran,
> And some say than nane ran
> At a', man.
>
> "But of one thing I'm sure,
> A battle there was at Sheriff Muir,
> Which I saw, man,
> And we ran, and they ran,
> And they ran, and we ran
> Awa', man!"

Susan, like ordinary mortals, obeyed the lively dinner-horn, followed by the merry Rhode Islanders.

The Miracle? It is a mystery still. Susan is dead, and the flat gray wall-stone that marked her grave is sinking,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moss-covered, into the grass where the sparrows nest, among the many graves that lie on the sunset slope of Quaker Hill.

Two Club Papers of 1848

By Mary Allaire

Thanksgiving time is always reminiscent. We begin by recalling the incidents that marked the last anniversary; the faces absent, the new lines that show progress or defeat in the faces present. Then the mind wanders back, and, if philosophical, finds pleasure in comparing the past and the present; while, if conservative, it will mourn over the decadence of good customs, habits, and manners; it will see the past of golden promise realized in a present that is as dull silver. The position of women and the demands upon them will take a fraction, at least, of the time spent in reflection; the dispute between "my wife's way" and "my way and mother's way"—or, if the memory covers that span of time, "grandmother's way"—may be recalled with tender tears, or indulgent smiles that such insignificant affairs filled one's time. Sometimes there is a sigh of self-pity that the leisure that belonged to the woman of olden time is denied her descendants. Rarely has she left a record of her personal feeling as to the duties and demands of her own times. There have been in possession of an old Massachusetts family two papers presented at a Woman's Club in 1848. The Club was a group of women of the same social standing. They worked as they listened to the paper or followed the discussion.

The first paper was entitled

WHAT SMART AMERICAN WOMEN ARE EXPECTED TO DO AND TO BE

To know everything that comes into the house. The price, quality, and how long it lasts.

To know the exact condition of all clothes, linen, silver, etc., and keep lists thereof.

To provide against all unnecessary injury or waste of said articles.

To see that all the windows, walls, carpets, and floors are kept clean; also all closets, drawers, and cupboards to be clean and in order.

To prevent any carelessness which might cause a dinner to be ill served or cooked.

To see that all small articles of use and ornament are kept clean and fresh.

To keep all accounts regularly.

To have a due daily regard to economy.

To make and mend small articles of clothing, etc.

To be well and properly dressed on all occasions.

To omit no annual visit to any of the one or two hundred acquaintances.

To pay due and kind attention to all strangers in town, in visiting, inviting, etc.

Never to be late on any occasion, and always to be downstairs in a peaceful, reposeful condition half an hour previous to dinner or tea.

To be informed on every topic of recent occurrence and general interest.

To have read all new or interesting books on any or every subject.

To be well informed on all novelties of fancy or fashion.

To go to church regularly; also lectures, concerts, and worthy theatricals.

To give and go to tea and dinner parties; also balls and parties.

In short, to be deficient in no way in any useful or ornamental branch of life.

With this, to preserve a clear head and warm heart, to be cordial and conventional, clean and calm, literary and a good cook, elegant and a neat housemaid, well dressed and leisurely, with an eye to the housecleaning, always at home, and never omitting a duty to society, to your family, or yourself, to combine in one woman *all* the qualities of grace, *esprit*, and taste with the most exact regularity in daily details and the most homespun practice of daily drudgery—such, my female friends, should we strive to be.

Comment is unnecessary. That the life of the women of 1848 was not a life of leisure that paper reveals.

The papers presented at this club were followed by discussion, but one's imagination cannot supply the gentle irony, the pathetic protest, the silent rebellion, that prevailed, or the cheerful harmony of the many minds. It can picture the rich gleam of mahogany, the dainty belongings, the soft manners, all recording a family's history and its faithfulness to tradition. The members were friends in the fullest sense; not the friends of an hour, but of a generation, as oft-times in those days the friendships of families were, and, like the furniture, jewels, and laces, heirlooms.

Among the members who listened to the paper was one whose children to-day have the ease and gentleness that mark the inheritance of gentle blood and training. She lacked, probably, the courage to add to the discussion by her own voice, but she felt the inadequacy of the first paper, and presented another as an annex at the next meeting of the club:

Dear Friend:

As you have left out a most important part of an "American Woman's Requirements," I will add a few lines. She is, in addition to all you have mentioned (which is every word most true), expected to be the constant guardian of children of all ages. Of the young ones she must take a constant watch; she must see that they are properly taken care of, and, as they always have sense enough to know that the parlor is a better place than the nursery, she must have them with her, or have them crying, which is painful. When a child acquires the painful habit of talking, she must answer questions steadily, without stopping for breath, until in despair she can hire the "prattler" to be quiet for five minutes. She must read stories to them, or, if no book is at hand, tell them one, inculcating good morals. She must be under the painful necessity of taking away a great deal of confectionery and cake which kind friends send and give. This occasions tears often. She must see that the child is not only fed but aired every day, which takes a great deal of time; and while the nurse is out with one, she must take care of the other, as two young children are more than one woman can take in charge in the streets. She must run over cold stairs at any hour in the night when she hears the croupy cough which always comes in the coldest weather. As to the older ones, she must have the most elastic patience possible. She must have all the clothes in perfect order; each petticoat must be exactly in a line with all the others, and never too long for any last summer's gown, or too short for the new gowns. Every rip, tear, hole, string broken, button off, hook-and-eye gone, must be repaired by dinner-time, because it was mentioned at breakfast and you have had the whole morning to do it in (although you may not have had three minutes of leisure since the child left you). She must know all the boundaries of all the States and countries, and all the situations of towns which may have been built several years since she left school. She must understand arithmetic thoroughly, and teach all the most difficult "sums," thereby saving the master much trouble in school. She must know natural philosophy, and answer the "why's" which are constantly asked. She must answer all questions in history, American and English, and know on which side all the generals were in every battle. She must know Latin well and write French exercises without mistakes. She must constantly decide which one is right in the constant disputes which occur, and beg them to have more patience with the little ones. She must never allow herself to speak quickly, never feel nervous, never expect to have a nursery servant who will be anything but a pair of hands without a head, never go journeys because she will feel so uneasy, never expect her husband to remain with the children rainy Sundays when they cannot go to church, never expect to lead any life but a care-full one; and withal she will be very happy, and never find days too long or time burdensome, or wish she had less to do, so long as she has a husband she can love (as I do mine). 1848.

Times, fashions, and standards may change, but careful mothers and their children have their counterparts in every generation.

One turns from the home and social demands presented in these two papers to a sentence that recently appeared in a woman's page of a daily paper. Six reasons were given by Walter Besant why women work—he meant why they seek opportunity to become wage-earners. The sixth reason given was: "Because their home lives are so deadly dull and unsocial and lonely and vacuous that they want a change." Imagine the sensation in that Woman's Club in 1848 if such a statement had been made!

A friend of both writers of the papers presented gives the touch that is needed to complete the picture of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

social life of 1848. In a letter sent with the copies of the papers, she says:

Both writers have left out their constant and personal kindness to the poor, but I assure you they did not leave it out of their lives. Oh, what women they were! It has been a pleasure to have them come back to me in every word I have copied this morning.

About some Thanksgiving tables will linger the memories, like rare perfume, of such women, each of whom embodied all the requirements of the wise man, in that "Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Not what a woman does, but what she is, is the measure of her power. The traditions she makes sacred to her family, the memory she leaves in the circle of friends, these are her true value.

Uncle Harry Dayton

By Lillian W. Betts

It might be disputed if it were claimed that Uncle Harry Dayton was the originator of Thanksgiving dinners, for he died in his full prime fifty years ago, and we have every reason to know that Thanksgiving dinners preceded that date. In my own mind, I am convinced that Uncle Harry was the originator of a certain kind of Thanksgiving dinner, that has done much to bring about the philanthropic dinner now so common at this National feast. When one remembers Uncle Harry's detestation of personal comment, it seems almost an act of injustice to write of those dinners that were hardly eaten before he began arranging the plans for the Thanksgiving dinner of the next year. Yet it is but fair to hand his name down as that of one of the first men to see the pleasure to be gained by breaking bread on that day with those on whom sorrow and misfortune had fallen.

Uncle Harry was an ideal host. He made his guests enthusiastic. How astonished he would have been to have had an invitation accepted in the modern spirit, when it is the thing to be bored at an invitation, and, not rarely, to carry the atmosphere of condescension into the very presence of the hostess as a distinguishing mark of one's popularity socially. Uncle Harry's invitations were issued a year in advance, and they were always accepted with all the enthusiasm that the host's cordiality expressed. And for the whole year the mothers who had the good fortune to be Uncle Harry's guests were strengthened in the family discipline they maintained, if it were intimated that failure in obedience meant being left at home Thanksgiving Day: that was a punishment that outweighed the attraction of any offense in the minds of Uncle Harry's younger guests.

Uncle Harry was a shoemaker. He had inherited from his father a large farm, with a stone house that apparently grew out of the side of a bank. It was a mystery why, with all the broad rolling acres that Uncle Harry's grandfather owned, he should have decided to build so that one end of his house was thrust into the bank and the other jutted on to the roadway. Uncle Harry said it was done to secure a cool milk-room. The house was only one story high, and was full of queer turns and angles outside and in. The porch, covered with vines in summer, was ample, and turned to the south; it was so sheltered by the high bank on one side, and the wing of the house on the other, that Uncle Harry frequently smoked his pipe in winter sitting in the sun. Perhaps it was this habit of sitting in the sun every day when it shone that made Uncle Harry resemble a fall pippin and Santa Claus—the one in coloring, the other in jollity.

Uncle Harry did not like farming, and as his father and grandfather were both hale and vigorous men when Uncle Harry reached the age when he must be employed, his decision to become a shoemaker was encouraged, for the feebleness of old age was a remote possibility to the two men who had brought the stony fields to a high state of cultivation. Uncle Harry learned his trade from the man who had made his first pair of boots. He had no recollection of the time when, for a week just before the holidays, the woodshed was not made ready for the annual shoeing of the family; for in those days the shoemaker went from house to house to make the family shoes. How the children enjoyed his appearance! It was a never-ending amusement to watch him at work, and his ceaseless rat-a-tat-tat was music to the baby.

The one startling thing about Uncle Harry's determination to become a shoemaker was his announcement that he would have a shop, and that the people must come to him to have their shoes made—he would not go to them. His grandfather shook his head sorrowfully, but the joy in his mother's face reconciled Uncle Harry to any possible loss of trade that might follow this decision. A little shop was built close to the road, with a big window with a broad sill to the south, and within sight of the kitchen window where his mother sat and sewed. The children coming from and going to school always looked for the cheerful face of Harry Dayton—he did not become "Uncle Harry" to that generation, but to the children of the children who watched the building of the little shop.

People soon learned the advantage of having their shoes made at the little shop, and Uncle Harry became the shoemaker for towns many miles distant, and, while still a young man, he had two apprentices. His was the guiding power in managing the farm, so that when he found himself alone with his mother and Cousin Chatty, he was ready to carry on farming with hired men, and still retain his shoemaking business. Uncle Harry never married. Some said that it was because he was always in love with his mother. It was that first Thanksgiving after his father's death that Uncle Harry inaugurated his dinners.

His mother sat behind him in the porch watching the lights changing on the Sound, and the distant hills of Long Island.

"I wonder how Aunt Sophy is going to get a dinner this Thanksgiving! Her rheumatism is worse that ever, and Hetty's marrying leaves her all alone," said Uncle Harry, taking a long whiff from his pipe, while he turned round so that he could see his mother's face.

"Why, sure enough!" replied the old lady in deep self-reproach. "Why, we might ask her here; there aren't so many of us," and there was a quiver in her voice that made Uncle Harry look earnestly away to the water turning purple with the last rays of the sun.

"Why, that is a good idea; I'll drive you down to-morrow to ask her. Well, there is Aunt Harriet and her children. I don't suppose it will be a very cheerful Thanksgiving for them; the boat has never been heard from, and I don't suppose Uncle William will ever come back," and again Uncle Harry faced his mother.

"Why, Harry, we might just as well have them here; if it should be a stormy day, I know Harriet could not help thinking of William, no matter how hard she tried to be cheerful. We'll go there too to-morrow."

And now Mrs. Dayton was quite excited. "And, Harry"—here she hesitated—"I suppose we might ask Ephraim and his children; he'll be very lonesome without Mary. It will make the day pass quicker to be away from home. He hasn't been able to get any one but Phœbe to keep house for him, and she is more of a hindrance than a help."

That Thanksgiving dinner was Uncle Harry's first Thanksgiving dinner, and the fame of it filled the township.

The size of the turkey was a matter of dispute which the children had not settled the next Fourth of July. That it was the largest turkey ever baked in that oven, which was the largest in the whole town, all agreed. The chicken pies, it was known, were made in Mrs. Dayton's milk-pans, and the mince and apple pies were marvels of decoration done by Cousin Chatty's nimble fingers.

When the guests were drinking cider, Uncle Harry made a speech and invited all to come next Thanksgiving. And the widow no longer felt alone as she looked at the five little children sitting on the floor cracking nuts with a flat-iron and a stone. Aunt Sophy brightened at once, for the whole year of loneliness stretching before her was threaded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the golden ray of next year's Thanksgiving. Ephraim and his motherless children, Mrs. Dayton said, actually laughed, for there was a day promised away from the lonely home.

The next year found a new guest. He had mortgaged his home and had lost it. Lost it so many years before that it was almost a tradition in the family, the stormy day he was taken to the poorhouse. Uncle Harry remembered him the next Thanksgiving, and he sat at Uncle Harry's right at dinner, but hobbled away to the children when nut-cracking began, and told them marvelous tales of General Lafayette, whom he had seen on his way to Boston, when he was a young man.

Every year, as one guest dropped out because of death or removal, Uncle Harry found another guest, and sometimes two, for the vacant place.

The boy who went away from home to make the fortune Uncle Harry never valued, found time to write a letter which was read at the dinner, making the writer a member of every family group present.

Every girl who went to form a home elsewhere remembered Uncle Harry, and some token—crullers, pie, cake, socks of her own knitting, or a letter—kept her place warm in the heart of Uncle Harry and his guests. There was one rule at Uncle Harry's dinners—no plate must have a vacant spot on it. How Uncle Harry ever succeeded in seeing every plate was a mystery.

A man whose hair is now silver-white blushes as his mother, verging on ninety, tells of one dinner, when Uncle Harry had invited so many guests that the children had to sit at a table running at right angles from Uncle Harry's chair, and she looked up to see her boy, with the crown of yellow curls, very red, and with eyes full of tears. Slipping from her seat at the table, she leaned over him and asked in a whisper: "What is the matter, Willie?"

"Must I eat it all?" was the tearful reply, as Willie pointed to a brown drumstick that had just been deposited amid remnants that told of a small boy's stomach that must be well filled.

Uncle Harry's quick eye discovered the cause of the tears, and Cousin Chatty whisked the drumstick to the plate of the big brother, who soon gave evidence of his ability to cause it to disappear.

The dinners at Uncle Harry's continued while he lived. Wherever sorrow or misfortune laid its burden, Uncle Harry's invitation to Thanksgiving dinner was a welcome break in life's sad memories.

The children who were Uncle Harry's guests learned from him the lesson of true hospitality, and at least once a year, in their homes scattered far and wide, the stranger, the widowed, the lonely, found good cheer, a silent memorial of Uncle Harry Dayton. That is why I think that the feast of good cheer at Thanksgiving, for the poor, was inaugurated by Uncle Harry Dayton, the shoemaker.

Grandfather Larkin's Cellar

A Thanksgiving Story for the Young Folks

By Sydney Dayre

"It's good to see you again, my boy."

"I'm gladder than I could begin to tell, to see you, Grandfather. How's Grandmother—and everything?"

"Oh, about so." Grandfather Larkin gave his head a disconsolate shake as he led the way to the spring wagon, followed by the bright-faced, healthy-looking boy who had just arrived by the train. "About as good," went on the old man, "as could be expected for the lonesomeness, now you folks is all gone."

"Of course, I know there's been a great many for you to miss," said Hugh, in a tone of sympathy, as he took his seat in the wagon.

"'Miss' don't begin to say it," said his grandfather, slowly. "Huddup, there!" jerking the lines. "No," with another shake of the head, "'miss' don't begin to say it.

"I don't want to be supposed to be meaning, Hugh, my boy," he went on more vigorously after a pause during which, as the well-kept horse briskly trotted on, Hugh, with exclamations of delighted recognition, was taking in well-remembered scenes, "that I'm going back on my giving in to the good reasons that your folks and your Uncle James's folks had for going West. Not a bit of it. Here they was, your father and your uncle, with great, growing-up families of boys. Plenty to live on here so long as they was boys, but not much to spread on when the boys come to want to do for themselves. Out there plenty of good land cheap, and good common schools for such of you as don't set up for college doings"—with a glance of pride at the young fellow at his side. "What the old folks'd do if some of you didn't take to that, giving us a chance of seeing you once in a while, 's more'n I can begin to say. Huddup, I say!"

"Yes," said Hugh, with a quick answering glance, "it's no end of nice that all the time I'm getting ready for college I can be so near you, Grandfather. I could hardly wait to get here. Most of the boys that go home for Thanksgiving get off only the day before. But I studied ahead a little, and then went at the professors so hard, talking about how long it had been since I had seen you and all that—I gave it to them strong, Grandfather, I tell you!—that they gave in, and here I am, for the Sunday ahead and the Sunday after. A regular visitation, you see."

"I see. Rode right over their heads." The old gentleman beamed in keen relish of his favorite grandson's prowess. "And now you're here, you must take it all in. Here you get a peep at your old place."

Hugh's heart was in his eyes as he gazed at the home which had been three years ago vacated by the flitting of the family to the West.

"I tell you what, Grandfather," he said, after a few moments of earnest gazing, "folks may do better out on the prairies, but they won't find anything there that comes up to the old home."

"That's just what I knew you'd say, Hugh, my boy," said his grandfather, with a mistiness in his eyes, and a suspicion of a tremble in the voice a little broken with age.

"Who lives there now?"

"Not the folks that bought it. There's another lot moved on to it lately, and I'm free to confess I'd just as lief they'd moved somewheres else. There's some boys. Not to say out-and-out bad, I don't mean, but mischievous. Don't seem to have their idees quite clear as to whether things belongs to them or to other folks, you know."

"Well, I should say that was a little more than just mischievous. Isn't that Dave Miller?"

He was looking towards a man whom they were overtaking as he walked along the road. His shoulders were bent, his head drooping, and his cast-down eyes were not lifted as the sound of the wheels might have been supposed to attract his attention. The next moment Hugh gave a little shout.

"Hello, Dave!"

The man looked up, and a slight smile overspread his face at the hearty good will with which the first word of greeting was followed up.

"Glad to see you. How are you? How's all the folks? It's good to be back among old things, I tell you. Get in and ride with us, won't you?"

But all the time the wagon had kept on, and Hugh turned in some surprise at observing that not only had his grandfather failed to join in his salutations, but had continued to drive on without noticing his own invitation to Dave to take a seat with them. Hugh looked back at the slouching figure.

"What's come over Dave, anyway? He don't look a bit like himself."

"How don't he?"

"Why, so miserable and down in the mouth."

"Mightn't that be like himself?"

"But he didn't used to look so," persisted Hugh, with another glance of surprised inquiry at his grandfather.

"I s'pose you noticed," said the latter, as if in reply to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the glance, "that me and Dave ain't on speakin' terms these days."

"I'm sorry if that's so. You have had some disagreement?"

"Yes. There's lots of unreasonable folks in the world, you know. Long years ago, before you could remember, Dave bought his five-acre field of me, leaving two hundred dollars debt on it. It was joined on to the lot he built his house on, and I suppose he ca'lated that with his going 'round carpentering among the country folks and with that much ground to raise truck on he'd get along first rate. But Dave always was rather shiftless. Calls it bad luck himself, and there's no saying but what he has had a good share of trouble; sickness, and his children dying—ain't but the two little ones left now. Well, it run on and on till at last I told him I'd have to foreclose on it. He begged and begged I'd give him more time. But what was the use? He couldn't even pay the interest. So at last I wound the matter up, and he took it hard—as if I hadn't waited on him longer than most folks would 'a' waited. And he ain't spoke to me since."

"It seems rather hard luck on him, don't it?" said Hugh, with another look back at the man, whose figure appeared as if bowed down by the weight of sorrow and ill fortune.

"Well, his hard luck ain't none of my doings. Fact is, Hugh"—the pathetic tone again coming into his voice—"ever sence you folks went away I've had it on my mind that if some of you boys—not you, for you've other plans—should take a notion to do a little farming, the five-acre lot and another slice off mine might make quite a little setting out. And then one of you'd be near the old folks."

"I see," said Hugh. "But it seems a pity for Dave."

"P'r'aps it does. But when a man's got so many of his own blood to share what he's got to leave, it's natural he should feel a bit close towards other folks. Here we are. Old place looks natural, don't it?"

Hugh sprang out to open the lane gate, and then made a quick rush by a short cut over a meadow to the house, on whose porch he had caught sight of his grandmother waiting to give him a greeting as warm as his own, if less enthusiastically noisy.

"It looks like Thanksgiving times to see you again, Grandmother."

The ready tears flew to her eyes.

"Oh, my boy! It's not like Thanksgiving since you're all gone."

The hours flew fast over the Sunday in which Hugh renewed his acquaintance with things about the old farm as well as with old friends gathering at church from the country-side around.

"And you don't know the people that live on our old place and on Uncle James's?" he asked.

"No, nor we don't want to." The shake of Grandpa's head was a little vindictive. "They've got a different sort of boys from any that's brought up in the Larkin families—the sneaky, tricky, prowling, thieving sort."

"Yes," chimed in Grandmother. "For nine-and-thirty years I've always kept my cellar open to air nights, except in real cold weather, and expected to do it to the end of my days. Nothing but a little old grating door to keep out the cats. But we've got to quit it, father, and get something strong fixed."

"Keeps up, does it?"

"Yes; half the mornings when I go down I find things disturbed; now it's apples, now it's Hubbard squashes, now it's potatoes."

"If I could only catch the thieves, I'd make short work of 'em," said Grandfather.

"Seems to have begun since the fall things were stored in; but, after all, it ain't much." Grandmother's voice showed relenting at sound of Grandfather's threats. "There's plenty for us and for other folks too—now there's so few of us."

"But I don't mean to have folks help themselves to it," said Grandfather, in wrathy disregard of the pathos of the last clause of Grandmother's remark. "We'll shut 'em out; I'd catch 'em if I could. Nothing 'd please me better'n to lay a hand on 'em."

"Let's do it," said Hugh, with energy. "Of course you want to know who your sneak-thieves are. I'll do it, Grandfather. I've always been a great hand at fussing with tools, you know. Mother says I'm a born carpenter. I'll trap your thieves."

"You mustn't do anything to hurt anybody, Hughey," cautioned Grandmother.

"No, I won't; I'll only pen them in so that Grandfather can have his chance at them."

The autumn weather had been kind, and Hugh found it pleasant to spend some of the hours of the crisp, bright November days in the contriving and concocting of a trap for the cellar marauders. In the late afternoon of the day before Thanksgiving he called his grandfather, and in great glee showed him what he had been doing.

"See," he said, "here's a door that slides up and slides down over the cellar opening. It's to be slid up till the thief comes. When he gets a little way in, his feet catch on that rope. That lets the door loose, and, bang!—down it comes, shutting in your boy or boys."

"But can't they open it and get out?"

"If they did," came in Grandmother's voice of softened misgiving, "I'm sure it would be such a fright that they wouldn't come again."

"But they won't," went on Hugh. "Do you see that stick up there? The letting down of the door lets that down, and it topples over into this latch—do you see?—and acts as a bar to hold the door."

"It's eq'al to anything I ever see!" exclaimed Grandfather, in great delight. "Maybe you'll have company to dinner yet, mother."

But Grandmother could not enter into any jokes on that subject. Her heart was sore with its burden of thought for far-away loved ones; crowded with its memories of days when bright faces, young and older, gathered on the feast-day. How wearily her mind wandered over the wide waste of mountain and prairie which lay between them—how dreary seemed the silence unbroken by the chorus of merry voices!

In her loneliness at the approach of the holiday, in the burthensome leisure so forlorn to hands used to an overflow of happy labor at the blessed season, she had once suggested to Grandfather Larkin the idea of inviting some of the newcomers into the neighborhood to partake of their Thanksgiving hospitality. But he had decidedly refused.

"If we can't have our own, we won't have none," he had declared.

Hugh set his trap and went to bed with the full resolution of keeping at least one ear open for the sound of the fall of the trap which was to ensnare the thieves.

But the sleep which blesses vigorous, active youth laid its controlling hand upon him. When, in the first hour after midnight, there came a dull slam, it was heard only by the old couple, whose room was below stairs.

"There 'tis!" exclaimed Grandfather, springing up. "Where's my whip? If I don't—"

"Now, father, you ain't going down there all alone. You don't know who it might be."

"Light the lantern, quick! I'm going to see who 'tis. Where's Hugh? But he'll be down soon enough. Of course he's heard. There ain't no such hurry after all, for we've got the thieves tight and sound, sure. Yes, whack away!" He raised his voice a little at sound of blows on the fallen door. "You won't get out of that till you're let out, you young rascals!"

Half a minute later Grandfather Larkin, with a few clothes hastily huddled on, made his way by the light of the lantern to the inside cellar door. Grandmother, in her dread of any harm befalling him, had listened anxiously for Hugh's step on the stairs, and now called him.

"Come quick, Hughey—but get on your clothes, for it's turning cold and you have a cough."

Breathing out threatenings, old Mr. Larkin heavily tramped down the steps. Holding his lantern high above his head, he made his way straight to the door, led by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sounds indicating that desperate attempts were being made to force it open.

"Ah, ha! So I've got you at last, you young thieves, have I? Don't be in such a hurry. Stay and make yourselves to home—you've took such trouble to get here. Walk up stairs. Oh, yes, you'll have to. It's no sort of use to try to get out there. It's too well fastened on the outside. Who are you, anyway?"

Drawing nearer, he had discovered that he had but one midnight guest instead of several as he had supposed. He now held his lantern near the face of the intruder. It was at first held down, then met his own with a defiant stare.

Grandfather Larkin started backward with an exclamation of dismayed amazement.

"Oh, Lord! Dave Miller!"

"Yes. You've caught me. Now you can go on and show me up. Get me arrested. Of course you will—when a man's going down hill everybody's ready to give him a kick and a shove. You'll call me a thief, but I'm not a thief. I'm only taking a share of what come off the ground that was rightly mine—that I more'n half paid for. You wanted the few acres 'cause you had hundreds more. My wife's sick and my young ones are hungry."

The words were poured forth with a despairing, reckless energy, as if the speaker were driven to the point of being utterly regardless of consequences. And in the first shock of the discovery a torrent of remembrances had rushed over the old man.

He recalled Dave, first as a bright boy, sometimes at school with his own better-off boys, sometimes kept away by the necessity of working for his living. Later, often working at his trade around at the homes of the different branches of the Larkin family, always struggling with adverse circumstances, yet always keeping uppermost the cheery, hopeful side of his nature.

But with these later years a shadow had fallen over him; and it came to Mr. Larkin's heart with a keen stroke of remorse that his own hard dealing with the man to whom life had been so hard might have been the last burden upon a breaking back.

"Dave—Dave—" he murmured, in hoarse excitement, "I didn't dream 'twas you—Lord knows I didn't. It ain't no matter—I'm glad you come for the stuff—I mean—Dave—there comes Hugh! Get out of this, quick, and so help me God, Dave, not a soul but me shall ever know 'twas you—I was wrong, Dave. Get out. Here—"

He pulled open a window almost concealed behind a bunch of straw thrown upon some pumpkins to protect them from expected frosts. For a moment the eyes of the two men met, then Dave made a spring towards the window. At the same moment the lantern fell with a little crash to the roughly flagged floor.

"Where are they?—Who is it?—I'm coming, Grandfather. Don't let a soul of 'em out. Dark!—a candle, Grandmother."

The next minute Hugh came rushing down, with a tallow candle in his hand.

"Where are they? Hiding, I suppose. It's a good big place to hide in, but we'll ferret them out. Grandfather—did you see any of them?"

"I've broke my lantern, Hughey," said Grandfather, in a quavering, hesitating voice which went to Hugh's heart.

"Poor Grandfather! You're startled and nervous, and no wonder. Let me help you up stairs."

But Grandfather held back a little as Hugh would have taken his arm.

"Who opened that window?" he said, pointing to it.

"I declare!" exclaimed Hugh, striding up to it. "If I don't believe the thief's got out that way. O-o-o-o! To think of my being such a booby as not to have looked after it! Yes, here's dead leaves from the outside—as he scrabbled out. Come up, Grandfather, and then I'll take another look about."

Ten minutes later Hugh took his way to bed, still muttering various abuses of his own carelessness in not having made his trap more secure.

Grandfather Larkin lay down with a heart full of pressing thought. The wild, hunted look in Dave Miller's eyes had reached deep enough to awaken an entirely new train of emotions, and as the hours wore on a great burden of unfulfilled duty gathered and grew heavier. Reviewing the past years of his life, so blessed with prosperity, he saw that he had, in his gradually increasing absorption and devotion to the interests of his own family, suffered himself to forget other claims upon him—had forgotten the great human brotherhood to which he had been closing his heart.

"May the Lord forgive me for a hard-hearted old heathen!" he groaned to himself in one of his restless turnings. "Here I've been going on as if I thought the whole blessed earth was made for me and mine. Living as though, because my own flesh and blood was out of reach, there was none of the Lord's near-of-kin close about me. And me a professor! Thanksgiving Day here—yes, most dawning!—and my barns and storehouses full, and not a living soul in reach of my voice that's got reason to be thankful because I'm spared to draw the breath of life. Thanksgiving Day! And this house gloomy and quiet as if 'twas a fast-day. But—"

With the earliest streak of the morning of the holiday Grandmother Larkin was awakened. Only a few minutes of talk followed, and then Lyddy, the help, who had in years of faithful service seen marriages, births, and deaths in the Larkin family, was taken into counsel, and soon thereafter was flying about with a face as bright as Grandmother's own.

"What's broke loose?"

Hugh, an hour later, rubbed his sleepy eyes in a wonder-stricken realization of the fact that a change had come over the usually quiet farm-house and its surroundings.

"Chickens and turkeys squawking! Hiram hitching up horses! Eggs beating, and chopping-knives going! If I was somewhere else, I should say it was a regular old-fashioned Thanksgiving morning rampage. And—just smell things!"

And on going down, Hugh found his impressions of the Thanksgiving character of the existing state of things confirmed. A neighbor's girl had already been called in to help, and the whole household was full of Thanksgiving sounds, sights, and smells, while Grandmother and Lyddy beamed with a light which seemed borrowed from other days.

There was a beam in Grandfather's eyes, too, but it was sobered by a very earnest look as Hugh approached him in the stable-yard.

"Look a-here, my boy," he said, in a gentle tone, "I've—well, I've changed my mind a little. If we can't have our own, we'll have the stranger within our gates. And—look a here, Hugh—" Grandfather Larkin's confused decisions on the cellar adventure must have undergone some change, for he continued, growing a little more confused and incoherent: "I'm a-going over to bring over Dave Miller and his folks, if they'll come—and I guess they will if I make up my mind to it—"

"Dave Miller!" Hugh stared in surprise.

"Yes, Dave Miller." Grandfather's voice took on a tinge of impatience as he went on. "Do you mean that a boy that's had your advantages has got to be told that Thanksgiving's a good time for wiping out old scores, and keeping 'em wiped out? Well, boy, I'm taking the buggy, and you take Baldy and go to your Uncle James's old place, and let 'em all know that your grandma, Mrs. Jonathan Larkin, 'll be glad to see 'em and all the family to dinner, and won't take no denial—no"—as Hugh opened his mouth for another exclamation—"ain't I telling you it's a good time, if a body's made mistakes, to set 'em right?"

Hugh saddled the horse, and, when about to answer Lyddy's call to breakfast, was again approached by his grandfather.

"Mistakes, I said. They wouldn't be set right till I told you one thing. It ain't been none of them boys that's been at the cellar."

"Then who?" began Hugh, in renewed surprise.

"That's a thing nobody but me and the Lord 'll ever know," said Grandfather Larkin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XL.—*Continued*

The great event of the season had been the return of the old family. It was reported in the village that Count Rexelaer, when told, had grown white with rage, and had sworn by high and low that such a thing should never be. Yet he could not prevent it, albeit all Deynum was his. In bygone days Father Bulbius had obtained from the Baron a lifelong lease, at a nominal rent, of the house he still occupied, with the right to under-let. The Father now immediately availed himself of this privilege, and the Baroness reaped the reward of her early bounties to the Church. The old man appeared before Veronica one Sunday morning, after mass, in the full pomp of his sacerdotal robes. "We are going to occupy the house by the Church," he said. "The long walk is too much for me." Veronica bent her head with a snort.

When Dievert brought the Count the few florins of the house-rent, that great personage screamed out that it was a conspiracy, and he would have the law of the lot. But he left his new tenants in peace, nevertheless; his sister-in-law had dropped him a hint.

He scowled fiercely, with averted face, the first time he met the Baroness and Wendela in the village. But Margherita, venturing out in a close carriage, passed an old-fashioned gentleman who made her an old-fashioned bow. She was charmed by his manner, and said so at dinner, and regretted that circumstances prevented their knowing their cousins. "What do you think, Chevalier?" "Madame," responded the gallant De Souza, "I never disagree with your excellent judgment," and Count Rexelaer understood that his son's tutor had just given him a lesson in manners.

The various grandees of the neighborhood hastened to call at the quondam Parsonage, and showed themselves anxious to imply all permissible admiration of the comfort the Baroness had conjured up around her. It was impossible for a room to look poor which the Baroness van Rexelaer inhabited, and every one declared that the Villa —"Villa," if you like, but the Baroness preferred "Farm-house"—was really a delightful old place. As indeed it was; numberless souvenirs and personal treasures lay scattered over the half-furnished rooms, and Gustave looked after these relics of the past—Gustave, who had returned to the family from an enforced retirement, during their Pension-life, in the house of a sister, whose many shiftless children had worried his neat mind into despair. Such of the heirlooms as still possessed any market value had been sold; the rest Mynheer van Rexelaer had ultimately ceded to Baron Borck. The latter gentleman would have brought his recalcitrant wife to visit the Baroness, but that he dreaded to patronize in misfortune. Every one else came, however, except the rich Amsterdam bankers, who forgot.

There was money enough now for simple wants, and freedom from anxiety. The family subsisted on the annual payment from "the Lady's Dole," and a remnant of the Baroness's little fortune. Wendela resumed her lessons with the village schoolmaster. They could not make out whether she was glad to be back or not. "I like the lessons," she said.

Baron Borck intimated to Mynheer van Rexelaer that the Count "would have no objection" to the family's occasionally walking in the park. He had asked him. Baron Borck was a very influential man. Mynheer van Rexelaer received the intimation with thanks, but did not avail himself of the permission. He walked out among the villagers, who stood aloof, deferential, but awkward; his sole pleasures were a game with the Father or a chat at the Chalk-house Farm.

For the Driests were still at the Chalk-house Farm, and likely to remain there. It had happened on this wise. One evening Thys had returned home from the village with the news that there were to be flags and fireworks next week on the occasion of Count Rexelaer's birthday, and a state visit of congratulation from the Commune.

"We shall soon be quit of all that," said the Farmer, roughly. "I'm well-nigh through with Baron Borck's steward."

Thys went and drew off his heavy boots in the passage. Then, returning to the great blue-tiled fireplace which takes up one whole side of the kitchen, he stationed himself behind his foster-father's chair. "Well, I'll say it," he began aloud. "I've talked it over with Lise, and she says I'd better. Look here, father, now the Baron's back in Deynum, how about Joost Hakkert and Job Henniks and the rest?"

"What are you driving at?" replied old Driest. "Speak out, Thys. And come round from behind my chair."

But this latter command Thys—the great, long lout—preferred to ignore. "He'll be lonely here, will the Baron," said Thys, boldly, "and he'll want some one to speak up for him, now. Father, I'm thinking: as the Baron's come back, it won't do for us to run away."

"You should have thought that six months sooner, then," cried the exasperated farmer, bounding in his ample arm-chair. "Get to your work, Thys, and leave thinking to clearer heads than yours."

The young fellow was slinking away obediently, but his uncle still called after him: "And you say that Lise's thoughts are as wise as yours?"

"Lise fancied I might be right, father."

"'Fancied.' Is that the way you young ones love each other? Hey, there she is—the hussy!"—for Lise appeared in the doorway, bearing a steaming tub—"and how about your mother? Does she also 'fancy you might be right'?"

"Oh, mother knows *you are*, father," said the girl, demurely; and she added, when her lover had left the room: "So you see we are all four agreed."

Thus it came about that Farmer Driest went up to the Castle and had an interview with the Count. He came back and said he would rather not speak of the Count, nor of the interview. He did not understand the new Squire, he said. Being only a farmer, he could not know that even a great noble has sometimes, in little things, to do as his neighbors want him to. "You have behaved most disgracefully," Count Rexelaer had said. "You can stay on at the farm. Good-day."

"They are winning their way to the widest popularity," Mevrouw Rexelaer-Borck informed her mother. "Mina Borck says so, and she is the best person to know. Hilarius pays for a Protestant parson, who is to be inducted next autumn, though I fear he is somewhat lukewarm in the face of papistical presumption. As for poor Margherita, with her painful antecedents, dear Mina lends her excellent books, but I warn her it will prove not the slightest use."

"Mina Borck is a fool, and so you may tell her," replied the irascible Dowager.—"If!" thought Mevrouw Elizabeth. —"If Hilarius intends to stand for the States Provincial in the Conservative interest, he cannot afford to make trouble with the Catholics."

"But, mamma, ought that thought to deter him?"

The old Baroness grinned at her daughter with a full display of her pearly teeth.

"Especially, mamma, as the Liberal majority is overwhelming, in any case. John Borck sees to that."

"Majority or not, Rexelaer has his way to make at Court, and he must avoid all complications. He is a very clever man; I admire him exceedingly, in spite of his nervous ways. I should not wonder if he died an 'Excellency.' He is worth two of your husband, Eliza, as far as brains go."

"He cannot hold a candle to my husband!" cried Mevrouw Elizabeth, indignantly, forgetting, for a moment, her awe of the hooked nose and chin, "neither in looks, nor in temper, nor in manners, nor in anything! His brains are just merely his wife's money that was scraped together out yonder, selling—"

"Well, I only said he had enough," interrupted the

[1] Copyright, 1893, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dowager, impatiently. "And how about the police-summons? Is that little difficulty not yet out of the world?"

"No, indeed. Simmans purposely keeps the thing going. I am certain he does it on purpose. He has been down there three several times to examine her, as he says. It is absurd."

"Is that your word?" said the fierce old Dowager. "I should have selected another."

It was quite true that Simmans, the young functionary with the sleepy stare, had been very often to Deynum. He lounged about the Castle and grounds, and sometimes was momentarily amiable to Jane, if she happened to be staying in the house. That young lady ignored him, or, suddenly awakened to his presence, endeavored to make him conversationally ridiculous. With poor success, for he had a habit of lazily falling on his feet.

Mevrouw Rexelaer-Borck was much pained by her daughter's behavior, more by the young man's, and most by her sister-in-law's. On no account would she have brought Simmans to the house could she have guessed that he sang nigger songs to the banjo. In her respectable drawing-room he had never even hinted at this unpleasing accomplishment.

She quarreled with Margherita about more things than these musical performances which formed the delight of the whole menagerie, with the exception of the howling dogs. She had quietly arranged, for instance, to have the idolatrous emblems removed from the closed chapel. Suddenly the Countess intervened—"with disgraceful vehemence," Elizabeth afterwards complained to her husband—"and language! You would have said a Scheveningen fish-wife!" "They are *my* ancestors," cried Margherita, who had really taught herself to believe this, and she stamped her foot. "And it is my religion!" "Pooh," replied the indignant daughter of the Borcks. "Your ancestors and your religion! They are both equally genuine. I would not give twopence for either, or both!" After that she departed from the Castle, which was a pity, for she took Jane with her, and Jane's hesitating lover ungallantly remained behind. He explained that he must "complete his inquiry."

And this is how he completed it. With a rapidity which astounded him.

"Ah, pooty Miss Jemima, why-y-y
You make dis han'some niggah cry-y-y?"

—"Chorus, Laïssa, chorus!" Margherita clapped her hands. Laïssa and the parrots shrieked undistinguishable sounds. Florizel, seated at his mistress's feet, protested dismally, with uplifted head, in spite of slaps. The singing-birds all sang their loudest, increasing, as the hubbub rose higher, in their efforts to overpower it. Margherita laughed and shouted for glee.

"You'll be sorry nuf, when han'some niggah die!"

Simmans stopped, out of breath, and laid aside his instrument. "I like it," began Margherita presently, and her voice had entirely changed its tone. "Almost, if one closes one's eyes, it were possible to imagine oneself out in the soft warm moonlight, away yonder, beneath the veranda. Of course the words are very different, but the sing-song is just the same. Laïssa does the crooning far better than you, Monsieur Simmans; still, you do it quite well enough for a poor ignorant European." Laïssa grinned. "The gentleman's songs are good, are they not, Laïssa?"

"Ours are better," said the waiting-woman, mechanically.

"You are rude. I feel thirsty with laughing. Go, get me something to drink. Something cool, and very sweet, and that quenches one's thirst." The mulatto slipped away.

"Oh, the loveliness of that moonlight!" began Margherita, left alone with her "judge," as she was pleased to call him. "You Northerners have no idea of 'living.' It is not worth one's while to *be*."

"I can see loveliness," he replied, fingering his banjo, "everywhere. It is a thing of environment. Never, before I came here, had I an idea how lovely this country can be."

"Indeed?" she said. "Deynum? But you must have a most extraordinary taste."

"The dead earth," he continued, "is not beautiful till the sun rises upon it. I have seen the sun rise on Deynum, Comtesse."

"At this time of the year? Do you expect me to believe that? Since when do young gentlemen from the Hague get up to enjoy a November sunrise?"

True, it was November. How long was this kind of thing to continue? Was she only a beautiful clod, or as sly as she was beautiful? No matter; this long-drawn sentimentalism led nowhere.

"I'm so sorry about the annoyance you have endured," he said, briskly, "but, of course, the affair will be hushed up. I hear it has created much ill-feeling at the Palace. Your husband's official position, you know. Never mind; I have the whole thing in my hands, and you shall not hear of it again."

"At last?" said Margherita; "and when, Monsieur, will you take that final step?"

"Immediately." He struck a few notes on his banjo. "Shall I sing to you again?" he said.

"Yes, do. It is rather fun. Rollo, Jocko, attention, mes amis! We are going to begin!"

"Ah, but what I sing is for you alone!"

"I could not possibly be so selfish. Flora enjoys it too much."

"You will not be offended?"

"No. Why?"

And with an expression of tenderest feeling pouring from his half-shut eyes he sang in a rollicking, joking, devil-may-care voice:

"Oh, pootiest M'am Rita, why-y-y
You make dis wretched niggah cry-y-y?
Will you nevah hear him sigh-igh-igh?"

The countenance of the lady on the sofa suddenly clouded over. She flung herself forward, with a flash like a snake's, and struck the instrument, in the vehemence of her lithe brown arm, out of the singer's hands, across the brick floor of the conservatory.

"Encore une contravention!" she said, and looked him fiercely in the face. "Dressez procès-verbal, Monsieur le Substitut." And then, as Laïssa entered with a tray, "Tell the Jonker Reinout, Laïssa, that I should like to look at his sketches now."

That evening the family at the Castle sat down to dinner alone.

A fortnight later "the Countess R——, wife of an Officer connected with the Royal Household," was sentenced to a fine in one of the petty courts. And shortly before Christmas the engagement was announced of the Freule Jane van Rexelaer with Simmans, "the son of Simmans, the Secretary-General, you know." Presently the young lady received a parcel from her kind aunt at Deynum, containing a guitar-player, one of those beautiful "étrennes" which overflow the Paris confectioners' windows at that season of the year. The doll's head was empty, but the next post brought a box of the perishable sweets called "fondants."

"Insert them from the outside, my dear Jane," wrote the Countess, "in this mannikin I send you from Deynum."

"Is there a joke?" asked Mevrouw Elizabeth, who, at that moment, forgave even Margherita.

"No, indeed," replied Jane, gravely.

"The 'fondants' are delicious," said sweet-toothed Rolline.

[To be continued]

Holy in the German language—*heilig*—also means healthy. Our English word whole—all of one piece, without any hole in it—is the same word. You could not get any better definition of what holy really is than healthy—completely healthy. A sound mind in a sound body.—*Carlyle.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sunday Afternoon

Science and Religion[1]

By the Rev. A. W. Momerie

The sermon we give to our readers this week was preached on September 29 at Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, by the Rev. Alfred W. Momerie, D.D. Dr. Momerie is a Professor in King's College, London, and for a long time was preacher at the Foundling Asylum in London. He is related to many prominent Nonconformists, and in his own Established Church is known as one of the broadest of the Broad Churchmen. He has written many books, especially along philosophical lines, and published several volumes of sermons. In intellectual strength and vigor as a writer he is recognized as one of the foremost clergymen of the Church of England. No enumeration of the great preachers of that country would be complete which should omit his name.—THE EDITORS.

Rev. A. W. Momerie

What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.—Matt. xix., 6.

I wish to speak to you this morning about the so-called conflict between science and religion. I want to explain to you that what is thus erroneously described is really the conflict between science and a certain low form of theology. I want to show you that between true religion and genuine science there never has been, and never can be, any incompatibility.

I had better begin by explaining terms. Science, you know, means knowledge—systematized, classified knowledge. Very frequently the word science is taken as standing for the physical sciences exclusively. It is so understood, of course, whenever it is regarded as something different from theology. For theology is itself a science; it is a classification of our knowledge, or supposed knowledge, of God. Theology, therefore, is no more religion than any other science is religion. It is impossible to overestimate the mischief which has arisen from confounding theology with religion. There are no two things in the universe more different. Theology is a science, religion is an art. Theology is theory, religion is practice. Theology is concerned with the intellect, religion with the heart. Theology is formulated knowledge, religion is a mode of life. It has been commonly, almost universally, assumed that an eminent theologian must be an eminent example of piety. But we might just as well imagine that, because a man was an expert in physiology, he must have a fine physique. A theologian is not *as such* religious, is not necessarily religious, any more than an astronomer or a chemist. A theologian may be a worse man than an atheist. There is no more connection between the knowledge of theology and the practice of religion than between the knowledge of geography and the possession of a landed estate. So that even if *science and theology* were always and necessarily in conflict, it would not follow that there was any incompatibility between *science and religion.*

But, further, I must point out to you that there are two kinds of theology, and it is only with one of these that physical science ever conflicts. There is, in the first place, a stagnant theology, which assumes that all is known that ever can be known regarding the nature of God and the methods of his working, and which objects to any discoveries not provided for in its own cut-and-dried little system. This was the theology which prevailed during the Middle Ages, and between which and physical science the conflict was very fierce. In fact, the theologians, when they had the chance, were in the habit of literally roasting the scientists. There is, however, another theology, which is not stagnant but progressive, which is not opposed to science but which is itself strictly scientific. This rational, progressive, scientific theology recognizes the fact that, as truth is infinite, it can never be at any given time more than partially known. This theology is always open to the reception of new ideas, and can therefore never come into conflict with any scientific truths.

For the physical scientist is concerned, though he may not himself realize the fact, with divine revelation. There could be no such thing as science at all unless nature were a revelation of mind. Consider. Science, according to Bacon's well-known phrase, is "the interpretation of nature." To interpret is to explain, and nothing can be explained which is not in itself rational. Nature is interpretable, because she has an intelligent constitution; and to say that her constitution is intelligent is to say that she is dominated and suffused by thought. Thought only can grasp what is the outcome of thought. Reason only can comprehend what is reasonable. You cannot explain the conduct of a fool; you cannot interpret the actions of a lunatic. They are chaotic, irregular, contradictory, meaningless, absurd. It is only in proportion to a man's intelligence that his actions bear an intelligible relation to one another. Similarly, if nature were merely a fortuitous concurrence of atoms—an irrational system destitute of thought—there would be no possibility of knowledge; she would lack the coherence which only thought can supply. The atoms would be constantly rushing aimlessly about; we could never discover what they were after; we could never foresee what would happen next. Even supposing they had by chance produced such a world as this, no reliance could be placed on them. At any moment they might do something which they had never done before. At any moment the earth might vanish from beneath our feet, or in ten thousand other ways the prevailing arrangements might be suddenly reversed. There could be no course of nature, no laws of sequence, no possibility of scientific prediction, in the case of an irrational play of atoms. But, as it is, we know exactly how the forces of nature act, and how they will continue to act. We can express their mode of working in the most precise mathematical formulæ. All the parts of nature are bound together by intellectual, and therefore intelligible, relations. Progress in knowledge consists in discovering the order, the law, the system—in a word, the reason—which underlies material phenomena. Interpreting nature is neither more nor less than making our own the thoughts which nature implies. Scientific hypothesis consists in guessing at these thoughts; scientific verification in proving that we have guessed aright. When, after many failures, Kepler at last hit upon the laws of planetary motion, he exclaimed, "O God, I think again thy thoughts after thee!" Science, then, is but a partial copy of an intellectual system coextensive with the material universe. And the devotion to truth which characterizes the scientific man is just the determination to give up his own individual fancies and predictions and prejudices, to lay aside his own private and erroneous views, and to adopt the thoughts which are higher than his—the thoughts, namely, of the Infinite Thinker. Between the physical scientist and the *rational* theologian there can therefore be no possible conflict. Their aim is actually identical. They are both seeking to discover the mind of God.

And it is equally impossible that there could be any conflict between legitimate science and genuine religion. Just as science consists in the free surrender of the mind, so religion consists in the free surrender of the heart, to the Power which is not ourselves. Just as it is the aim of the scientist to get rid of his own erroneous opinions and to adopt the thoughts which are the thought of nature, so we can be religious only by allowing our hearts to be possessed and ruled by a Love that is purer, by a Will that is holier, than our own. Religion does for the heart what science does for the intellect. To be scientific is to adopt the thoughts of God. To be religious is to adopt the feelings and sentiments and emotions and purposes of

[1] This sermon is included in a volume of Mr. Momerie's sermons published in England.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

God. Why is it, then, that so many eminent philosophers speak and write as if religion and science were necessarily opposed and contradictory? It is important for us to consider this question. A great name is constantly mistaken for a great argument. And it not infrequently happens that a person naturally inclined to be religious grows ashamed of his inclination when a few clever men tell him that religion is unscientific.

Now, there is no doubt a strong bias against religion existing in the minds of many eminent modern scientists. And for this the theology of the Middle Ages is very mainly responsible. Century after century it did its best to discourage scientific pursuits; and when it failed in this despicable purpose, it avenged itself by the most cruel, not to say fiendish, persecutions. If you think of Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno; if you read the long, ghastly story of the treatment which for ages scientists received at the hands of theologians; if you remember that many of the opinions which were once defended by torture and by murder are now known to be absurdly erroneous—you will understand why those who devote their lives to the pursuit of physical science should have conceived a dislike for everything that has ever been connected with theology, not excluding even the ideas of the soul and of God—ideas which theology has so grossly caricatured and abused. The old mediæval theologians thought themselves eminent examples of piety. The modern scientists take them at their word and say—not unjustly—If that is religion, the world would be better off without any.

But, further, the hostility of many scientific men to religion may be partly accounted for by the one-sidedness which is very apt to characterize the specialist. Exclusive attention to any pursuit has a tendency to narrow a man's sympathies, and to make him intellectually incapable of dealing with matters outside his accustomed sphere of thought. Bacon said: "A little natural philosophy, and the first entrance into it, doth dispose the opinion to atheism; but much natural philosophy, and wading deep into it, will bring about men's minds to religion." Now, judging by the modern scientists, this is not true. Men like Tyndall and Huxley are no tyros in natural philosophy; they have "waded deep into it;" and yet their minds are not brought about to religion. One cause of this, I think, may be found in the fact of their exclusive, or almost exclusive, devotion to physical studies. Men who spend their entire lives in investigating the properties of matter are in danger of forgetting that there is anything else, and at last perhaps they become absolutely incapable of conceiving the possibility of immaterial existence. Men who enthusiastically cultivate the intellect are very apt to ignore and neglect the heart.

And this one-sidedness generally fosters a spirit of arrogance, which is incompatible with honest and unbiased inquiry in the obnoxious spheres of thought. The self-complacent conceit of the older theologians has been transferred to some of the modern scientists. All truth is contained in our theology, said the former. All truth will be discovered by us physicists, say the latter. Away with your physical experimenters, said the old theologians. Away with your poets and philosophers and saints, say the new scientists.

We can hardly wonder, perhaps—though it is a pity—that they should have been intoxicated by their triumphs in the study of matter. Their spectroscopes have revealed the constituent elements of sun and stars. Their geological surveys have shown, written clearly on the rocks, the history of life from the eozoön up to man. Their telescopes have detected in the Milky Way planets in the very process of creation. Their microscopes have brought the invisible within the range of their vision. They have gone abroad throughout the physical universe weighing, measuring, analyzing, foretelling; and they begin to feel as if nothing could be hid from their instruments of research. "I have swept the heavens with my telescope," said Lalande, "and have not found a God." "We have examined the brain with our microscopes," say the physiologists, "and have not found a soul." What we cannot discover, say all the materialists, with our physical instruments, and by our physical methods, cannot possibly exist. The older theologians, foolish as they were, were never guilty of greater folly than this.

Now, do not misunderstand me. Nothing could be further from my intention than to speak of the great masters in physical science without becoming respect. I have the highest possible admiration for them. But what I would most earnestly insist upon is this: the magnificence of their achievements in physics does not give any authority whatsoever to their views upon other subjects. No one can be an expert in everything. And modern physicists, when they wander into the sphere of metaphysics, not unfrequently talk nonsense. Let me give you one striking illustration—viz., Professor Huxley's teaching in regard to the freedom of the will. His general opinion, as you know, is that we are not free agents, that we are mere machines worked by vital forces. And yet he says, without seeing the inconsistency, "A human being, though a machine, is capable within certain limits of self-adjustment." And again: "Our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events." That a man of his enormous ability should not see the inconsistency is a very remarkable illustration of the helplessness—the almost childish helplessness—of the physicists in alien spheres of thought.

We need experts, not only in one or two, but in all, departments of investigation. You would not go to a psychologist if you wanted information as to the nature of life, and why should you go to a biologist if you want to be instructed as to the nature of the mind? To adopt Professor Huxley's opinions on questions relating to the soul is like going to consult the senior wrangler when out of health, or seeking the advice of a bookworm in the purchase of a horse. The wrangler may have amused himself at odd moments by dabbling a little in medicine; the bookworm may have bestridden a horse or two in his day; still, we might be excused for feeling a little hesitation in accepting their judgment as infallible. Similarly, the physicist has a mission in the world which cannot be fulfilled by the metaphysical philosopher; and the metaphysical philosopher has a mission which cannot be fulfilled by the physicist. This was once recognized by Professor Tyndall. In the eloquent conclusion to the Belfast Address he says: "The world embraces not only a Newton but a Shakespeare, not only a Boyle but a Raphael, not only a Kant but a Beethoven, not only a Darwin but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary; not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable." That is true—though the agnostics, Tyndall himself among the number, are constantly forgetting it. They seem to imagine that human nature will be explained, so far as explanation is possible, by physical investigators alone. But there are other experts in other departments of human experience; and on what ground can we refuse to listen to them? Ignoring the arguments of the mental philosopher is as one-sided and unjustifiable as closing one's ears against the teaching of the physical scientist. Finely has Walt Whitman said, "We will joyfully accept modern science, and loyally follow it; but there remains a still higher flight, a higher fact—the eternal soul of man. To me the crown of scientism will be to open the way for a more splendid theology, for ampler and diviner songs."

The ampler songs of which Whitman speaks may not come in your day or mine. Our race as yet is in its babyhood. The agnostics are not alone in their one-sidedness. All men are one-sided more or less. Our vision is blurred, our aims are petty, our sympathies are contracted. But it need not always be so. It will not always be so. There come to some of us now and again moments of prophetic inspiration, when the things of the present are as though they were not, when we live in the far-off future. In a moment such as that, I hear an anthem of surpassing, indescribable beauty; I can distinguish the voices of scientists as they mingle harmoniously with the voices of poets, philosophers, and saints. The anthem ascends to the eternal throne. It is the offering of perfected humanity to God.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pure Religion and Undefiled [1]

By Lyman Abbott

The closing verse of this lesson is the conclusion of the chapter, and to it the chapter has led up. It embodies in a single sentence the doctrine of the writer: "Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." This does not mean that religion without charity and purity is nothing, nor that charity and purity are the outflow of religion. It is never safe, in interpreting Scripture, to substitute for what the writer says something else which is more in accordance with our preconceived ideas. At least, this never should be done until we have ascertained what is the natural and legitimate meaning of the author, and honestly inquired whether that meaning is consistent with his teaching elsewhere, with that of the school to which he belongs, and with justice and reason. Let us, then, before we give to James's declaration any other than its natural meaning, inquire what its natural meaning is.

The word here rendered religion occurs only in two other places in the New Testament (Acts xxvi., 5; Col. ii., 18). Properly speaking, it means the worship of God—that is, the expression in outward forms of the spirit of reverence to the Divine Being. Alford renders it "religious service." Thayer defines it "religious worship, especially that which consists of ceremonies." The plain meaning of James, then, is that the best expression of reverence for God is found in practical obedience to his law, practical conformity to his will, the practice of love in the common relations of life. And this meeting is in accordance with the entire spirit of this Epistle, is in accord with the teachings of the Bible generally, and is in accord with conscience and common sense.

1. It is unmistakably in accord with the general spirit of this Epistle. Let the student read the Epistle through and see if he can deduce any other teaching from it. The soul receives from God the gift of a new life. Therefore, because born into the new life, the child of God should be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath, a doer of the Word and not a hearer only, bridling his own tongue. He should have no respect for persons, but in the religious assemblies should treat poor and rich alike. He should carry his spirit of obedience into all of life, and obey the whole law. He should show his faith in God by his works of love; he should control his tongue, avoiding envying, strife, and every evil work; he should put to death the lusts that bring forth wars and fightings; he should be considerate towards the poor; patient in his waiting for the Lord; giving expression to his spiritual life simply and naturally in prayer and psalms; and seeking to bring others into the possession of that life which he himself enjoys. This is the gist of the Epistle of James, and it is throughout the application of the declaration that pure and undefiled religious service consists in obedience to God's law, and that such obedience practically shown in daily life is the best expression of reverence.

2. And this is throughout the teaching alike of the Old Testament and of the New. It is very possible that Matthew Arnold in his chapter on Hebraism and Hellenism may have emphasized too strongly the antithesis between the Greek and the Hebrew spirit. Nevertheless it is certainly true that the uppermost idea with Hebraism is "conduct and obedience." The two most fundamental teachings of the Bible are, first, that God is a righteous Being—the doctrine which distinguishes the Hebrew teaching from that of all purely pagan teachings—and, secondly, that the only way to please God is by being righteous ourselves. The whole law of the Pentateuch is summed up in the declaration of Deuteronomy that the Law is given to Israel that Israel may obey Jehovah's voice and cleave unto him (Deut. xxx., 20). The doctrine reappears in the teachings of the prophets, with constant reiteration, from the declaration of Samuel to Saul, "To obey is better than sacrifice," down to the declaration of Micah, "What doth the law require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (see Micah vi., 8; compare Isaiah i., 11–19—lviii., 5–8; Amos iv., 12–15). In the same spirit John the Baptist in his sermon bids the people "bring forth fruits worthy of repentance" (Luke iii., 8–14), and Christ closes his Sermon on the Mount with the explicit declaration that the rock on which alone character and life can be built is practical obedience to his words (Matt. vii., 24–27). So, in his picture of the last judgment, he makes that judgment depend upon the manifestations of a philanthropic spirit to the poor and to the suffering, and in his last converse with his disciples he declares that the evidence of love for him is obedience to his commandments, and that such obedience is the one condition for receiving the gift of the indwelling Spirit of God (Matt. xxv., 31–46; John xiv., 15—xxiii., 24—xv., 10–14). Paul, indeed, has been thought to teach a different doctrine, and Luther, it is well known, regarded James as so inconsistent with Paul that he rejected the Epistle of James altogether. But Paul, though he was, in the providence of God, commissioned to translate the Hebrew conception of religion into Greek forms of thought, and is above all other writers the philosopher of the Hebrew race, taught the same essential Hebrew doctrine, that religion consists in "conduct and obedience." Thus, as recently pointed out in these lessons, the arguments of every Pauline epistle issue in exhortations to practical righteousness. If in the Epistle to the Romans Paul insists that we come into sympathy with God by faith in Him, he also insists that we come into this sympathy in order that we may live the life of love upon earth. If Paul urges upon the Corinthians the doctrine of the resurrection, it is that we may abound in the work of the Lord; if upon the Galatians spiritual liberty, it is that we may bring forth fruits of the Spirit in love, goodness, temperance; if upon the Ephesians the indwelling of the Spirit of God, it is that we may walk in the love of Christ who has loved us; if to the Philippians he sets forth the doctrine of the incarnation, it is that the mind of Christ may be in us also; if to the Colossians the spiritual resurrection through Jesus Christ, it is that we may put off the old man with his deeds and put on the new man; if to the Thessalonians the doctrine of the second coming, it is that we may not sleep nor be drunken, but watch and be sober. There is in this respect but one teaching alike in the Old Testament and the New Testament—this, namely, which we quote from Alford's translation of James: "Religion both pure and undefiled, in the estimation of him who is our God and Father, is to visit the orphans and widows in their affliction and preserve himself unspotted from the world."

3. And this is in accordance with conscience and common sense. As between the child who caresses his mother and constantly disregards her wishes, and the child who carefully regards her wishes but is undemonstrative in caresses, love has no difficulty in choosing. What we call worship is the caress of love; righteous conduct is the obedience of love. One may indeed be righteous in external form from other motives than love, just as he may be scrupulous in forms of worship from other motives than reverence. He may do what men call right to avoid punishment or to obtain reward. This is only a subtler form of self-seeking, a beneficent lawlessness. The corollary to the truth that pure and undefiled religious service is philanthropy and purity, is the converse truth that philanthropy and purity are genuine and enduring only when they are a religious service—that is, only as they are the expression of reverential love for God. Thus the whole of the teaching of James in this Epistle may be summed up in the essential Pauline phrase, "faith which worketh by love."

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: December 4—The Lord is thy keeper (Ps. cxxi.); December 5—Keep back from sin (Ps. xix., 9–14); December 6—He is able to keep you (Jude 20–25); December 7—He will keep what is committed unto him (2 Tim. i., 12–14); December 8—He will keep you from evil (2 Thess. iii., 1–5); December 9—Keep your hearts and minds (Phil. iv., 7); December 10—Topic: Kept by the power of God (1 Peter i., 1–5; John xvii., 11–15).

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for December 3, 1893.—James i., 16–27.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Authors

Marie Antoinette[1]

On the sixteenth day of October, 1793, was committed that political crime which Napoleon has called "worse than regicide," the execution of Marie Antoinette. At the centennial of her death, October, 1893, the latest history of her life, in two octavo volumes, appeared, bound in delicate gray linen, brightened with gold lettering and the emblazoned arms of France. The illustrations are photogravure portraits of the Queen and of those who surrounded her most closely.

The strangely similar destinies of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, and Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, makes one name suggest the other. Both Queens were French by habit and affection, and both were called to reign over a people strange to them. History has long wavered in decision as to whether both were martyrs, or justly executed. But, above all, were they alike in that each was, in her own way, essentially a woman, seductive, rich in graces of mind and body, and endowed with the same peculiar magnetism.

To-day this comparison becomes in part unjust; for history no longer wavers in its judgment of Marie Antoinette. Martyr to man's personal wickedness as Rocheterie would have us believe, or to the progress of history as others assert, the innocence of the sacrifice, bound to whatever altar, shines out white and pure through a century of discussion.

In 1874, after study of "The Correspondence of the Comte de Mercy with Maria Theresa," Rocheterie wrote: "Marie Antoinette was not a sinner, neither was she a saint. She was a pure and charming woman, somewhat heedless and frivolous, but always chaste." After fifteen years of further research among new documents, he presents to the public a life of the ill-fated Queen with these words: "I repeat now what I wrote in 1874." Rocheterie more than repeats himself. In the fifteen years he has spent studying the life of Marie Antoinette, she has proved her phœnix-like powers. To the writer, soaked in his subject, she lives again, moves, breathes, and suffers. Yet, despite the charm to which the man half succumbs, it is the historian who triumphs. Though criticism may be softened, nothing is withheld. The travesties of fashion to which the Queen lent herself, even the absurd coiffure, he condones almost with approval; but in a chapter called frankly "Period of Dissipation," his reluctant pen sets down unswervingly those details of extravagancies of life and finance that made the heart of Maria Theresa tremble with yearning fear and displeasure.

"Diversions," says Rocheterie, "innocent in themselves there is no denying, but which laid her open to criticism." He adds sadly: "Maria Theresa was right. Her language was severe, but this severity was legitimate, and her fears but too well founded." It is in the sorrow for her childlessness that Marie Antoinette's biographer finds his best excuse for her plunging into these unwholesome distractions, quoting for support of his theory her own confession to Mercy in which she acknowledges her frivolity and assigns its cause. The introduction of the English game of faro into the French Court at the insistence of the Queen, despite the fact of the King's objections on the ground that the game was forbidden by police ordinance even at houses of princes of the blood, reminds us of the repetition of history in this century, when across the Channel an Heir Apparent dared with equal recklessness to break his own laws in a country from which have come through its literature the harshest attacks on a woman—no, an impulsive girl of twenty—at this most blameworthy period of her life. In almost her last words Marie Antoinette justly summed up her past.

"Your death will expiate—" the Abbé Girard began.

"Ah!" the Queen interrupted, "faults, but no crime."

The introduction of the biography is given in a scholarly résumé of the times in which Marie Antoinette was a political factor—a part, indeed, thrust upon her, as her cry of sorrow bears witness when at last she was forced by crowding events into the arena—"Ah, there is no more happiness for me since they have made me a politician!"

A political factor from the first she was fated to be, despite herself. The alliance with Austria, grasped by France, not in love, but from fear of the treachery of Frederick of Prussia, made Marie Antoinette "an Austrian and an alien to the people of France, from her entrance into that country of her dear adoption to the hour when her blood watered its earth." All this Rocheterie sets forth with incisive clearness; but while thus looking on the Queen of France apart from her personality and in the broad and sweeping lines of history, he has no such search-light of inevitability to cast upon the people over whom she ruled, or rather over whom no capable rule extended.

Before the Revolution, Horace Walpole had visited France, and from the depths below his frivolity fishes up this saying to fling to posterity. He sees "an age of seeds which are to produce strange crops hereafter."

Marie Antoinette is to Rocheterie "Queen by her grace and charity"—of whom "only the wicked can speak ill, and only fools believe it;" but for the Revolutionists, many of them as innocent tools of the change ordained to be as was the Queen its victim, Rocheterie has but one word—they are "a horde of scoundrels, idiots, and beasts." Here speaks the ardent Royalist.

Despite its scholarly grasp of detail and careful accuracy (in the original the references intrude deeply into every printed page), or perhaps because of all this, as truth is finer than fiction, Rocheterie's "Marie Antoinette" reads from cover to cover as the life of the child of an artist's fancy, rather than a biography. The delusion is curiously strong, proving the literary power of the writer and his knowledge of his material, as well as the ease of the translation. In the first volume the character of the heroine, drawn with subtlest art, gives in the germ all that in the second volume is to prove the child mother to the woman. We see her a girl of fifteen in the French Court, undisciplined in court trammels; wholesome, impulsive, winning even the sated monarch to enjoyment of her grace and tenderness; then the budding woman, with her awakening intelligence and errors perhaps more exasperating than actual wrongs might have been. We follow her, the proud Queen of France, playing at Trianon the rôle of a private citizen, rôle to be pathetically realized in the "Widow Capet."

Then "the Queen of Trianon has vanished, the Queen of Versailles is about to vanish. Behold, the Queen of the Tuileries advances while awaiting the Queen of the Temple and of the Conciergerie!"

With these words the second volume opens, unfolding the development of the Queen as though leaf by leaf. From this the story moves on with grave steps from sorrow nobly borne to added sorrow, ending in the grave which alone vanquished. With each varying plot to escape that bitter end—such is the writer's art—the reader must hold to his remembrance of history not to let himself hope against hope. The leaden weight of inertia, that fatal strength to sit still, by which Louis XVI. seemed possessed, becomes like a chained ball fretting the ankle as it galls the faithful wife who will not be saved alone.

"It is useless," she cries, listening wistfully to a new plan of resistance. "He who has not the necessary spirit to conceive it would not know how to follow it out." Marie Antoinette can only be faithful to the end, waving aside with gentle firmness those numerous attempts which might have freed her without those she held dearer than life.

The last volume, heartrending in its delineation of the stricken wife, the mother tortured through her motherhood, ends with a transcribed document: "'The Widow Capet, for the bier, 6 livres; for the grave and grave-diggers, 25 livres.' This was the last memorandum of supplies furnished for the use of the Queen of France!"

[1] *The Life of Marie Antoinette.* By Maxime de la Rocheterie. Translated from the French by Cora Hamilton Bell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 2 Vols.

—On his return from England, Goldwin Smith expects to take up the second volume of his work on the United States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Chronicles of the Sid [1]

This is a refreshingly cheerful book; we do not mean loaded with jocosity, but natural, human, and wholesome. Mrs. Orpen, whose name our readers will remember as that of one of our most welcome contributors, has the pleasant faculty of infusing her descriptions of places and people with a gentle but pervasive personality, the power of telling her story in a manner that is agreeable because it has individuality and the charm of freshness. Her heart is in this book, and therefore she writes at her best. The "Sid" whose life and travels are here chronicled is the author's lifelong friend, Adelia Gates, whose life of travel began when she was beyond the limit of middle age, and who traversed the Sahara Desert at the age of sixty-three, visiting places in which no white woman had before set foot. It was here that the Arabs gave her the title "Sid," which in their tongue means lady or mistress. Later she visited the Nile Valley, the Holy Land, Iceland, and the North Cape; and part of her later records of travel are given in her own narrative.

The Sid was really a woman of original and interesting character. Whether in her girlhood as a factory operative, or when undergoing the hardships of pioneer Kansas life, or in European cities, or in the solitude and danger of the desert, or in the Arctic Zone, she was always imperturbable, sympathetic, generous—quick to make friends with the poor and needy of all lands, never troubled even by paucity of purse, always bright and ready to see the humorous side of life. She saw much that ordinary travelers never see, and Mrs. Orpen brings out the salient points of her doings and sayings capitally and with a sure literary touch. The book deserves a wide reading and a high place in the library of travel and narrative. One or more of its chapters were originally printed in The Outlook.

National Consolidation of the Railways of the United States. By George H. Lewis, M.A. (of the Des Moines Bar). (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) Mr. Lewis has written an extremely interesting and suggestive book upon the railway question. Strongly conservative in his prepossessions, he has been forced by his study of existing evils to believe that the consolidation of the railways of the country into a single system is not only inevitable but desirable. Economically he believes it is desirable, because it would carry further the immense economies effected by the consolidation of short lines into through systems and the co-operative exchange of freight-cars. Morally he believes it would be desirable, because the present system involves political corruption on a great scale. Socially he believes it to be indispensable, because the discriminations which build up certain towns at the expense of others, and enrich certain individuals through the ruin of others, cannot be ended so long as separate roads are openly or secretly competing with each other for business which more than one of them might handle. Each of these evils he illustrates by incidents so comprehensive in their sweep that it is difficult to escape his conclusion. At this point, however, his argument ceases to be strong. The inevitable consolidated railways system, he says, must be neither a private corporation, because "it would have the business and fortunes of every man and the whole Nation in its hands," nor a public corporation, because "a million Federal employees would be too heavy a weight to be safely thrown into the scales of the dominant party in a Presidential election." He therefore proposes a corporation which shall be really owned by the public—since the public is to guarantee its three per cent. stock—but partially managed by representatives of the nominal stockholders. As these nominal stockholders have no interest in the roads, but are mere holders of Government securities, whose revenues can be neither increased nor diminished by any changes in the roads' management, the chief difference between Mr. Lewis's plan and that of public control is a difference in logic. Mr. Lewis has not logically accepted the consequences of his own reasoning. Exclusively public ownership must mean exclusively public control. This deduction is drawn by every government in the world, and Mr. Lewis must himself draw it if he continues to advance along the lines he has been pursuing. Already he shows that he considers the dread of party patronage in the event of public control to be greatly exaggerated in the popular mind. He refuses to speak with contempt of the plan which would bring the management of railroads into politics. "If by politics," he says, "is meant that noblest of all sciences by which nations are built up in all material wealth and in all that constitutes advancement in civilization and enlightenment, then the more the business of the Nation can be regulated and controlled by such politics the better for the well-being of the people." Perhaps the volume is all the more suggestive because the author, like most of us, has not entirely thought his way through the problem, and may hold more advanced opinions when we shall all have been further educated by the march of events.

The Independent Treasury of the United States. By David Kinley, A.B. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.) Mr. Kinley is one of Professor Ely's assistants in the Department of Political Economy in the University of Wisconsin, and we regret that we cannot accord to his work the warm welcome we have given to most of the volumes of his chief. The subject is an interesting one, but the writer has not in any large measure given us the results of first-hand investigation or independent analysis. Not even in spirit is the volume such as we would have expected from one of Professor Ely's associates. The author states, indeed, that he started out with a prejudice in favor of the American system of separating the National Treasury from the banks. If so, his prejudices were weak. He does, it is true, bring out the moral rottenness of the old United States Bank in its last days, and makes clear that the Government was the gainer by handling its own funds in the Mexican War and the panic of 1857. But while he maintains that the bankers of the past were entirely wrong in their criticisms of the system of separating the finances of the Government from those of the banks, he holds that the bankers of the present are entirely right in sanctioning Secretary Manning's policy in depositing fifty-odd millions of public money with themselves. Secretary Windom, it will be remembered, restored the old policy of keeping the public money in the public vaults. In commenting upon his action, Mr. Kinley indorses his manifest desire to conform with the spirit of the law, but urges that the Secretary was wrong in stating that the deposit of public money with the banks "necessarily involves temptations to favoritism of a most objectionable character." Mr. Kinley declares that "to the banks should be intrusted the keeping of the public money and the direct management of crises," since "they are the agents to which the public community naturally looks to regulate the monetary situation in a crisis." Unfortunately, each new crisis only brings home more pointedly to the public the fact that it cannot look to the banks to regulate the currency at such times, since the banks, at the very time the public needs more money, must call in their loans and increase their reserves, in order to protect themselves against bankruptcy. It was this fact which led England to pass the Bank Act of 1844, and this fact which has made the mass of the American people prefer legal tender money to State bank notes.

Personal Recollections of Werner von Siemens. Translated by W. C. Coupland. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) A man who has had a most eventful and significant career, at the age of seventy-five presents us a sketch of his life. The oldest son of a renting farmer in northern Germany, one of a large family, the boy was early forced to shift for himself. Not a Prussian, he was nevertheless fortunate enough to enter the Prussian army and secure the training of a cadet. Particularly fond of mathematics and physics, he soon began that wonderful series of experiments and investigations which have richly benefited mankind. His long life quite includes the period of applied electricity, and it is in this field particularly that he has been a pioneer worker. In the harbor of Kiel, in the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1848, Werner von Siemens first used submarine charges to be exploded by electricity from the shore. Later he took charge of the underground telegraph system of Prussia. It was his firm (the house of Siemens & Holske) that introduced the telegraph into Russia and developed a veritable system of communication in that country. Then began the laying of cables in the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Still later it was Werner von Siemens who laid a faultless transatlantic cable, and since then his firm has laid five more. Von Siemens also claims to have invented the first "dynamo." The story of such a man, told by himself, is bound to be interesting. The struggle of the early days, the growth and development of the business, the bringing into the firm of friends of boyhood and of the younger brothers, the trials and the victories, become very real to the reader. Shipwrecks, semi-imprisonment, dangers of the road, all these come into the life of the man who undertakes construction of telegraphs in foreign lands and the laying of cables in many seas. The gaining of wealth and the recognition of princes and savants are the deserved returns of such a worker. The story is told fairly,

[1] *The Chronicles of the Sid; or, The Life and Travels of Adelia Gates.* By Adela E. Orpen. The F. H. Revell Company, New York. $2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modestly, and very simply and directly. It is good reading for almost any one, but it should be an especial stimulus to young men who have a purpose, but who must make their own way.

The Gilded Man (El Dorado), and Other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America. By A. F. Bandelier. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Although for almost three centuries there has been a fund of original materials from which to draw, little is commonly known of the early history of Spanish America. Authors who have written on the subject have seldom shown any sound critical ability in using their material, although scarcely any other material requires such careful criticism. Mr. Bandelier is pre-eminently qualified to inform us regarding Spanish-American history. Thoroughly acquainted with the Spanish language and with several Indian dialects, an industrious hunter for manuscripts in out-of-the-way places, a traveler who remains long enough at the location of his story for it to impress itself upon him, perfectly informed in the conditions of Spanish chivalry and of Indian barbarism, he writes with unequaled authority. In "The Gilded Man" he describes the search for El Dorado, now here, now there, by the Spaniards, and shows that the story of El Dorado grew out of a real fact in Indian worship in Cundinamarca. *Cibola* gives the theme under which is traced the history of early exploration in New Mexico, and from there northeast toward Quivira. "The Massacre of Cholula," "The Age of the City of Santa Fe," and "Jean l'Archeveque" are chapters of interest. The whole book delightfully suggests a romantic field for study.

My Arctic Journal. By Josephine Diebitsch-Peary. When Mrs. Peary was at Inglefield Gulf, an old native woman scrutinized her carefully and then said slowly, "I have lived a great many suns, but have never seen anything like you." Certainly the devoted wife of the Arctic explorer leads her sex in this particular field of endurance. Her story is modestly and pleasantly told, and the narrative is rich in interest, giving as it naturally does the social and personal, rather than the purely scientific, side of the expedition's history. Lieutenant Peary adds chapters telling of his famous "Great White Journey Across Greenland," and in a preface pays a feeling tribute, well expressed and in excellent taste, to the courage and devotion of the wife who accompanied him to the bleak North, cared for him as he lay a helpless cripple, sat by his side in an open boat when a herd of infuriated walrus threatened to overturn it every minute, and calmly reloaded his guns without an expression of fear, and (hardest of all, perhaps) waited for him in her lonely hut in his long absence on a dangerous expedition. The book is really beautifully illustrated, the experiments in color-printing being most successful. We may mention the picture of the "Sunset Glow" as notably fine. (Contemporary Publishing Company, Philadelphia.)

A Modern Paul in Japan, by the Rev. Jinzo Naruse (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston), is a very interesting little book, and one which we should like to see in every church library, and, indeed, in the hands of every Christian. The Rev. Paul Sawayama was possessed of a truly Apostolical spirit, and infused it into his church of Japanese converts. What do our readers think of a church of eleven members, of whom eight were men and three women, maintaining five preaching-places, besides that of the church itself, ministered to by its pastor? This church, at the end of five years, had increased its yearly contribution from $70 to $700, and had started an independent church, established a Christian Girls' School, and made a beginning of Christian work in nine separate places. It is interesting to know, as bearing on some of our missionary problems, that Paul Sawayama advocated financial independence of the missionary churches. He takes the radical ground that they should be made self-supporting from the start, and he refused to receive aid from the Foreign Missionary Societies for his own work or that of his church. We should like to see the question, which he discusses so fully in chapter four, discussed with equal freeness at the next meeting of the American Board.

Dr. John Henry Barrows's *Life of Henry Ward Beecher* (Funk & Wagnalls, New York) is one of the series of "American Reformers." Dr. Barrows makes no effort to conceal his admiration for the subject of his biography, but it is not an indiscriminating admiration. It is also with the aspect of Mr. Beecher as a reformer, rather than as a theologian, author, or preacher, that Dr. Barrows deals. In this respect his volume differs from the other two principal Lives of Mr. Beecher before the public, one of which is largely personal and autobiographical, the other of which, while presenting the different aspects of Mr. Beecher's life and work, places more emphasis on his theology and religion than on his civic and reformatory service to the country. It should be added that the volume is a compact one, and gives the story of Mr. Beecher's life in less space and in handier form than any other volume with which we are acquainted. The book seems to us to be one of the best of the series to which it belongs, and probably the best before the public for getting in a very compact form the story of the great reformer's life.

Among the reprints of the year one of the most attractive is Mr. Austin Dobson's *Horace Walpole: A Memoir*, which is issued in a compact and well-printed volume, with a profusion of interesting portraits of the famous contemporaries, both men and women, of the philosopher of Strawberry Hill. When this volume first appeared, the eminent qualifications of Mr. Dobson to treat this subject were widely commented upon. For he is a master of the English literature of the last century, as well as of the social side of London life. His careful work, his admirable English, and his delicate literary sense have combined to make this one of the most entertaining and valuable of recent English memoirs. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

A new and revised edition of *The True Woman*, by William M. Thayer (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Boston), does not need an introduction; emphasis cannot be too strongly laid on the value of this book to girls. The life and teachings of Mary Lyon, which form the greater part of the book, are rich with lessons of womanly courage and devotion. The book will have little attraction for the devoted novel-reader, but to the girl who loves reading in the best sense the book will be a welcome gift.

Only a Flock of Women, by Abby Morton Diaz (D. Lothrop Company, Boston), is, as its name indicates, a very feminine book. It deals with ethics, politics, manners, children, homes. In reading it one is constantly reminded of the conversation at a woman's luncheon where the guests are bright women. Here and there is a chapter that is suggestive of the dressmaker in a New England village in the days of our grandmothers—a woman who deals out wit and wisdom, the result of her observations.

It has always seemed to us that *Boswell's Johnson*, considering the immense popularity and persistent life of the book, has been treated rather shabbily in regard to binding in the many moderate-priced editions we have seen. This wrong is righted in the excellent two-volume edition sent us by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., of this city, who have put it in a comely and substantial dress. The type is good, too, and Mowbray Morris's Introduction is lively and acceptable. ($2.)

Literary Notes

—"Fetter's Southern Magazine" has become "The Southern Magazine," General Basil W. Duke continuing to act as its editor-in-chief.

—Mr. Frank Stockton's new serial story consists of a series of letters describing the foreign travels of the novel-reading servant, "Pomona," of "Rudder Grange."

—The Brattleboro' (Vermont) correspondent of the Providence "Journal" says that Rudyard Kipling has just finished a long story called "The Bridge-Builders."

—Mr. Hall Caine, author of "The Scapegoat" and other popular novels, has written a Life of Christ, not from "the point of fact," but from "the point of imaginative insight."

—Mr. Gladstone has appointed Professor Ingram Bywater to succeed the late Professor Jowett as Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Professor Bywater has a high reputation as a Greek scholar.

—The life of the late Lucy Stone is to be written by her daughter, Alice Stone Blackwell, whose address is Dorchester, Mass., and who asks for the loan of any characteristic letters of her mother.

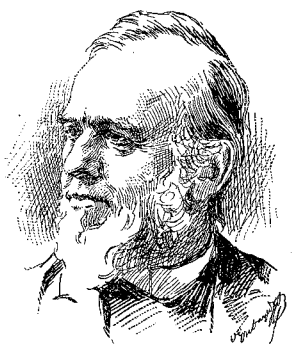
—The James Russell Lowell memorial in the Chapter-House of Westminster Abbey will be unveiled on November 28. Addresses will be made by the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P.; Mr. Thomas Bayard, the United States Ambassador, and others.

—Mr. A. J. George, who recently edited the little volume of "Wordsworth's Prefaces" published by D. C. Heath & Co., is preparing a companion volume from Coleridge's "Literaria Biographia," with references to Sidney, Shelley, Newman, and other writers.

—Mr. Robert Bridges is contributing to "Life" a series of brief dialogues under the attractive title "Overheard in Arcady," in each of which well-known characters of different novelists discuss their creator's work from their own points of view. The series will include discussions of the works of Meredith, Stockton, Kipling, James, Howells, and others, and is to be illustrated. Mr. Bridges has a very delicate touch, a keen critical insight, and a dash of audacity, and the series promises to be both charming and original.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Religious World



The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. Deems New York has lost one of its most honored citizens, and the Church of Christ throughout our land one of its ablest, most useful, and most accomplished ministers. For nearly twenty-five years he has been a resident of New York, and during almost all that time has been in the forefront of every good work for the advancement of truth and righteousness. His earlier life was spent in the South, and in the ministry of the Methodist Church. He was born in Baltimore, December 4, 1820. Before the war his service had been as a pastor, a professor in two colleges, a president of two colleges, and presiding elder in the Methodist Church. During the war he was heartily in sympathy with the Confederate cause. Soon after the war he came to New York, and under most discouraging circumstances began what has since grown into the Church of the Strangers. As pastor of that church his influence reached throughout the whole country; but in addition to that he has had large editorial experience, has published many books, the names of which are household words, and founded and been the only President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. No man in New York has been in more constant demand for special service. He has been more than a preacher; in the truest sense he has been a pastor; and while his parish has reached from one end of Manhattan Island to the other, he has not evaded any of its responsibilities, but has been the friend and helper of hundreds and probably thousands of people. It is known that the success of Dr. Deems in New York was largely helped by the generosity of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, who bought and placed at his disposal the old Mercer Street Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Deems as Preacher, Minister, and Man

As a preacher Dr. Deems was direct, forcible, epigrammatic, and often singularly eloquent. He was a careful student of the Scriptures, and yet was in his manner entirely free from all cant, and in his spirit from all bigotry. As a lecturer Dr. Deems was in demand in all parts of the country, probably going more frequently to the South than any other man whose home was in the North. His wit was brilliant, his imagination vivid, his vocabulary rich, and few men were such masters of the art of speaking so as both to interest and instruct. If we were to select the two causes to which we believe Dr. Deems has contributed most, we should name his services to the reunited Nation and in behalf of a reunited Church. At first he was in thorough sympathy with the South, believed that the Rebellion was justifiable, and championed it with genuine enthusiasm; but he was a firm believer in Providence, and when the war ended as it did he heard in the defeat of the Confederacy the voice of God declaring that the principles for which the South had contended had been forever settled. From that time Dr. Deems, with the utmost charity, without one word of bitterness, became the champion of the Union and of freedom. He never ceased to love the South, and to speak of it most eloquently. Although in his earlier years he was a loyal member of the Methodist Church, he was far more than that. Few men of our time discerned as he did the evils of a divided Christendom. When he passed away, we doubt if many people knew to what denomination he belonged. We have our own doubts as to whether he belonged to any. When he was with Methodists he was a Methodist, with Presbyterians a Presbyterian, and for years he was one of the most regular members of the Congregational Club in New York. The Church of the Strangers was undenominational; it proved that Christian union is a possibility. By the fruits of his life Dr. Deems was known as a Christian and as a Christian minister; his ordination proved by that test was unquestionable, and his influence for the last twenty-five years has been steadily and altogether against denominationalism and in favor of such an interpretation of Christian doctrine and Christian life as would make co-operation between all Christians natural and inevitable.

The Presbytery of New York

The last meeting of the Presbytery of New York was a memorable one. The special item of business which was discussed was the duty of the Presbytery relative to certain theological students who have made application to be taken under its care. The Committee reported recommendations which practically excluded all students of Union Theological Seminary. The venerable Dr. Thomas S. Hastings, President of the Seminary, made a most impressive address in opposition. He closed by saying: "If you wish to lay the ban of this Presbytery upon the gray heads, upon some of us who have done our best work, then I have nothing more to say, except that possibly I have loved the Presbyterian Church too well, and served it too long. Possibly I need such a revelation as this of the spirit and aim of men of whom I expected better things. There are some of us who think the Assembly is mistaken. Now it is proposed to disregard the liberties and rights of the students, and pass such an action as this. I pray God you will pause and think differently before you vote. If you build a fence, the brightest and bravest boys will jump over it. Do you wish us to advise the boys not to go into the Presbyterian Church? I should be sorry to do that. I have a birthright there, and do not wish to be crowded out by some who have come in since." After a number of speeches, the further consideration of the report was postponed until December. The partisan spirit, however, manifested itself in still another way. Professor Arthur C. McGiffert, the pupil and successor of the late Dr. Schaff in the Chair of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, presented his papers from the Presbytery of Cincinnati, which were in order. The question of his reception, however, was laid on the table by a vote of 60 to 53. Apparently there was no other reason for the action than that Dr. McGiffert is a professor in Union Theological Seminary. We comment on these facts in our editorial pages.

The Resignation of Dr. Paxton

For many years the Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D., pastor of the West Presbyterian Church in New York City, has been one of the most notable figures in the metropolis. His preaching is unique. Very direct, and often brusque in his manner, he has a picturesque, vivid, and often eloquent style which is attractive to large classes of people. As a result, the West Church has been crowded during his ministry. Probably he has preached to more wealth than almost any other man in New York, and he has had a direct way of stating the responsibilities of wealth which has been most refreshing. For a long time he has been in poor health. At last he has resigned his pastorate, and a meeting was held in his church on the evening of the 15th of this month to consider the question of its acceptance. The Session and the Trustees united in recommending the acceptance. In spite of that recommendation, however, the church, by a majority of twenty-five, voted not to accept. The difference of opinion concerning the wisdom of the action led to the appointment of a committee to confer with Dr. Paxton and report at a later meeting. Dr. Paxton, however, firmly declines to reconsider his action. The action has been made necessary by the state of Dr. Paxton's health, and not because of any dissatisfaction in the church. His departure from New York will remove one of the most striking and interesting figures from the city's pulpits.

The American Board in New York

One result of the recent meeting of the American Board at Worcester is not relished by Congregationalists in New York and vicinity—namely, the transfer of the Rev. C. H. Daniels, D.D., from the District Secretaryship for the Middle States to the position of Home Secretary in Boston. Dr. Daniels, by his great devotion to his work, his able administration of his office, and his spirituality and courtesy, had won for himself a large place both in his own denomination and among others with whom he was often associated. The question as to his successor has been a somewhat difficult one, but, we are sure, has been answered in a way which will be satisfactory to those who remem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber the honored men who have held that office in the past, among whom we recall the names of Drs. C. P. Bush, Hiram C. Hayden, C. H. Daniels. We have received the following communication from Boston, which it gives us much pleasure to present to our readers:

After a careful consideration of the whole subject, the Prudential Committee at its last meeting unanimously appointed the Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D., to the office. The Field Secretaryship so long and efficiently held by Dr. Creegan will, for the present at least, remain vacant. This is the judgment of Dr. Creegan himself as well as the other officers. In making this transfer the Committee expressed its hearty appreciation of the work which has been rendered by Dr. Creegan during the past six years, and believe him to be eminently fitted for the duties at this new and important center of influence.

The Salvation Army Congress

During the last week two great religious congresses have been holding their sessions in New York—that of the Episcopal Church, which we report elsewhere, and that of the Salvation Army. The change which has come over the Army since Commander Ballington Booth and his accomplished wife assumed leadership in this country is very remarkable. The Booths seem to have genius for leadership. Before their coming the Army was disorganized; now it presents a united and aggressive front. The Convention which assembled in New York last week represented all parts of the country, and was distinguished by all the peculiarities which have so long been associated with the Army meetings. Carnegie Music Hall and other large halls were thronged, and the familiar uniform of the Army was to be seen on all the streets. So far as we are yet informed, the proceedings, which may have been of a deliberative nature, have not been made public. We have no doubt that there has been a real council of war. The popular meetings, however, have been full of enthusiasm, and the Army each year is proving that it is one of the most earnest and consecrated religious bodies in our country. It occupies very much the same place that the followers of John Wesley occupied in earlier days both in England and America. Its missionaries are now in almost every land. Whether the Army principle is adapted to the more cultured classes may be a question, but that it works admirably with those who now constitute its membership there can be no doubt. We have the utmost confidence in Commander and Mrs. Booth and in the value of the work which they are doing. The poke-bonnet and the red jersey are no longer objects of derision, but rather badges of honor. About one thousand officers and between fifteen hundred and two thousand delegates have been in attendance at this Congress. The roster of the Army now bears the names of sixteen hundred commanding officers and between fifteen and twenty thousand soldiers. Commissioner Railton, from London, was the representative of General Booth at the Congress. Among the topics discussed are "Work Among Junior Soldiers," "Discipline of Army Corps," "Work Among the Germans of the United States."

Woman's Board of Missions at Portland, Me.

The beautiful November weather emphasizes the wisdom of the change of plan of the annual meeting from January to the earlier date. The customary snow-storm was, happily, absent. Three hundred and more representative women from New England, New York, and New Jersey arrived in Portland on Monday. At the Delegates' Meeting on Tuesday the privileged three hundred were present. Papers were read by Mrs. Joseph Cook, Miss Gilman, and others. A Parliamentary Drill was a novel feature introduced in the Wednesday morning meeting, and conducted by an expert from Boston, who organized the dignified Woman's Board into what he called a kindergarten, and proceeded to give an object-lesson which was both amusing and profitable. On Thursday the possible contingency of a $10,000 debt before the close of the financial year was suggested. A Committee on Proportionate Giving recommended an effort to obtain a special gift of twenty-five cents from each of the forty thousand members of the Woman's Board, thus providing at once the $10,000 needed. A twenty-five-cent collection was taken to emphasize the recommendation, with the result of $237. Among the most notable speakers during the meetings were Mrs. C. H. Daniels, Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark, and Dr. Pauline Root, of India. One sentence in Mrs. Joseph Cook's paper on "The Conduct of Missionary Meetings" deserves to be immortalized: "Guard against the gift of continuance." The meeting next year, in November, will be held in the First Congregational Church, Montclair, N. J.

The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress

From a Special Correspondent

When the Church Congress was organized in Association Hall, New York, fifteen years ago, the declared purpose of its founders was to provide a platform where Churchmen of all schools of thought could express themselves in freest utterance of opinion, with respect for the opinions of others, and with loyal reverence to the Church of Christ. For the first time since that feeble but promising gathering of sixteen years ago, when such men as Dr. Washburn and Phillips Brooks dared to hope that Christians could meet and differ, and love Christ and each other the better that He was revealing himself in new forms of truth and through many personalities, the Church has changed. It has experienced a growth, not a revolution, and it now seems only natural that Christians of all Churches meet together and, by diverse views of truth, gain deeper knowledge of it, while realizing that no mind nor system can wholly contain its vastness. During these years the Episcopal Congress has done much to promote this change; it has encouraged freedom of thought and expression, never being used as the tool of any party, and remaining distinctly loyal. Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, who presided during the seven sessions lasting from Tuesday until Friday of last week, called it "the Church's Parliament of Religions;" and, in fact, such immense differences of opinion were expressed on every topic that wonder might be felt as to how these men could be of one Church, were not the astonishment rather that, as they were of one Church, all Christians of every name and shade did not conscientiously hold each his own convictions while uniting in one visible, witness-bearing Body of Christ.

At the opening service in St. Bartholomew's Church, Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, gave the communion address. As his predecessor, Phillips Brooks, was the communion speaker at the last Congress, and had never failed to lend the inspiration of his presence and enthusiasm to preceding sessions, it was natural that the thought of him should be uppermost in every heart. The preacher spoke of him, with attractive simplicity, as the man who had best illustrated to the nineteenth century what it meant to be a Christian.

In pursuance of its purpose to consider nothing that concerns man as alien to God's Church, and to introduce only topics germane to the present thought of the religious public, the subjects chosen related, two to the moral aspects of pressing social questions, two to great doctrinal subjects now agitating the Churches, and two to matters of special moment to the Episcopal Church alone. The last session is always devoted to some topic of personal religion. Of the two social questions considered, the first, "What Shall be Done with the Saloon?" excited the deepest interest. The best of the speakers, the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D.D., of Chicago, called the session a real temperance meeting in the Episcopal Church. He believed in total extermination of the liquor traffic, as did the Rev. Percy S. Grant, the new rector of the Church of the Ascension. Dr. Rainsford, who set forth his novel idea of the "Church Saloon," which he defined as a proposed effort, not of the Church *per se*, but of its individual members, was bitterly criticised by Mr. Robert Graham, who advocated high license. The Gothenburg system received praise from nearly all the speakers, and was warmly championed by Dr. McKim, who explained its features, the elimination of the temptation to personal profit, the careful placing and decreased number of saloons under its rule. It demanded the highest license possible—namely, the entire profits of the business, and in the view of the speaker must eventually unite all temperance people in work for reform under its methods. One other topic relating to social reform received both careful and inspiring treatment.

"Moral and Religious Training in the Public Schools"—such a question, underlying as it does our National and educational forces, of itself could not fail to excite unusual interest. Opinions varied as to the methods whereby the moral and religious training essential to a true education might be secured. Dr. Barrett, of Atlanta, holding that the utter separation of Church and State is not irreligious, was fairly satisfied with the basic moral virtues secured by the present system, by which, at least, obedience, punctuality, silence, the foundation of thought and self-control, industry and truth-seeking, are inculcated. Dr. Backus, of Brooklyn, expressed the belief that Government, recognizing as it does the Christian religion both in the army and navy, in the safeguarding of the Lord's Day, and in the appointment of days of prayer for the Nation and moments of prayer for Congress, together with the sanction implied by oaths, cannot consist-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ently refuse the same in public schools. Several speakers concurred with Professor Boyesen, of Columbia College, in advocating some modification of the Faribault plan, whereby Protestants should secure the religious instruction of their children in school-buildings out of school-hours. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie carried the subject from the realm of method to the domain of essential and vital principle. Moral and religious education, he said, is essential for the sake of education itself. The only true training is that which shall train all who are born men to all that is human. As our friends are those who, by demanding the best that is in us, force us to rise to our highest, so the true friend of the public school will criticise its defects, that its great possibilities may be actualized. If it is a true education of a man or woman to liberate the personal force that is in him, that which leaves any vital faculty to die is defective. The schools to-day, by mechanical habits producing a deadness fatal to imagination, and leaving no room for the faculty of perception, are causing atrophy of vital functions. With Froebel and Herbert Spencer, we should find the end of education in the perception of unity, and seek to pass from phenomena to underlying law, from a physical to an invisible power. Man is a creative being, and there is no creative power that is not rooted in the religious nature. The absence of the religious element from education has suppressed this power, and until a man is grounded by education into the consciousness of God, from whom he came, and to whom, if he follow anything to its source, he must return home, we shall make mechanics instead of creators, artisans but not artists. There is a theology which begins with the devil and finds sin essential, rather than with unity in God, with sin as an accident. So there is an education which separates knowledge into disjointed fragments. A true conception of unity will fortify the child against the coming time when he must face questions as to whether God be or no. We cannot have an education without religion. Our public schools, as they are, have no atmosphere and can never give us the kind of citizens we need; we have a right to demand of them an education that shall give us clever, adroit, dexterous, creative, religious boys and girls.

"The Ethics of Doctrinal Subscription," a great subject, received the large treatment it deserved. The Rev. Dr. Hodges, of Pittsburg, opened the discussion with a remarkable paper. Any doctrinal subscription, to be desirable, he thought, must be in accordance with the will of God, and it can never be in accordance with that will to limit the progress of his revelation of himself to man. He teaches little by little. Christian facts will never change; their interpretation into thought and action changes ever. It was God's will to develop Christianity through Greek thought and Roman jurisprudence. If Anselm had submitted, the purposes of God would have been contravened. Abraham might have written a subscription which would have made Moses heretical; and to the ecclesiastical system of Moses, Isaiah was a nonconformist. It would be unwise to take a slip from a big tree of California and put it permanently under a glass case. In fact, the faith seems to have been delivered to the saints as is the side of a hill to a geologist. Any theological subscription which so formulates the theology of its age as to limit the revelation of new truth is a vicious subscription, and would encourage such intellectual ignorance as would make the Word of God of no effect by its traditions. Subscription, therefore, should be confined to the simplest facts, without inferences from them. Paul may limit us to the Gospel he preaches, but we must not submit to such limitation from Tertullian or Origen, St. Augustine or the Reformers. The Episcopal Church requires subscription to Scriptures, creeds, and sacraments, without defining inspiration, regeneration, or the real presence, and belief in a historical ministry without even alluding to a doctrine of Apostolical succession. In taking this, her minister implies that he will teach certain things, but ought not to imply that he will forever teach them. If, even with this large liberty, a man's conscience puts him outside Church standards, he need not preach against them. He may well wait, remembering that he is a creature of moods, hesitating to put his conclusions of eighteen months against the voice of the Church for eighteen centuries. He may remember that truth is too great for adequate definition. But if his new truth will not go into the old bottles, he may resign, or proclaim his views and be put out. If he considers the Church a voluntary society for the propagation of certain beliefs, he will do the former. But if to him the Church is a divine foundation of its Master, his loyalty to Christ, to the truth, and to the Church requires him to remain within her fold, and teach his new truth, if he be the only one of her sons that has received it.

Dr. Shipman, of New York, spoke in the same line with even more emphasis, saying that the man who puts the creed before his truth is a traitor and does not believe, but makes believe; yet, final appeal being to private judgment, final authority lies in the Church. In exercising this she must not raise the cry of heresy against opinion. A man condemned of the Church may stand approved of God, and we feel, with him, that thrill of brotherhood recognizing the marks of God's royal priesthood which exalts above all creeds. Dr. Momerie, of London, told of the change of form of subscription which occurred in the English Church in 1865, which change makes possible, in the "broad" view, the "grandest victories of the Church in this greatest age of her mission." Dr. Donald defended the liberal clergy, of his own and other bodies, from the recent charges of dishonesty.

The Rev. Mr. Johnson and Dr. Clendennin took conservative and High Church views of the ethics of subscription, one condemning the introduction of unauthorized sacramental doctrines, the other the prevalence of mental reservation. The closely allied subject of "Bible Sufficiency" had Dr. Richards, of Providence, as speaker on the extreme liberal side. Dr. McKim advocated such criticism as was not destructive, urging the scholarship of the Church to put no obstacle in its way. Leighton Parks urged that criticism had made the Bible a new power by destroying its fancied inerrancy, had proved most of the New Testament to have been written during the lifetime of witnesses, emphasized the resurrection and the revelation of salvation in Jesus Christ, showing him as neither a demi-God nor phantom, but as the true Son of God in whose complete sonship each man may know and claim his own sonship. Dr. Elliot, of Washington, made a fine speech defining the firm position of the Episcopal Church, and more especially of the Prayer-Book, in exalting the Bible as the most holy word of God. Other speakers were conservative; some emphasized the position of the Church as interpreter of the Scriptures. In reviewing the discussion Bishop Dudley spoke of the manner in which a sister body had been shaken by this subject, alluding to the "victim" of its conclusions, who had sat in the audience during the session, and rejoiced that the Church had allowed a larger liberty, which he believed would never be used for license by the sons whom she trusted fully to the guidance of the God whom she trusted perfectly. "The Use and Abuse of Ritual" was a continued illustration of the fact that external form is now treated largely as a matter of taste; its concluding word was that "the worst abuse of ritual is the abuse of the ritualist."

A fiery session on the "Duty of Churches of the Anglican Communion towards Roman Catholic Countries" was marked by the keen, graceful eloquence of the scholarly and lovable Bishop Coxe. His age, his vigor, and his fine speech called forth an ovation. Both he and Bishop Doane dissipated any claim to true catholicity set forth by a Church which had no existence prior to the Council of Trent, and declared that even if every canon of the Church denied them jurisdiction, they would yet carry a pure Gospel and a historic Christ to every country where his people needed him. Family Religion, the concluding topic, was considered the most important, and was treated as the great natural factor underlying all that is possible of religious life for the individual, the Church, and the Nation. F. E. W.

Gleanings

—Professor A. W. Momerie (one of whose sermons is printed on another page) is to preach in the Church of the Holy Communion (Dr. Mottet's) on the morning of Sunday, November 26.

—The Board of Trustees of Syracuse University have chosen the Rev. James R. Day, D.D., LL.D., pastor of Calvary Methodist Church, New York, Chancellor of the University, to succeed the Rev. Charles N. Sims, D.D., LL.D., who recently resigned.

—The sixteenth annual Convention of the Sunday-School Union of Kings County was in session the latter part of last week at the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Nearly 1,000 delegates were present from the various Sunday-schools in the Union. About 250 of the 314 Sunday-schools were represented.

—The installation of the Rev. Dr. John E. Tuttle as pastor of the Amherst College Church occurred last Friday. The programme of services included a sermon by the Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of New York, the charge to the pastor by the Rev. Dr. Wolcott Calkins, of Boston, the charge to the people by the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, of Boston, and an address of greeting from sister college churches by President Dwight, of Yale.

—Dr. A. T. Pierson has well said that personal investigation is the source of all deep and permanent impression. Whatever prompts the individual study of such themes as cluster about the missionary enterprises of the Church helps believers to pray and leads them to give. The Cross-Bearers' Missionary Reading Circle has been instituted in order to promote personal investigation in regard to world-wide missions, and its members are receiving deep and permanent impressions. Information as to this educational movement may be obtained by addressing the Rev. Z. M. Williams, Secretary, Gallatin, Mo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manchester College (Unitarian), Oxford

From an Oxford Correspondent

The opening ceremonies connected with this College took place on October 18 and 19, and attracted almost all the notable Unitarian leaders of this country, as well as some representatives from other lands. The event has naturally been regarded as of the utmost significance for the Unitarian churches of England, and for those freer forms of faith which border on Unitarianism. At the same time it is only fair to add that Manchester College has from the first maintained an unsectarian basis, and freely admits students of all creeds who are willing to come to it for the pursuit of truth, and theology apart from creeds. Its position in this respect seems to be almost identical with that of the Harvard Divinity School, which, by the way, was specially represented at the opening services by Professor C. C. Everett. The College now reopened in Oxford has had a long and varied history. It dates back to 1786, but still earlier it finds its source in those academies planted by the early Nonconformists who were absolutely debarred from any share in the national education of their days. The record runs that on February 22, 1786, "a very respectable meeting of gentlemen was held in Manchester, when it was unanimously agreed, after due deliberation, that an academy should be established in Manchester, on a plan affording a full and systematic course of education for divines, and preparatory instructions for the other learned professions, as well as for civil and commercial life. This institution will be opened to young men of every religious denomination, from whom no test or confession of faith will be required. This academy, like that of Warrington, is founded upon the most liberal principles, and will be open to young men of all denominations and professions."

The gentlemen who formed this "very respectable meeting" were mainly ministers and laymen connected with those Presbyterian churches which came into existence during Commonwealth days, and which were gradually becoming more liberal in doctrine, until finally—like so many of the churches in New England—they became definitely Unitarian. It is specially to be observed that the curriculum was intended to cover all liberal studies, and it is clear that these northern gentlemen were really foreshadowing the noble ideal of John Owens, which more than half a century later was embodied in Owens College, Manchester, the real center and mainstay of the still more recent Victoria University. From this Manchester Academy came forth many ministers and theologians and also many prominent laymen to whom the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge were then closed. The academy, however, did not greatly flourish, and in 1803 was removed to York, where it was known as "Manchester College, York." In 1840 it reverted to Manchester, and then became known as "Manchester New College." About this time fresh interest was springing up in educational matters. The need of some strong teaching center where no religious tests were applied was being keenly felt. University College, London, was founded, and the University of London followed. The result was that most of the lay students who had been going to the Manchester College were diverted to the newer and larger foundation, and it was found advisable to transfer the Manchester College to London, where it was housed in University Hall, Gordon Square.

This happened in 1853, and at the same time the College dropped its arts course entirely, and henceforth devoted its sole attention to theology. It was here that Dr. James Martineau was for so long a time its honored Principal. Still further changes, however, occurred in English education. Oxford and Cambridge were thrown entirely open, and new universities and first-rate colleges were founded throughout the land. Once more a change was contemplated as the center of gravity in national education was seen to shift back once more to the older universities which had been in danger of losing their lead. No doubt matters were stimulated by the creation and very successful beginning of Mansfield College under the auspices of Principal A. M. Fairbairn and the leaders of English Congregationalism. The authorities of Manchester New College came to the important decision to remove to Oxford in 1889, notwithstanding some very serious opposition, especially from Dr. Martineau, who considered the step premature. For four years the students of the College—who during recent years have seldom numbered more than a dozen—have had temporary quarters in the High Street. The College now opened is a very near neighbor to Mansfield College, and is on Mansfield Road, which has only recently been opened up into the picturesque old Holywell Street. The buildings are of stone from Derbyshire, which it is hoped will prove durable in the Oxford atmosphere. They are in the form of three sides of a quadrangle. The chapel is a rectangular building, divided into a nave and a raised choir or morning chapel with carved oak stalls. The organ—the gift of a lady—is on the left of the choir. The finest room, however, in the building is the library, towards which Mr. Henry Tate, who recently gave his magnificent collection of modern pictures to the British Government, has contributed $50,000. The oak cases and the electric light fittings are here particularly ornate. The total cost of the College, including a special endowment for the chapel, is estimated at $275,000, and all of this has been contributed save some $25,000. The opening ceremonies commenced with the formal handing over of the buildings by the architect, Mr. T. Worthington, of Manchester, to the President of the College Council, Mr. Russell Greg. This was done outside the front door, on the street, the professors and students of the College, accompanied by many well-known "dons" of the University, having come in procession from the neighboring Music Hall in Holywell Street. In this procession undoubtedly the most striking figure was the venerable Dr. James Martineau, in his scarlet D.C.L. gown, who had entered Manchester College, at York, no less than seventy-one years before. The opening of the library then took place; and here a pause was made for some brief speeches and the reading of a long series of letters of apology from men so widely known and so diverse as the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P.; President Eliot, of Harvard University; President Cary, of Meadville; Bishop Ferencz, of Hungary; Professors Tiele and Oort, of Leyden; Professor Pfleiderer, of Berlin; Lord Carlisle, Professor J. A. Froude, Mr. F. W. Newman, Principal Edwards of Bala, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. Principal Drummond uttered a few words of rare felicity and deep spiritual feeling; then followed the dedication service of the chapel, in which the Professors of the College took part, and the Rev. H. E. Dowson, one of the Secretaries, preached. The service was distinctly disappointing, and seems to have so far upset Mrs. Humphry Ward, who was present, that a long letter of caustic criticism appeared two days later above her signature in the columns of the "Manchester Guardian." The famous novelist, who spent all her earlier years in Oxford, vigorously protested against the form of service used and the general lack of beauty and of dignity; but one highly appreciative paragraph may here fitly be quoted:

"Two incidents there were in the service yesterday which, to my mind, showed what the new faith which is springing and swelling about us may yet be capable of in the way of beauty. One was the selection of passages from the Old and New Testaments read by Mr. Estlin Carpenter; the other was the benediction at the end of the service by Dr. Martineau. The 'Lessons,' chosen with unerring spiritual and literary instinct and read with wonderful dignity, testifed how we may yet use our Bible for our own salvation and our children's when criticism has done its utmost.

"Few of us can ever have heard the familiar passages so nobly and significantly given. For the benediction, one is almost unwilling to dwell upon it—on the advance of that venerable figure in the red robes, which made so welcome a break of color amid the cold tones of the chapel, the lift of the beautiful voice appealing to 'Almighty God, who dwelleth *not* in temples made with hands,' the intensity and simplicity of the gesture. But it remains graven in feeling and remembrance."

Next morning a large congregation assembled to join in a communion service, at which Dr. Martineau delivered an impressive address. They could look back, he said, upon sixty generations who had shared the rite. To that service had come Augustine, whose storm-tossed spirit had found peace; St. Francis, Thomas à Kempis, our own Milton, "who through bars of darkness caught glimpses of the empyrean glory," and Tauler, that man of deep thoughts. "That rite did not mean a thanksgiving for the work of an atoning redeemer, but reverent love to one who showed in a living definition what should be our spirit and character. It meant self-dedication to the perfect life, and death to every form of meanness and evil." At noon another large audience gathered to hear Principal James Drummond's inaugural lecture, which was in the main a history of the College. Then followed luncheon at the Randolph Hotel, at which some two hundred and fifty guests were present and a long series of speeches were made. There was no lack in the friendly words of welcome that then fell from the lips of such prominent members of the University as the Warden of Merton College (the Hon. G. C. Brodrick), Sir W. Markby (the Bursar of Balliol), Canon Fremantle, and Professor Dicey, while among the other speakers were Professor Everett, of Harvard, and Dr. Martineau. The latter spoke with unusual vigor and uncompromising candor. The final act in the opening ceremonies was an evening reception in the new buildings, which are seen to admirable advantage when lighted by electricity at night. This latest home of Manchester College is generally expected to be final, and it now remains to be seen what the effects of the change will be on the College, on the University, and on those churches which form the constituency of the College. The College is but small, and it is in the midst of much that is hostile. While it may do much towards the liberalizing of Oxford, it is probable that a still greater result will be the greater unification of English Unitarian churches. These churches will possibly thus come more into line with the other Free Churches of England, and that spirit of acrimonious hostility and hatred which so disfigures the past history of the Free Churches so far as the Unitarians are concerned will possibly now rapidly die away.

S.

Everything used in making Cleveland's baking powder is named on the label. Cleveland's is simply a pure cream of tartar powder. No alum, no ammonia.

The Past Guarantees The Future

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you. It is the greatest blood purifier, the best nerve tonic, and quickest strength builder. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"After a sickness of two years, my case being considered hopeless, it seems almost a miracle that since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla last fall, I was able at New Year to engage with the city of Fitchburg to compile the record of births in the city for the preceding year. I accomplished the work with comparative ease, being out in the unusually severe weather of the winter, working each day." ERASMUS A. NORRIS, Journalist, No. 7 Lincoln Street, Fitchburg, Mass. Get only **Hood's.**

HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Uncle John Vassar

To the Editors of The Outlook:

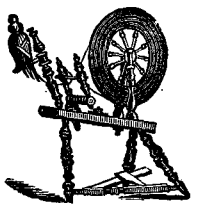
The recent gathering in the city of Poughkeepsie of all the evangelical churches to celebrate the completion of the monument erected over the grave of this great soul-winner is a matter which not only engages the city of his birth and of his resting-place, but the entire Christian world. That fifteen years after his departure such a representative gathering is held, and money contributed from foreign countries as well as our own to mark the spot where his worn-out body rests, is proof not only of the love men bear him, but of the mark he has left on the Christian Church.

A life of activity such as few are permitted to engage in came to a close all too soon at the age of sixty-five, but it is evident that the influence of his life is far-reaching. A peculiarly happy faculty of approach to men, a winsomeness which went far toward his success in bringing men to the fold of Christ, made him, as some think, foremost of all who seek by personal effort to impress upon the souls of men the beauty and charm of a life swallowed up in Christ.

One of the speakers in this great meeting—the pastor of the Presbyterian church, who had through a long pastorate closely scanned John E. Vassar's course—said that the man who shall surpass him in his peculiar effort, the hand-picking of fruit for paradise, was yet to be born. Incidents of his success in this direction are familiar to Christian workers who, led by his example, are imitators not so much of him as of his spirit. When laboring within a church for the few weeks only which he ever could give, liberty was granted him, which he embraced to the utmost, to visit anywhere and everywhere. While he was a master in judging human nature, and knew how to respect dignity, yet in the effort to bring a soul into sympathy with Jesus Christ, the friend and lover of men, he could treat the high and lowly just alike, and had the happy faculty of his Divine Master in ignoring the false estimate we too often make in respect to persons.

We have not the space here to give illustrations except briefly. An Irish woman in a village, hearing he was calling about, affirmed her determination to repulse him at her door, and she did shut the door in his face; whereupon Mr. Vassar sat upon the doorstep and sang: "But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe." When she was received, soon after, in the Protestant Church, her experience was summed up in—"Those drops of grief, those drops of grief, I could not get over them." Engaged to labor in a Congregational church, he was met at the train by its pastor and told that in yonder blacksmith-shop was a man whom he, the pastor, hoped Uncle John would see among the first, after he was rested from his journey; remarking, "I fail to reach him." Mr. Vassar said, "Let us go at once." And the report is, incredible as it may appear to some of us who would like to do likewise if we could, that in five minutes both the blacksmith and he who called himself a "shepherd's dog" were behind the forge, and the astonished pastor heard the soul of the one for whom he had long labored pouring itself out in supplications before the throne of grace, to which John Vassar led the way.

But we must forbear. A life so richly endowed, so unreservedly consecrated and abundantly blessed, furnishes such incidents in multitude. The city of Poughkeepsie, which claimed him as her honored citizen, in this jubilee, held over the simple granite which marks his grave, has again called our attention to a life which, while it may not be copied in all its light and shade, still is before us as an incentive to activity that we shall do well to heed. The Rev. Dr. Williard W. Boyd, than whom none can voice more eloquently and forcibly the feelings of his brethren, for an hour in this service spread again the feast of this man's life, marking the traits of a mighty faith, an unreserving love, a hopefulness as radiant as the sun, all-embracing as the catholicity of Christ, crowned by a simplicity which forbade on his part any knowledge of his own greatness. The good do not die, nor does the fragrance of their lives cease from the earth. B.



Registered Trade-Mark

PURE LINEN
HANDKERCHIEFS
FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

If you are in doubt as to what to give your friend, allow us to suggest that Handkerchiefs are quite likely to be an acceptable gift. In these, exclusive of Silk (of which we have an extensive assortment, both plain and Initialed), we handle only the absolutely pure linen, and this we think is worthy of note, since cotton and cotton-mixed goods which may easily be mistaken for linen are generally sold. The variety is so great that to attempt description would be useless. The prices are just as varied—from 5c. for Children's up to $75.00 for rare specimens in Ladies'. We call attention to the following:

PLAIN HEMMED Handkerchiefs for Ladies, from 10c. upwards; Gentlemen's, from 12½c. to 75c. each.

PLAIN HEMSTITCHED Handkerchiefs for Ladies—hems ¼, ½, 1 and 2 inches wide—from 12½c. to $2.50 each; for Gentlemen—hems ¼, ½, ¾, 1 and 2 inches wide—from 18c. to $5.00 each.

FANCY COLORED BORDERED Handkerchiefs for Gentlemen, from 10c. upward.

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS for Ladies at 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c., and $2.00 each; for Gentlemen, at 25c., 50c., and 75c. each.

CHILDREN'S HANDKERCHIEFS. A Special line in Fancy Boxes, at 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00, and $1.25 per box.

EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS for Ladies, in White, Black and White, and Colors, from 25c. up to $75.00 each.

Inspection of our Stock by all is solicited.

James McCutcheon & Co.
THE LINEN STORE, 14 West 23d St., N. Y.

A Defense of Justus Schwab

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Judging from your reputation and your past life, I do not think you wish to do an intentional injustice to anybody—nay, not even an Anarchist. Therefore I beg leave to take exception to a passage on page 840 of The Outlook of November 11, where (in an article by Mr. Speed) a false statement is printed about Justus H. Schwab, of this city. I have known Mr. Justus H. Schwab intimately for more than ten years, and am proud to call him my friend, although I am not and never was a believer in the principles of Anarchism, either of the Benjamin R. Tucker or of the John Most school. I know of my own knowledge that Mr. Schwab has not made "a neat little fortune by catering to Anarchists." On the contrary, his business has barely enabled him to maintain his family modestly and decently and to give his children an education in our public schools. Schwab has always been a most generous and liberal giver both for the cause he honestly espouses and to suffering individuals. To say of him that he is a radical for revenue is to do him a cruel injustice. A man of his splendid gifts and charming personality could have satisfied a desire for gain far better in a hundred other worldly avocations than in the defense of his own principles.

Besides, let me tell you that what private means Schwab possesses came to him by inheritance, he being the son of a late well-to-do citizen in Frankfort-on-the-Main. No man that knows him would think for a moment that he is cowardly or a hypocrite. It remained for Mr. Speed to make such unfounded insinuations.

If you could see Schwab, as I often enjoyed the pleasure of seeing him, amidst his family, with his refined and honest wife, a good and brave woman, and his well-bred, nice children, you would greet in him the *man*, the brother, regardless of differences of opinion.

M. O.

Suggestions about Book-Making

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It has often occurred to me that it would be a great help to the large class of laymen who have not the time to sit down and read a book from end to end, to obtain the instruction they seek, if the manner of making-up books was somewhat changed, so that they could be used as the so-called books of reference are used. What seem to me proper suggestions in this line are these:

First, a marginal index (if that is the proper term), or an index printed on the margin, giving in three or four words an idea of the subject being treated on the page or half-page. My idea is illustrated by the style used in Fisher's "History of the Christian Church."

Second, when quotations from other authors or works are made, let them be made in the English language. If the original gives a better idea of what it is desired to convey to the mind of the classical reader, then let it be printed in both English and in the original.

Third, give name of the work and author from whom the quotation is made. It would be a great help, where the quotation is one of value, to give time (date), place, and by whom the work was published.

Fourth, where the subject treated is of a historical character, give the dates when the events referred to occurred. This reminds me that the question has often come up in my mind, Why do not newspapers, when publishing items of correspondence or telegrams, put in the *year* as well as the date in the month? Oftentimes clippings are made without putting on them when and where obtained, and the time comes when one would be glad to know the *year* when published, but there is nothing to show it. It is simply, "London, October 16," "Washington, October 16," etc. It may be that my experience is singular, but it has been the work of months and sometimes longer to ascertain where to obtain a certain book, to which reference has been made by title only. When the author's name is given, a letter to him is not always treated with the courtesy of a reply; and it is sometimes so with the publisher. And a seeker after knowledge finds the tracking a quotation to its author, and the author to the book and its possession, is no easy task. W. H. R.

—In connection with the recent announcement of the birth of Queen Victoria's seventeenth grandchild, it is said that purely family occurrences of this kind are kept written up from day to day in a vast album. This is systematically examined, in order that the interchange of affectionate messages, which is a tradition with the royal family, may not be overlooked. In her own childhood the Queen was very punctilious in recognizing the birth anniversary and other such festival days in the life of her uncle, George IV., and she still possesses under lock and key at Windsor the last birthday present she made to him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK-BUYERS' UNION

A DEPARTMENT OF

THE OUTLOOK CO.

is a completely equipped bureau of information for book-buyers, and a trustworthy and convenient purchasing agency, by which time, trouble, and money are saved to its members.

Membership, securing special discounts, Two Dollars per year. Send postal for special offer to Outlook subscribers.

BOOK-BUYERS' UNION, The Outlook Co., 13 Astor Place, New York.

BOOK-BUYERS' GUIDE

TEN CHOICE BOOKS

Letters of James Russell Lowell. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. 2 vols., 8vo, $8.00. *Harpers.*

Unconscious autobiography of the most satisfying sort.

An Embassy to Provence. By Thomas A. Janvier, author of "Color Sketches," "A Guide to Mexico," etc. 12mo, $1.25. *Century Co.*

Sympathetic account of a group of French poets.

The American Girl at College. By Lida R. McCabe. 16mo, $1.00. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

Both entertaining and of practical value for its information.

Students' New Testament Handbook. By Martin R. Vincent, D.D. 8vo, *net* $1.50. *Scribners.*

A bird's-eye view of topics and helps in New Testament study.

Two Bites at a Cherry, with Other Tales. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 16mo, $1.25. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Exquisite short stories, delightfully told.

Through Colonial Doorways. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.25. *Lippincott.*

A charming series of pictures of Colonial life.

Personal Recollections of John G. Whittier, by Mrs. Mary B. Claflin. 16mo, 75 cents. *Crowell.*

A sincere portrayal by an intimate friend.

Hours in My Garden, and Other Nature Sketches. By Alexander H. Japp. Illustrated. 12mo, $1.75. *Macmillan.*

Outdoor life and scenes viewed by a scholarly naturalist.

The Faïence Violin. Translated from the French of Champfleury by W. H. Bishop. 75 cents. *Appleton.*

A graceful and amusing story of a collector's absorbing passion.

Youth. Translated from the French of Charles Wagner by Ernest Redwood. 12mo, $1.25. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

"Not youth alone needs the book; it speaks to all hearts."—Rev. David Swing, D.D.

The above, or any book mentioned in The Outlook, sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price. Special discounts to members. Yearly fee, Two Dollars.

BOOK-BUYERS' UNION

THE OUTLOOK CO.

13 Astor Place, - New York

Mrs. Sangster's Poems

ON THE ROAD HOME. By MARGARET E. SANGSTER. With Four Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1.25.

Exquisite little melodies. . . . The musical rhythm of Mrs. Sangster's lines and the sympathetic simplicity of her subjects have endeared the authoress to all classes of readers.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Mrs. Sangster's poems appeal to the general reader by their winning tone, their sympathetic ring, their depth of pathos at times, their helpful aim, and graceful expression.—*Jewish Messenger*, N. Y.

Mrs. Sangster is among the best of our living poets. She has the genuine poetic feeling and insight. Her verse abounds in a devout and simple religious faith.—*Boston Traveller.*

The poetry lover, and those who are wont to look askance at poetry, will be charmed with Mrs. Sangster's verses. They go straight to the heart.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

☞ *For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

NOW READY

Seventy Years of Irish Life

Being the Recollections of W. R. LE FANU. One vol., crown 8vo, $1.75.

These Recollections of Mr. Le Fanu cover a period of over sixty years, and are replete with interesting sketches of Irish character, lively anecdotes, and amusing stories. The value of the volume is enhanced by the author's reminiscences and anecdotes of his brother, Sheridan Le Fanu, the novelist, of whose life no account has hitherto been given.

A New Book by "Q."

The Delectable Duchy

STORIES, STUDIES, AND SKETCHES. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH, author of "Noughts and Crosses," "The Blue Pavilions," etc. 12mo, $1.00. In the Series of Macmillan's Dollar Novels.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's New Novel.

Marion Darche:

A Story without Comment

By F. MARION CRAWFORD. In the uniform series of Mr. Crawford's novels. 12mo. Cloth. Price, $1.00.

Mr. Crawford's "new work 'Marion Darche' is destined to have a great popularity. It is in a new vein. In its scenes and incidents it is American through and through. The situations described are almost sensationally dramatic, and the plot . . . is skillfully developed. 'Marion Darche' is, like all of Mr. Crawford's women, a pure, exalted, noble character. Incidentally we have a discussion of the question of divorce which is suggestive. The average reader will find this a most readable novel."—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

The Second Edition of Mr. Winter's Biography of Edwin Booth.

The Life and Art of Edwin Booth

By WILLIAM WINTER, author of "Shakespeare's England," "Shadows of the Stage," etc. With 12 full-page portraits in character, reproduced by E. Bierstadt, and other illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top. Price, $2.25.

Also an edition printed throughout on English hand-made plate paper, limited to 250 copies, each in box, at $6.00 net.

"The work . . . is embellished with interesting and worthy illustrations, is clearly and attractively printed, and is destined to take high rank in the long catalogue of important biographies."—*Boston Journal.*

"A painstaking and loving study."—*Mail and Express.*

Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads

By RUDYARD KIPLING. New Edition. With additions. 12mo, $1.25. Also in ornamental silk, $1.50.

Poems by William Watson

New Edition

Revised and rearranged, with additions and new photogravure portrait. 12mo, gilt top, $1.25. In ornamental silk, $1.50. *Edition de Luxe*, limited to one hundred copies, printed on John Dickinson & Co.'s English hand-made paper. 8vo. Price, $3.50.

JUST READY

The Third Edition of Prof. Goldwin Smith's Brilliant Work.

The United States:

An Outline of Political History, 1492-1871

By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L., author of "Canada and the Canadian Question," etc. With map. 12mo. Cloth. Price, $2.00.

"It is a marvel of condensation and lucidity. In no other book is the same field covered so succinctly and well."—*New York Sun.*

The Distribution of Wealth

By Professor JOHN R. COMMONS, of the University of Indiana. 12mo. $1.75.

A Theory of Development and Heredity

By HENRY B. ORR, Ph.D. (Jena), Professor of Biology, Tulane University, New Orleans, La. 12mo. $1.50.

Mrs. Molesworth's New Story for Children.

Mary

With Illustrations. 12mo, cloth, gilt, $1.00.

A new uniform edition of MRS. MOLESWORTH'S Stories for Children, in Ten Volumes.

Printed from new plates, uniformly bound, with numerous illustrations. 12mo, cloth, gilt; per volume, $1.00.

Tell Me a Story, and Herr Baby.
"Carrots," and a Christmas Child.
Grandmother Dear, and Two Little Waifs.
The Cuckoo Clock, and The Tapestry Room.
Christmas Tree Land, and A Christmas Posy.
"Us," and The Rectory Children.
The Children of the Castle, and the Four-Winds Farm.
Little Miss Peggy, and Nurse Heatherdale's Story.
Rosy, and the Girls and I.
Mary.

The ten volumes in a box, $10.00.

Book Reviews, a monthly Journal devoted to New and Current Publications.

Price, 5 cents. Yearly subscription, 50 cts.

MACMILLAN & CO., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Round Robin Reading Club

DESIGNED FOR THE PROMOTION OF SYSTEMATIC STUDY OF LITERATURE

Winter Session opens January, 1894

The object of this organization is to direct the reading of individuals and small classes through correspondence conducted by competent specialists, who will furnish lists of books, criticise papers, and personally assist each member. Having no limits imposed by a given system, the Club is free to meet the needs of those who desire to read for special purposes, for general improvement, or pleasure, and to supplement University Extension Work. For particulars address

Miss LOUISE STOCKTON,
4213 Chester Avenue, Philadelphia.

CHRISTMAS Cantatas Carols Services 1893

THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST—A new Christmas Cantata. By Dr. W. HOWARD DOANE. Songs, Dialogues, Recitations. Only a few rehearsals needed . . . . . **30** cents by mail.

OUR SAVIOUR-KING—By the Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. A Splendid Musical Christmas Service, new this season. **16** pages . . . . . **5** cents by mail.

THE CROWNING DAY—A service with new music for primary classes, by Mrs. WILBUR F. CRAFTS and HUBERT P. MAIN . . . . . **6** cents by mail.

CHRISTMAS ANNUAL No. 24—Contains a variety of beautiful Carols . . . . . **4** cents by mail.

RECITATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS TIME No. 4—Choice, fresh, simple . . . . . **4** cents by mail.

A good line of Octavo Anthems for Choirs.

Send for **Catalogue of Christmas Cantatas,** Etc.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

15 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 76 East 9th St., New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE WANT YOU

A FIFTY-TWO WEEK FEAST!

2,000,000 Words for $2. Pictures Thrown In. | **Comes Once Every Week, and When the Extras are Issued it Comes Twice!** | **Largest, Brightest, and Best of Juveniles.**

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SERIAL STORIES.

Cadet Days, A Story About Corporal Pops, by **Capt. Chas. King, U.S.A.**
A New "Partner" Series, Tales of the West and Northwest, by **Kirk Munroe.**
One Little Creole Girl, Queer Life in New Orleans, by **Ruth McEnery Stuart.**
Across the Range, Running Over with Adventures, by **James Otis.**
Captured by the Navajoes, A Tale of War and Peace, by **Capt. C. A. Curtis.**

TRUE TALES OF DARING.

Captured by Arabs.
Kidnapped Sailors.
A Duel with Harpoons.
Held Captive by Savages.
A Desperate Fight.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

A Portrait Reception.
Our Country.
An Evening with V.
Farm Legends.
Hints for Young Entertainers.

SHORT STORIES.

Yonkitt's Stratagem, by **Roger Starbuck.**
Jasper Felton's Reward, by **Wm. Murray Graydon.**
An Angel with Lots o' Nerve, by **John Jameson Gibson.**
Old Jeremiah Haddam's Whim, by **Henry Clement Holmes.**
Number 100, by **William Drysdale.**

GO WITH THE FEAST.

Christmas and other Extras, which contain Complete Stories, illustrated, and are free to all subscribers; special Holiday Numbers; portraits of Longfellow and Irving, superbly engraved and printed on paper suitable for framing; Worth While Prizes for Needlework, Pen Drawing, Handicraft, etc., valued at from 50 cents to $100 each in cash; and the Round Table, to which belong more than a quarter of a million "Knights" and "Ladies." HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is $2 a year, 5 cents per copy. Prospectus and Prize offers free. Address:

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

To Take Subscriptions for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Now is just the time to begin. We will pay you $3.75 for five, $7.50 for ten, $75 for one hundred NEW subscriptions at $2 each. Complete outfit, with full instructions, for ten cents in stamps. Do not fail to write at once. We also want to hear from any who are intending to hold a Fair, or who have any project on hand involving the raising of money for libraries, asylums, educating pupils at schools, etc. We have a suggestion for you. **HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.**

Letters of Travel

BY

PHILLIPS BROOKS

8vo, 392 pages, cloth, gilt top, $2.00

CONTENTS:

First Journey Abroad, 1865-1866.
In the Tyrol and Switzerland. 1870.
Summer in Northern Europe. 1872.
From London to Venice. 1874.
England and the Continent. 1877.
In Paris, England, Scotland, and Ireland. 1880.
A Year in Europe and India. 1882-1883.
England and Europe. 1885.
Across the Continent to San Francisco. 1886.
A Summer in Japan. 1889.
Summer of 1890. Last Journey Abroad.

These letters have been selected from his correspondence with members of his family, and are a record of his travel and experiences. A few of them were printed in the August and September numbers of *The Century*, and were read with very general interest. One paper, in noticing them, said: "Nothing reveals so impressively the 'great heart' of this unique man as these letters, written of course with no thought of publication. In a single paragraph he tells us more of the people whom he visited and the practices and customs which he saw than others do in a volume."

Another says: "Mr. Brooks describes his experiences with that winning artlessness characteristic of his conversation, and many little expressive phrases will be found to delight the reader."

THE

Phillips Brooks Calendar

A Block Calendar for 1894

With a leaf to tear off for every day, giving a short selection. 75 cents.

For sale at the Bookstores, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

PUBLISHERS

31 West Twenty-third Street, New York

SOME NEW PUBLICATIONS OF THE

Fleming H. Revell Company

The Chronicles of the Sid; or, The Life and Travels of Adelia Gates. By Adela E. Orpen. Illustrated, 8vo, cloth, gilt top..... $2.00

"A sprightly, amusing, and in many ways a remarkable book. 'Sid' means lady or mistress, and is the title by which the heroine of this history was known in the Sahara during her travels there."—*The London Times.*

Fresh Light on Biblical Races. By Prof. A. H. Sayce. Illustrated. 6 vols., in box, 12mo, cloth..... 6.00

This set includes "Social Life Among the Assyrians and Babylonians," recently issued, and five previous works by this author. They were first issued in the series of *By-Paths of Bible Knowledge*, which now comprises twenty volumes by some of the most eminent writers on the subjects indicated by the title.

A History of the Preparation of the World for Christ. By Rev. D. R. Breed, D.D. *New and Revised Edition.* 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2.00

"In broad effectiveness of historic portrayal the author is a master."—*S. S. Times.*

The Divine Unity of the Scriptures. By Adolph Saphir, D.D. 12mo, cloth..... 1.50

A Memoir of Adolph Saphir, D.D. By Rev. Gavin Carlyle, M.A. With photogravure Portrait. Large 8vo, cloth, gilt top..... 2.25

"A very interesting man."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The Christ. By Rev. James H. Brookes, D.D., Editor of "The Truth." 12mo, cloth, 1.25

The Holy Spirit in Missions. By Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D. 12mo, cloth, gilt top..... 1.25

"Fervid and intense."—*Missionary Herald.*

The Early Spread of Religious Ideas, especially in the Far East. By Dr. Joseph Edkins. *By-Paths of Bible Knowledge, No. 19.* 12mo, cloth..... 1.20

Every-Day Religion; or, Common Sense Bible Lessons. By Hannah Whitall Smith, author of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." 12mo, cloth..... 1.00

Sweet First-Fruits. A True Tale of the Nineteenth Century, on the Truth and Virtue of the Christian Religion. Translated from the Arabic. With an Introduction by Sir William Muir. 12mo, cloth..... 1.00

Men and Morals. Addresses. By Rev. James Stalker, M.A. 12mo, cloth, gilt top..... 1.00

"Earnest, striking, and impressive."—*Lutheran Observer.*

Christ the Central Evidence of Christianity, and Other Tracts. By Principal Cairns. 12mo, cloth..... 1.00

Atonement: The Fundamental Fact of Christianity. By Rev. Newman Hall, D.D. 12mo, cloth..... .75

"Cannot have too wide a circulation."—*Christian at Work.*

Jesus Himself. By Rev. Andrew Murray, author of "Abide in Jesus," etc. With Portrait. 18mo, cloth..... .50

Prof. Geo. D. Herron's Works. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, each..... .75

The Call of the Cross. Four College Sermons. Introduction by President George A. Gates.

The Larger Christ. With Introduction by Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D

"It is really almost superfluous to assure our readers that they are fine and strong, weighty words."—*The Outlook.*

Evelyn Everett-Green's Works. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth, each..... 1.50

Tom Heron of Sax. A story of the Great Revival of the Eighteenth Century.

Namesakes. The Story of a Secret.

Old Miss Audrey. A Chronicle of a Quiet Village.

"Writes decidedly interesting stories."—*Congregationalist.*

Sent postpaid on receipt of the price.

NEW YORK: 112 Fifth Avenue. CHICAGO: 150 Madison St. TORONTO: 140 Yonge St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME OF

Estes & Lauriat's

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Now on Sale at all Book-Stores

IVANHOE. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. ANDREW LANG'S *edition*, with notes and introduction. Illustrated with etchings by Lalauze, on Japanese paper. 2 vols., small 8vo, handsomely bound, **$6.00**

LIMITED EDITION of 150 numbered copies on ENFIELD HAND-MADE PAPER, the illustrations on INDIA PAPER, bound in genuine French parchment..... **$15.00**

A worthy successor to our magnificent holiday editions of "ROMOLA," "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII," and "RIENZI."

THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC; or, Venice, Mediæval and Modern. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. With 20 photogravures. Small 8vo, handsomely bound, in case..... **$3.00**

UNIFORM with "THE LILY OF THE ARNO" and "GENOA THE SUPERB," previously issued in the same series of ITALIAN CITIES ILLUSTRATED.

THE NEW PARIS SALON, 1893. 100 photogravures of prize paintings. Text in French. Imperial 8vo, with palette design in gold and colors, **$10.00**

HOLLAND PAPER (100 numbered copies), **$12.00**

AURELIAN, Emperor of Rome. Companion to our holiday edition of ZENOBIA..... **$2.50**

ROME OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. By JOHN DENNIE. With twenty plates in half-tone, small 8vo..... **$2.50**

LUCILE. Handsome holiday edition, with photogravures of landscapes, artistically bound in a case..... **$4.00**

LES MISÉRABLES. New illustrated edition of VICTOR HUGO'S masterpiece. 5 vols., small 8vo..... **$12.50**

RUY BLAS. A sumptuous edition of VICTOR HUGO'S celebrated drama, limited to 500 copies, **$5.00**

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES. ÉDITION JOUAUST. With dainty French etchings. 2 vols., 10mo, half silk..... **$3.00**

JENNY WREN'S BOARDING HOUSE. A new book by JAMES OTIS, author of "TOBY TYLER," etc. Handsomely illustrated, small 4to, cloth..... **$1.25**

SCHOOLBOY DAYS IN ITALY; or, Tito the Florentine. By ANDRÉ LAURIE, author of "SCHOOLBOY DAYS IN RUSSIA." Handsomely illustrated, small 8vo, cloth..... **$1.50**

*** *A complete catalogue of our new publications will be mailed FREE to any address upon application. Any of the above books can be procured from booksellers generally, or will be sent POSTPAID upon receipt of price by the publishers,*

ESTES & LAURIAT

301-305 Washington St., opp. Old South Church
BOSTON

NOW READY **The December and Christmas Superb Double Part of**

The Young Ladies' Journal

Comprising a beautiful colored Fashion Plate of Evening, Ball and Fancy Ball Dresses for Ladies and Children. **Colored Designs for Useful Dolls and Pincushions.** The Gigantic Supplement, with a large number of Winter Paris Fashions and Designs in Fancy Work. A Supplement of Christmas Stories. A Supplement of Music. A Supplement of Christmas Amusements. Special Christmas Cookery, etc., etc. The Commencement of **Two New Serial Stories.** Several Complete Stories. Special Fashion Articles. Also the beautiful colored picture, **"Little Red Riding Hood."** Price 60 cents, including all the Supplements. $4.00 a year, postpaid. For sale by all newsdealers, and

The International News Company, New York.

☞Subscriptions received for any Periodical, Foreign or Domestic.

Where It Goes

More than 150,000 pastors, superintendents, teachers, and Bible students throughout the world receive **The Sunday School Times** every week. This wide circulation is the result of two purposes: First, to make The Sunday School Times the best paper possible for teachers and Bible students; second, to sell it at the lowest possible price.

Its contributors include writers of the highest reputation on both sides of the Atlantic, whether as specialists in Biblical research or as experts in Sunday-school teaching and in methods of Christian work.

The price speaks for itself. At the club package rate of **50 Cents** a year, The Sunday School Times is the cheapest weekly Sunday-school paper in the world. It is within the reach of any school. Specimen copies free.

John D. Wattles & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Subscription Rates.

$0.50 cents a year for each copy in a package of five or more sent to one address;
1.00 a year for each copy in a club of two or more mailed to separate addresses.
One free copy with every ten paid for in a club of either kind.
1.50 a year, single copy.
1.00 a year, single copies to ministers, missionaries, and theological students.

MARVELS OF CHEAPNESS

UNEQUALED IN PRICE; UNSURPASSED IN MERIT

The New Peterson Magazine

Universally commended by the press as one of the best of American Magazines.

Its contributors are among the most popular American writers.

Its illustrations are fine. It is a storehouse of choice literature and art. Its low price is a wonder.

Send $1.00 for a year's subscription, or 50 cents for six months. It will prove a big investment.

Sample Copy, 5 cents.

Arthur's New Home Magazine

Choice Literature, Stories, Poems, Sketches of Travel, History, etc.

FREE CUT-PAPER PATTERNS WORTH **$3.00**

Notes on the newest styles in dress, floriculture, etc.

Valuable household hints, pretty designs in needlework. A piece of choice Music in every number.

All for only $1.00 per year. Handsome premiums for getting up clubs.

Sample Copy, 5 cents.

$1.00
A YEAR

The New Peterson Magazine PHILADELPHIA.

Arthur's New Home Magazine PHILADELPHIA.

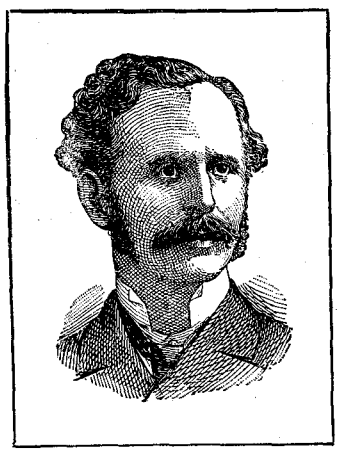
The two Magazines One Year for $1.75.

A HOME AND AN INCOME—In the most healthful section of the United States. No consumption Irrigated farms at small cost. Liberal terms. Great variety of products. Persons of small means, either sex, may make sure incomes. FRUIT VALE IRRIGATION COLONY, 24 Park Place, New York.

BOY'S BRIGADE
GUNS, SWORDS, EQUIPMENTS, ETC.
Best for least money. Send for circular.
FRANCIS BANNERMAN 27 Front St., New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Boys' Brigade" and its Boys.



Prof. Henry Drummond.

We all listen now when Professor **Henry Drummond** talks. This alert scientist has a warm heart for boys. One of his favorite themes is the "**Boys' Brigade,**" on which he writes an admirable article for next year in

The Youth's Companion.

The Programme next year is brighter than ever. **"SWEET CHARITY,"** a beautiful picture of Colonial times, in colors, 14½ x 21 inches in size, presented to all **New** (or Renewing) Subscribers. All New Subscribers sending $1.75 now, get THE COMPANION **FREE** to Jan. 1, and a full year from that date. Sample copies free. Boston, Mass.

The Blakeslee Graded Lessons.

USED EVERY SUNDAY BY OVER 150,000 SCHOLARS.

WHAT THEY ARE.—WHAT THEY HAVE DONE.—WHAT THEY PROPOSE TO DO.

Send postal card for circulars and specimen copies to

The Bible Study Publishing Co., 21 Bromfield St., Boston.

Statesman, Financier, Educator, Missionary

My Life and Times

By CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

Many Portraits and Illustrations. $2.50.

Wonderfully interesting autobiography of an extraordinary man with an extraordinary history. His work in Turkey was providentially opportune. Whether establishing Bekeh Seminary or Robert College, or supplying bread to the British army during the Crimean War, always he was the man of resources.

"We are glad to announce that Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin has yielded to the importunities of many friends who know something of the wonderful fund of incident connected with his long and eventful life and has prepared a volume to be entitled 'My Life and Times.' We venture to say that to intelligent readers, young or old, the book will be as fascinating as any tale they have read."—*Missionary Herald.*

Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society

BOSTON AND CHICAGO

Dr. Hays' **HAIR HEALTH** warranted to renew youthful color to Gray Hair. Most satisfactory Hair grower, 50c. London Supply Co. 853 B'way, New York, will send Hair Book & box HAYS' KILL CORNS, Best Corn Cure, both **FREE**

"Samantha at the World's Fair"

Josiah Allen's Wife's New Book

JUST OUT. Over 100 illustrations by C. De Grimm. Everybody sure to want to read it.

With its 700 pages and handsome binding it settles the puzzling question of selecting a present, and makes just the **IDEAL BOOK FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT.**

AGENTS WANTED. Read what is said by one or two: "Eight orders on my way home—about 3 squares." "It goes like hot cakes. Took six orders this morning." "Nineteen names *taken to-day.*" "*I started out a little while on Saturday and this morning* have twenty orders." **The book sells itself. Every one wants it.** Prices, by mail, or through agents, Cloth, $2.50; Half Russia, $4.00. Handsome prospectus and outfit for agents. Half a million copies sure to be sold. Write at once for terms to agents. $250 can be easily earned by Christmas.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 18-20 Astor Place, New York.

Samantha Meets the Duke of Veragua.

A PROFESSION LEARNED AT HOME

SHORTHAND (made easy by an original method) AND TYPEWRITING

Humphrey's Interlinear Shorthand, (Pitman System) - - $2.50

Humphrey's Typewriters' Manual and Business Letter Writer, $1.50

Perfect Instruments for Self-Instruction

Circulars free. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price, by **The Baker & Taylor Co., 740 Broadway, N. Y.**

Stamped Steel Ceilings

DURABLE DECORATIVE

Made in many patterns. Suitable for all classes of buildings. Easily applied over old plaster without removing it.

Send for catalogue.

H. S. NORTHROP,
30 Rose St., - New York
Boston Office,
4 Liberty Square, Room 34

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS SELECTIONS for 1893. Contains new songs and responsive readings. 16 pages. Price 5 cents per single copy by mail.

JESUS THE NAZARENE, by P. F. Campiglio. A fine Christmas Service of Song and Readings for the Sunday-School. Price 5 cents a single copy by mail.

OTHER CHRISTMAS SERVICES

of the same nature are:—"The Gift of God," "Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh," "Christmas Joy Bells," "Noel," "Good Will to Men," "Peace on Earth," and "The Christ of Bethlehem." Price of each, 5 cents per single copy by mail.

SANTA CLAUS MISSION, by Wm. Ross, with additional songs by J. R. Murray. This is a beautiful new cantata that is sure to please the children of the Sunday-School. It is full of bright and pleasing music and is not at all difficult of preparation. Price 30 cents per single copy by mail.

OTHER CHRISTMAS CANTATAS

are "A Jolly Christmas," "One Christmas Eve," "A Christmas Vision," "The New Santa Claus," "Santa Claus & Co.," "Judge Santa Claus," "Catching Kriss Kringle," "Santa Claus' Mistake," "The Waifs' Christmas." Price of each 30 cents per single copy by mail. "Under the Palms" and "The Choicest Gift" are also suitable for Christmas, though not designed especially for the purpose. Price 30 cts. All of the above cantatas are intended for children, but in the fine work entitled "Bethlehem" by Root & Weatherley, adults will find something worthy of their best efforts. Price 50 cents by mail.

A CHRISTMAS BAZAAR, by Mrs. N. Richey and J. R. Murray This is a new and pleasing entertainment which is neither a cantata or exercise but has the characteristics of both. It is very entertaining and will no doubt meet with much favor. Price 10 cents per single copy.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE, by W. L. Mason is another entertainment which has met with much success and approval. Price 10 cents per single copy.

THE WONDERFUL STORY, by Mary B Brooks and G. F. Root gives the principal events of the life of our Lord while on earth, in beautiful verses, Scripture readings and expressive music. Price 20 cents per single copy by mail.

The December number of the **"MUSICAL VISITOR"** will contain anthems for Christmas and will be a very useful number in that direction. Price 15 cents per copy by mail.

Catalogue of Christmas Music furnished free on application.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,
CINCINNATI—NEW YORK—CHICAGO.

SENT FREE Our 15th Annual Holiday **Catalogue of Choice Books,** suitable for presentation or for the library, at **25 to 50 per cent. reduction** from publishers prices. Send your address **now** and have a copy mailed to you **free.**

ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston.
301-305 WASHINGTON ST., OPP. "OLD SOUTH."

XMAS MUSIC

Christmas Greeting—Prince of Peace—Infant King—Birthday of our King—Four Christmas services complete with scripture r'd'gs, rec't'ns and carols. Samples of any three 10 cts.; the four 15 cts.

Cantatas:—"Santa Claus, Jr." piano or full orchestra accp't; very fine; 30 cts. postp'd. "Santa Claus' Vision" a juvenile cantata, easy, 30 cts., postp'd. Geo. F. Rosche & Co. 945 W. Madison st. Chicago, Ill.

GERMANIA A monthly magazine for the study of the German Language and Literature, is highly recommended by college professors and the press as "the best effort yet made to assist the student of German, and to interest him in his pursuit." Its BEGINNER'S CORNER furnishes every year a complete and interesting course in German Grammar. $2 a year. Single copies 20 cents. P. O. Box 151, Manchester, N. H

FISCHER PIANOS. ESTD 1840.
Grand, Upright and Square.
Moderate Prices.
TO RENT, INSTALMENTS, AND EXCHANGED.
5th Ave., cor. 16th St., N.Y.

STUDY LAW AT HOME. Take a Course in the SPRAGUE Correspondence School of Law. (Incorporated.) Send 10c. stamps for particulars to

J. COTNER, JR., SEC'Y, DETROIT, MICH. No. 30 TELEPHONE BDG.

Christmas HARPER December

THIS NUMBER presents a holiday array of good things, and is conspicuously strong in American fiction. BRANDER MATTHEWS contributes **A Thanksgiving Dinner** (with illustrations), the first of his **Vignettes of Manhattan,** and OWEN WISTER a Western story, **The Winning of the Biscuit-Shooter.** HOWARD PYLE writes and illustrates a striking historical story. The Number contains two Southern stories (both illustrated), one by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK, and the other by RUTH MCENERY STUART. The first of WILLIAM MCLENNAN'S Dramatic Sketches of the French Revolution appears in this Number, and SARAH ORNE JEWETT tells a story. Both of these stories are illustrated. **A Watch in the Night** is the title of an interesting study by HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, and **Sweet Punch** is a retrospective monologue by J. LINCOLN STEFFENS. **The Old Dominion** is a profusely illustrated article on Virginia, by THOMAS NELSON PAGE. THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR, M.P., writes entertainingly of **The House of Commons** (with illustrations), and FREDERIC REMINGTON describes and illustrates Mexican Life in **An Outpost of Civilization.** EDWIN A. ABBEY continues his series of illustrations to Shakespeare's Comedies with **Two Gentlemen of Verona,** with Comment by ANDREW LANG. Poems are contributed by AUSTIN DOBSON, ALICE ARCHER SEWALL, O. C. STEVENS, and ALICE BROWN, and the Number contains the usual variety of entertainment in the **Editorial Departments.**

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

EDUCATIONAL

New York City

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY
Oldest and best known in U. S.
Established 1855. **3 East 14th Street, N. Y.**

Mary B. Whiton, A.B., and Lois A. Bangs
43 West 47th Street, N. Y.
Academic Classes for Girls
Established to prepare for all colleges for women. Preparatory and Primary Classes. Resident students.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT of the TEACHERS' COLLEGE—A two years' course required; number of students limited. Privilege of electing work in ten departments of the College. Application may be made at once for places in the class opening September, 1894. For entrance in the present year application may be made not later than October 20th.
9 University Place, New York City.

MADEMOISELLE VELTIN
Day School for Girls
will reopen October 5, at its new, specially constructed fire-proof building,
160 AND 162 WEST 74th ST., N. Y.

Connecticut

THE CURTIS SCHOOL FOR YOUNG BOYS.—$500. 19th year. My 50-page circular tells what education means for a boy here. Formation of character stands first with us. No new boy over 13.
FREDERICK S. CURTIS, Ph.B. (Yale '69),
Brookfield Center, Conn.

WOODSIDE SEMINARY, Hartford, Conn. (*in the suburbs*).—Every advantage for culture, study, and health. Terms, $500 to $600. Number limited. Engagements now for September, 1894.
Miss SARA J. SMITH, Prin.

Massachusetts

Eastern Teachers' Agency
50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.
No charge to school officials for teachers.
E. F. FOSTER, Manager.

BRADFORD ACADEMY, Bradford, Mass.
SOCIAL REUNION
A cordial invitation is extended to all former teachers and pupils of Bradford Academy to a reunion at the VENDOME, Boston, **Wednesday, December 6, 1893,** from 2 to 6 P.M. Lunch at 3:30 o'clock, followed by addresses. Charge per plate, $1.50. Husbands cordially invited. Apply for tickets before Nov. 18, to
Miss M. C. BARSTOW, Bradford, Mass.

THE ROGERS HALL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
LOWELL, MASS.
Mrs. E. P. UNDERHILL, M.A., Principal.

HOME SCHOOL FOR 30 BOYS. DUMMER ACADEMY, South Byfield, Essex Co., Mass. 130th year. Fits for any College or Scientific School. Farm of over 300 acres belongs to and adjoins Academy grounds. Good facilities for salt-water bathing and boating. Tutoring done through the summer. Address
JOHN W. PERKINS, Master.

New Jersey

LAKEWOOD HEIGHTS SCHOOL
LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY
AMONG THE PINES. A thorough and attractive **School for Boys.** JAMES W. MOREY.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.
MISS DANA'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Prepares for any College. Resident, native French and German teachers. Special courses in Music and Art. Terms, $700.00 per year.

MISS TOWNSEND'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, 54 Park Place, **Newark, New Jersey,** reopens September 27. Best advantages. College preparation. Circulars sent on application.

THE HENRY C. DE MILLE PREPARATORY BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, Pompton, N. J., opens Oct. 3d, 1893. Full classical and scientific courses. The modern languages, theory of music, and complete course in art and physical culture included in regular school work. No extras. Gymnasium. Grounds of 76 acres. Send for catalogue to
Mrs. H. C. DE MILLE.

New York

CHAUTAUQUA
is a household word. It stands for self-education at home. Parents and children often drift apart as the latter make rapid mental progress. Systematic
LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC
reading prevents such separation. The majority of the 210,000 members are between 30 and 40 years. "Education ends only with life." Here is a definite plan for you. Join the great
CIRCLE
Write for detailed plans to JOHN H. VINCENT,
Drawer **194,** Buffalo, N. Y.

FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE—Five courses, with preparatory, for young women and girls. Superb buildings and appointments. Rates proportional from date of admission. See catalogue. JOS. E. KING, D.D., Fort Edward, N. Y.

Pennsylvania

MORAVIAN SEMINARY, Bethlehem, Pa.—Founded 1749. Healthful location; refined, Christian home-life; thorough education, preparing for a broadly cultured womanhood rather than a special trade or profession. Winter Term begins Jan. 4, 1894.
J. MAX HARK, D.D., Principal.

WALNUT LANE SCHOOL
Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. Boarding and Day School for Girls. 37th year opens Sept. 27. Academical and college preparatory courses. For circular address
Mrs. THEODORA B. RICHARDS, Principal.
Miss SARA LOUISE TRACY, A.M., Associate Prin.

Mechanical Drawing
MECHANICS, MINING, PROSPECTING, ARITHMETIC, ETC., may be studied **at Home.** Write for FREE circular to THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MECHANICS, Scranton, Pa.

TYPEWRITERS
Unprejudiced advice given. All makes half-price. Shipped anywhere for examination. Exchanging a Specialty. Monthly payments. 52-page cat. free.
TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS 145 Liberty St., New York. 186 Monroe St., Chicago.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Financial

The condition of the Government Treasury does not mend. It was thought that during the present month—as the pension payments would be small—the loss on the general Treasury balance would be light, but the decrease is about $4,000,000 for the first half of the month, with an estimate that is likely to equal, if not exceed, this figure for the last half, making an aggregate loss of $8,000,000. Customs duties are very light, and the internal revenue equally so, due to the severity of the times; and these are the only two sources from which the Government obtains its income. The Treasury balance is now *$96,666,819*, including both gold and currency; of the former there is $85,794,757.

Sterling bills were more in demand this week, and were quoted for actual business—for demand bills at $4.84½ at the close, which is above the gold import rate. The demand was due in part to loans coming due, made on sterling exchange sixty days ago, and in part to some realization of profits in American stocks by the London market. On the other hand, grain and cotton bills were not in great supply. We have shipped both of these staples in larger quantity this year than last, but, for the week, there was a distinct falling off in the movement here. Our exports, however, of all of our products for the season have been extraordinary; especially is this true of cereals, more particularly of wheat.

The exports of gold to the other side for the year, thus far, amount to nearly $71,000,000, and the imports of the metal—all of which date from about July 1—amount to nearly $62,000,000, which shows against us only about $9,000,000; as we are a gold-producing nation, and coin about $25,000,000, more or less, annually, it is plain that we have more gold coin and bullion in the country to-day than a year ago. As this is not in the Government Treasury, it follows that it is in the hands of the people and in the banks; the latter are much stronger in gold coin than a year ago; they would gladly exchange this coin with the Government for gold certificates if it could be done, but the law provides that the Government shall cease issuing these deposit certificates when the regular gold reserve falls below the $100,000,000 in the general Treasury. All gold taken in exchange for these deposit certificates is put to a special account in the Treasury, having no connection with the regular gold reserve, and the requirement that no certificate-issues should be permitted after the gold in the regular reserve had fallen below the $100,000,000 point was made so that a replenishment of the regular Treasury reserve from the outside supply could be insured more easily thereby. It is anticipated that the Ways and Means Committee will soon publish the modifications to the tariff contemplated by the Committee. Until the general public can know what these changes are to be, all kinds of business are held in suspense. All the markets are, therefore, waiting—from the stock market to the cereal; all manufacturers are simply making from hand to mouth, and keeping as little of a stock as possible. As every kind of business is thus stagnant, the consumption is greatly curtailed, and mills, factories, shops, manufactories of all descriptions, are thus running short-handed and short-time, or not running at all. The Mayor of Philadelphia has canvassed the city, and finds about 48,000 men idle who are usually at work. This fact is not confined to any one city or State, but it is true of every manufacturing center in the North and South; it is a condition likely to last through the winter, and foreshadows great deprivation and suffering. This will be especially true if radical changes are made in the tariff. It will thus be seen that we are "confronted with a condition, and not a theory." Politics should have very little to do with it; poverty bids fair to be a chief factor in the situation.

Railways show comparatively meager gross earnings in some cases, but such radical economies have been introduced—from necessity—into the managements that, generally speaking, the net earnings are relatively better. The stock market is featureless, and is essentially a professional market, where the traders and small operators make most of the fluctuations and dealings; the variations are, therefore, small and frequent, with only slight changes on the general list for the week. An irregularity discovered in the Bank of England during the week, involving a possible loss of £1,000,000, created a momentary effect. The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease	$1,253,200
Specie, increase	1,279,400
Legal tenders, increase	8,598,400
Deposits, increase	8,944,200
Reserve, increase	7,641,750

This gives the banks a surplus reserve of about $65,500,000. Money has ruled on call about 1 1-2 per cent.

WALL STREET.

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY

Office, Company's Building,
308 & 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia

HOME Savings and Loan ASSOCIATION of MINNEAPOLIS

Paid-in Capital, $1,000,000

I offer a variety of safe investments guaranteed by this Association. City Mortgages, Coupon Certificates, and Collateral Trust Gold Bonds. The latter secured by a special deposit with a trust company of **First Mortgages on City Real Estate,** at the rate of **160 per cent. of Mortgages** for every bond issued.
Interest from six to eight per cent.
For pamphlet address H. F. NEWHALL Manager Eastern Office
535 Drexel Building, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞ Persons who have made unsatisfactory investments in Minneapolis or St. Paul are invited to correspond with me. Perhaps I can be of service. ☜

COLLECTIONS.
Western Mortgages.
Holders of western mortgages obtained through defunct companies are finding
The Atlas Land and Investment Co., of Lawrence, Kansas,
the best and cheapest agency for collecting interest and principal, foreclosing defaulted mortgages, looking up back taxes, renting and selling land. The Atlas Co. has rendered valuable service to many hundred investors at a minimum expense. We have a few choice, safe loans where we personally know both security and borrowers. Correspondence solicited. L. H. PERKINS, President.

BEST BARGAINS
ever given in Orange Groves, Houses, City Lots, and Unimproved Land. Call on or address
H. A. DE LAND, De Land, Florida.

10% Annual cash dividends past 8 years, pure Building Association no speculative features. Small and large deposits received. Particulars free.
PROVIDENT SAVING ASS'N, Indianapolis, Ind.

Your Money Matters

$ are they getting proper care? Our pamphlet on investments may help you make principal safer and interest larger. It is sent free.

The Provident Trust Co. 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Please mention The Outlook

Notes and Queries

I conceive the meaning of Paul in Rom. v., 7, to be: "Scarcely any one would die even for a *righteous* man, though some would perhaps even *dare* [desire, with defiance] to do it." Is there any reason in this version? H. L. B.

The contrast is in the different degrees of sympathy inspired by a character of integrity ("righteous") and a character of benevolence ("good"). "Would dare to die" means no more than "would brave death"—not with defiance, but with courage.

1 Cor. xv., 22: "For as in Adam all die." Does this refer to physical death as well as to spiritual death? H. H. B.

"In Adam" means in Adam's likeness, or like Adam. "All die" refers to physical death only. The sense of the whole passage is: As all die like as Adam died, even so shall all be made alive, *i. e.*, raised to life in the resurrection state, as Christ was raised.

Please explain what are the sixth and seventh books of Moses. I have evidence of their existence years ago, and that Luther did not translate them. Also, what is the precise meaning of the Hexateuch now so much talked about? CONSTANT READER.

No such books are extant or known of. The "Hexateuch" literally means "the Six Books," counting together the five books of Moses and the book of Joshua.

Your correspondent, D. W. Woods, Jr., of October 28, will find a short sketch of Charles Heavysege, a Canadian poet, in Vol. III. of Appleton's Encyclopædia of American Biography, page 155. M. L. H.

The Supplement to "Allibone" also contains a brief sketch of Heavysege.

In answer to S. A. H., who asks in Notes and Queries about Christian Science, I would say, as a Scientist, that its followers increase. If S. A. H. wishes information on this subject, I would recommend the November number of the "Christian Science Journal," published by the Christian Science Publishing Society, 62 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. This number contains many of the papers read at the Congress of Religions in Chicago. The May, 1893, number of the "Journal" gives in the "Buswell Case" an excellent presentation of points for those interested in the subject. The text-book of the Science is "Science and Health," by Mary B. Y. Eddy, published at the same place, price $3. It contains the *full* statement of the Science. A. T.

Can any reader tell exactly where in the writings of James Russell Lowell can be found the sentence (used on the cover of The Christian Union of November 5, 1892): "The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him"? X.

Where can the following lines be found:

"All saints, the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep,
The bravely dumb that did their deed
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain, heroic breed
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame."
S. I. C.

I should be glad to learn who is the author of the following lines:

"Ask God to give thee skill in comfort's art,
That thou may'st consecrated be and set apart
Unto a life of sympathy;
For heavy is the weight of ill in many a heart,
And comforters are needed much of Christlike touch." F.

Will some one say who was the author of these lines:

"With quiet mind thy course of duty run;
God nothing does nor suffers to be done
But thou wouldst do if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as he"? J. E.

Can any one supply the fourth line of this verse, and give the author's name?

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first, and thou shalt see—"
E. A. U.

L. J. P. asks for the author of the poem beginning with the lines:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

John A. Joice is the author. M.

The poem—

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you"—

is written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and published in "Christmas Booklet," by Ibbotson Brothers, of Richfield Springs, N. Y., at 25 cents. B.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

City Hotels

CARDS and information in regard to any city or city hotel may be obtained without charge of the Recreation Department.

If you are going to any city new to you, and desire to know about the city and its hotels, write and you will receive an answer by return mail.

The English Exhibition Train

Mr. C. A. Barattoni, the General Agent of the London and Northwestern Railway in North America, will personally accompany the English train on its exhibition trip over the New York Central. Mr. Barattoni says this will be the first time that a train of the English pattern ever run on the tracks of an American railroad. The Compound Express Passenger Locomotive "Queen Empress," which will haul the train, is one of the latest productions of the great locomotive works of the L. & N. W. R'y Co., at Crewe. Since the opening of the World's Fair it has been greatly admired by all classes of visitors for its design, high finish, and workmanship, and because it presents many noteworthy points of contrast with locomotives of American construction and design. The carriages and sleeping saloons which complete the English train seem very wonderful to unaccustomed eyes. The interest will certainly be heightened by the opportunity to examine them closely side by side with the prize train of the Wagner Palace Car Co., the record-breaker No. 999, and the famous DeWitt Clinton engine and train. All these trains will travel in company, and it is expected that crowds will turn out to greet them all along the line. The New York Central will run excursions at low rates to the various points of exhibition to enable every one to go. Complete arrangements will be announced later.

Take the New York Central's fast express from Grand Central Station at 10:30 A.M., and reach Millbrook in time for lunch.

TOURS

FOR THE WINTER GO TO
BERMUDA
48 hours by elegant Steamships weekly.
FOR WINTER TOURS GO TO THE
WEST INDIES
28-day trip. 15 days in the Tropics. $4 a day for transportation, meals, and stateroom. Quebec Steamship Co.
A. E. Outerbridge & Co., Agts., **39** Broadway, N.Y.,
or **Thos. Cook & Sons**, Agents, **261** Broadway, N.Y.

EGYPT, Palestine, &c. 3d Private Party. *Special advantages. Reduced cost.* **Summer Tour in Europe.** References and particulars of Rev. H. A. TODD, Corona (L. I.), N. Y

FOREIGN HOTELS

BERMUDA
THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT.
THE PRINCESS HOTEL
This new and commodious hotel will open Dec. 10th. For terms, circulars, etc., address
N. S. HOWE, Hamilton, Bermuda, or
A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., **39** Broadway, N. Y.

RESORTS

California

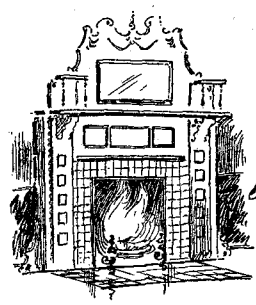
MIRAMAR EL MONTECITO, California
Flag Station on So. Pacific R.R., 4 Miles East of SANTA BARBARA
This beautiful resort opens its Winter season with a fine new dining-room added to its already attractive home and adjacent cottages. Splendid beach, with sea-bathing at all seasons. Santa Ynez Mountains, with the famous Hot Sulphur Springs, 2½ miles distant. Views, drives, and rides of incomparable beauty. Fishing, tennis-court, rose garden, and semi-tropical foliage. Address
Mrs. JOSIAH DOULTON,
Miramar, Santa Barbara, California (Box 660)

THE PAINTER PASADENA, CAL.
Elevation, 1,000 feet above the sea. Thirty miles from the Coast. Magnificent view of Pasadena, the San Gabriel Valley, and the Sierra Madre Mountains. Fine drives. Pure mountain water. Sanitary conditions perfect. Table fully up to the standard. Elevator. Hot-water heating. A home to spend a winter in a mild climate, amid sunshine, fruit, and flowers. Street-cars pass the door. Address M. D. PAINTER.

A Delightful Outing

for a week or more may be enjoyed (at comparatively small expense) at Lakewood, Barnegat Park, Atlantic City, or Vineland, N. J.; the Hudson River winter resorts, Millbrook, and other attractive places easily and quickly reached from New York. Information as to hotel and railroad rates, with pamphlets and time-tables, etc., will be cheerfully furnished free by the

Recreation Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Pl., N.Y.



A CHEERY PLACE

to keep your health or regain it is at **BARNEGAT PARK, N. J.** Two weeks at **"THE PINES" HOTEL,** around the open fireplaces and strolling through the **PINES OF NEW JERSEY** will be time well spent. Many persons owe their lives to the **FINE WINTER CLIMATE** of Barnegat Park. Write the Recreation Department for further information and pamphlet.

California

LOS ANGELES: The Hollenbeck
Illustrated book describing Southern California sent on request by A. C. BILICKE & CO.

Hotel Pleasanton
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
The largest, best appointed, and most liberally managed Family and Tourists' Hotel in San Francisco. American Plan only. Rates, $3.00 and upwards per day.
CAMPBELL T. HEDGE, Proprietor.

Hotel Terracina
REDLANDS, CAL.
In the beautiful San Bernardino Valley. Magnificent scenery. A wonderful combination of Roses, Lillies, Orange-blossoms, and snow-capped Mountains.
Wm. M. Tisdale, Mgr. Campbell T. Hedge, Prop.

Colorado

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.: The Antlers
Illustrated book, describing Colorado Springs, sent on request by E. BARNETT, Proprietor.

Connecticut

MISS SARA P. TINGLEY
who has had several years' experience in the care and training of young children, at home and in the Kindergarten, will receive into her home at
Maple Farm, Windham, Conn.
a limited number of children from 3 to 6 years of age, and will take children whose parents may wish to travel.

District of Columbia

THE ARDMORE Thirteenth St., bet. E and F, N. W., Washington, D.C. Family hotel; central location; convenient to cars and places interest; no liquors. Terms, $1.50 to $2.50 per day. T. M. HALL.

THE FREDONIA WASHINGTON, D. C.
American ($2 and up) and European ($1 and up). Quiet and Homelike. G. H. LA FETRA, Proprietor.

Georgia

THOMASVILLE, GA.
Piney Woods Hotel
SEASON OPENS DEC. 16, 1893
M. A. BOWER, Proprietor.
For particulars, rates, etc., address
WM. E. DAVIES, Manager, Thomasville, Ga., or
Fred H. Schofield, Windsor Hotel, N. Y. City.

Massachusetts

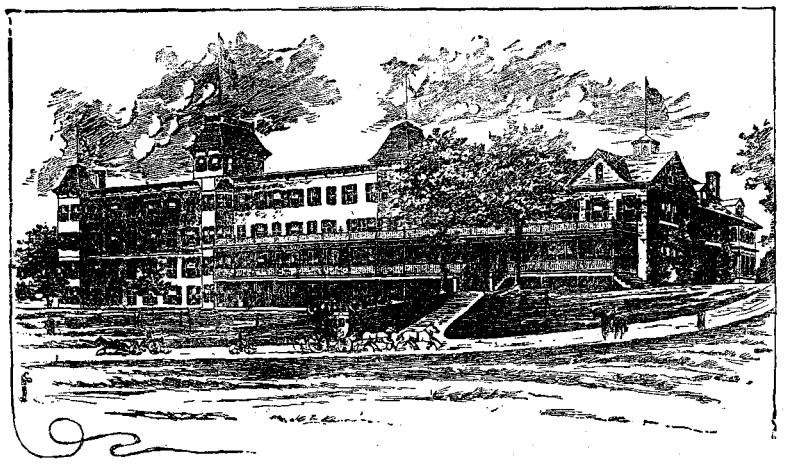
Dr. Allan Mott Ring
Receives at his **Sanatorium, Arlington Heights, Mass.,** eight miles from Boston, a limited number of selected cases of NERVOUS DISEASE in both sexes, as well as convalescents, and persons requiring Rest from Overwork or other causes. Descriptive circular sent on application.

Minnesota

HOTEL RYAN, St. Paul, Minn.—Leading hotel of the city. Cuisine of superior excellence. Fireproof. Service unsurpassed. *Rates, $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, and $5.* EUGENE MEHL & SON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Model Winter Home



NEW LANGWOOD HOTEL

300 feet of glass-inclosed piazza with southern exposure, heated by steam and filled with tropical plants, give its guests a Bermuda climate. Its location—300 feet above the sea—gives a dry, pure Atmosphere, beautiful Scenery, and lovely Sunset Views. The Langwood is modern in every appointment and first-class in every particular. Pure water from mineral springs; steam; open fires; electricity—all these only 30 minutes from Haymarket Square, Boston, at **Wyoming.** 60 daily trains; 8½c. fares. Warm carriages to house. $2.50 to $4 per day. Unsurpassed table.

THE MOST PERFECT SANITARIUM TO BE FOUND

Address Post Office Box 2,721, Boston; or Melrose, Mass. G. F. BUTTERFIELD, Manager.

New Jersey

The BRENTFORD
Cor. Madison Ave. and Sixth St., **LAKEWOOD, N. J.**
October to June. Address Miss A. M. MYERS.

THE BUCKINGHAM Opposite Laurel House
LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY
First-class; rates moderate; circulars.

THE CLIFTON
N. W. Corner Clifton Avenue and Fourth Street,
MISS A. E. ODGERS. **LAKEWOOD, N. J.**

LAKEWOOD, N. J.—Forest Lodge, 2d St., near Madison Av., has the modern improvements; rooms are large and handsomely furnished; superior table and accommodations. For circulars address THOS. NOBLE.

LAKEWOOD, N. J. HARRIS COTTAGE
One block east of "The Lakewood." Open fireplaces, sun parlor, electrical treatment, massage. Mrs. E. HARRIS.

LAKEWOOD, New Jersey
Laurel House
NOW OPEN
PORTER & JUDD, Managers

THE LENOX
LAKEWOOD, N. J.—This new Hotel has every modern improvement. Address D. H. PAUL.

THE PARK VIEW
LAKEWOOD, N. J. | CHAS. W. WOODLAND, Prop.

HEALTH RESORT
BAKER HOUSE, Vineland, N. J.
Pure air, pure water, no malaria. Open year round. Terms $2 per day, $7 to $10 per week.
S. R. FOWLER, Prop.

New York

The Jackson Sanatorium
DANSVILLE, NEW YORK
(ESTABLISHED IN 1858.)

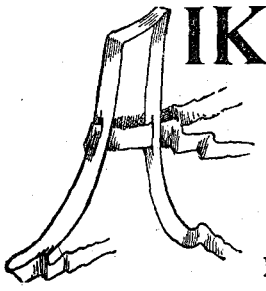
Elevated location, 1,200 ft. above sea-level, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley.

Personal Care of experienced Physicians. All valuable forms of treatment. Provision for rest, recreation, and amusement.

Elegant **fire-proof** main building and twelve cottages. Asphalt Roof promenade. Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone. Cuisine under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua Cooking School.

On line D., L. & W. R. R., between New York and Buffalo. Open all the year. For illustrated circular, etc., address J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Sec'y.

WINTER SANATORIUM AT
LAKEWOOD
New Jersey
Open to June. For information address H. J. CATE, M.D.



AIKEN, S. C.
Highland Park Hotel
OPEN NOVEMBER 15th
B. P. CHATFIELD Proprietor

New York

COUNTRY HOME for **Patients, Invalids, Convalescents.** 40 minutes out; Harlem R. R. New house; sanitary sewerage; bath-rooms; steam heat DR. GEO. D. CLIFT, Hartsdale, Westchester Co., N. Y

Dr. Strong's Sanitarium
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, open fireplaces, sun-parlor and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with private baths. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all remedial appliances. New Turkish and Russian baths never surpassed in Oriental elegance and completeness. Send for illustrated circular.

North Carolina

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Castle Rest. House pleasantly situated; high elevation. Complete sanitary condition. Best of references given. Moderate rates. Mrs. SCHIRRMEISTER, No. 24 Grove St.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Board, at a pleasant house, centrally located. Large, sunny rooms; attractive grounds. Northern management. Mrs. H. N. LOWELL, 77 Charlotte Street.

North Carolina

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH?
Write for Descriptive Circular of

Oakland Heights Hotel
ASHEVILLE N. C.
ocation, appointments, and climate perfect. HEALTH RECREATION REST

THE SWANNANOA ASHEVILLE N. C.
Strictly good, medium-priced, all-the-year family hotel.
R. R. RAWLS.

(*For other advertisements in this department see following page.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pennsylvania

WALTER'S SANITARIUM

Walter's Park, Wernersville, Pa.

A DELIGHTFUL WINTER RESORT IN SOUTHERN PENNA.
ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

South Carolina

For Rent, Furnished, in Aiken, S. C.
Mrs. Schaub's Cottage, known as The Bellevue. For further information address Mrs. E. SCHAUB, Aiken, S.C.

AIKEN, S. C. Busch House
Rates, $2 per day. Special rates by week.
HENRY BUSCH, Proprietor.

Miss SEDGWICK'S COTTAGE
Private Board
St. Thaddeus Square, Aiken, S. C.

TO RENT SUNNY CLIFF AIKEN, S. C. Mrs. Lawton would be pleased to communicate with any one desiring a private house in Aiken. Board furnished if desired

WEST VIEW AIKEN, S. C.
Private Board. Accommodates 30. Near Highland Park Hotel.

HOBKIRK INN, Camden, S. C.—Now open; est. 1882; 23 hours from N. Y.; Northern management; sunny rooms; open pitch-pine fires; mild, dry climate; sandy soil; circulars; references.
F. W. ELDREDGE, Prop.

UFTON COURT, Camden, S. C.—Old-fashioned Southern home, beautifully situated, half a mile from depot, post-office, etc. Charming walks and drives. No malaria. Sandy soil and pines. For terms, Northern references, and printed matter address
Mrs ROGER GRISWOLD PERKINS.

PINE FOREST INN
WINTER RESORT
Summerville, South Carolina
OPENS NOVEMBER 15, 1893
HARVEY S. DENISON, Manager
A new substantial and elegant property AMIDST THE PINES, unlimited attractions, 22 miles from CHARLESTON, frequent trains.
New York office, Murray Hill Hotel.
Chicago office, Hotel Richelieu.

TRAVEL

Perfect road-bed, four tracks, fine cars, elegant service, quick time, and Grand Central Station—all by the New York Central; the best line between New York or Boston and Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.

For a copy of one of the "Four-Track Series" send two 2-cent stamps to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

MEDITERRANEAN
EXPRESS LINE
Magnificent Twin-screw Steamers of 13-16,000 H.P. Regular service beginning Nov. 4 from New York direct to **ALGIERS, NAPLES,** and **GENOA.** Also from New York via Algiers and Naples to **ALEXANDRIA,** Egypt.
Grand ORIENT EXCURSION
per Fuerst Bismarck, from New York, Feb. 1, '94.
Steamers hold the record for fastest time between New York and the European Continent.
Sailings and Price-list, Illustrated Pamphlet, and Travelers' Guide sent free to any address.
HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET CO.
37 Broadway, New York. | 125 La Salle St., Chicago.

Bits of Fun

Incautious Acquaintance—May I have a word of advice from you? Far-Western Senator—Ten thousand!—*Chicago Record.*

"Right here," said the minister, "I would like to have the cents of this meeting. The collectors will proceed."—*Plain Dealer.*

George—You would marry the biggest fool in the world, if he asked you, wouldn't you? Ethel—Oh, George, this is so sudden!—*Vogue.*

He (an old hand)—They have dropped their anchor. She (a beginner)—Serve them right! It has been hanging over the side all day long.—*Tid-Bits.*

Works Both Ways.—Goodman—Do you ever think of the good old saying that it's more blessed to give than to receive? Pugsley—Yes, when I've got the boxing-gloves on I do.—*Vogue.*

"Isn't there something the matter with the feet in this poem?" asked the editor. "Sir," replied the haughty man, who stood by his desk, "I am a poet, not a chiropodist."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Faddleby—What a rude woman Mrs. Hiflier is! She always looks back at people who pass her. Mr. Faddleby—How do you know? Mrs. Faddleby—Why, I caught her at it several times myself.—*Judge.*

"Now, lady, look beautiful and happy," said a Williams Street photographer to the young woman. "So! that's it. There, I have you. Now you may resume your natural expression."—*Buffalo Courier.*

The other day a poorly dressed woman stopped a gentleman on Madison Avenue, near Eighty-ninth Street, and asked him to direct her to "St. Luke's Home for Indignant Christian Females." She meant indigent, instead of indignant.—*New York Tribune.*

"Oh! doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science." "Oh! that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."—*Tägliche Rundschau.*

"You're from Oklahoma, are you?" said the long-whiskered passenger on his way to a Populist Convention. "Well, what seems to be the situation out there?" "I couldn't find any," replied the passenger with the frazzled trousers. And the conversation lagged.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Maud—And, pa, what did Professor Crotchet say of my piano-playing? Pa—He was quite extravagant in his praise. He said you possessed an originality in execution that was truly remarkable. He said he had heard some of your pieces performed by the greatest masters, and not one of them played them as you did.—*Boston Transcript.*

Larger Attendance Desired.—"Before dismissing the congregation," observed the Rev. Mr. Goodman, "I wish, on behalf of the janitor and myself, to extend to the other members of the church a cordial invitation to attend our regular prayer-meeting next Wednesday evening. We will now sing the doxology and be dismissed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

We are reminded of the old Vermont story of Ethan Allen at the special thanksgiving service after the capture of Ticonderoga. The officiating clergyman was ascribing all the praise for that cheering success of the American arms to Heaven. The Colonel stood it as long as he could; then he rose in his pew. "Parson ——," he said, "would you mind mentioning that Ethan Allen was there?"—*Hartford Courant.*

The Acme of Physical Comfort

The very acme of physical comfort is reached when traveling upon the New York Central Roads, and nowhere upon the face of the globe can more beautiful scenery be found than that disclosed by these varied routes. One never tires of the Hudson River, and the Mohawk region, so loved by poets, is always a feast to the eye and a delight to the soul. Then as we go on and keep our eyes open we come upon some of the loveliest sheets of water on the top of the earth—Cayuga Lake for one, and, farther on, Canandaigua Lake, uniquely and blissfully situated.—*Eleanor Kirk.*

PETER MÖLLER'S NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

THIS Oil is prepared by an improved process, which is the result of years of scientific investigation, and may confidently be relied upon as being free from disagreeable taste and smell and

Of Absolute Purity.

Möller's Oil always gives Satisfactory Results because of its Perfect Digestibility and the fact that it may be Continuously Administered without causing gastric disturbance.

In flat, oval bottles, capsuled and hermetically sealed and dated. Ask for Moller's Pure Oil.

For sale at all properly stocked drug stores in the United States and Canada.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co.,
NEW YORK,
Sole Agents for the U. S. and Canada.

BUY BEAUTIFUL LAMPS FOR GIFTS
With Exquisite Shades.

Buy the **new lamp**

The "Miller,"

(Patented 1893).

It has no equal—is perfect in every respect.

Every lamp warranted.

We make styles for home, office, store, factory, church, etc.

Over one thousand varieties to select from.

Insist on having **The "Miller" lamp** from dealers.

We mail Illustrated Catalogue out of city on application.

Manufactured and for sale by

Edward Miller & Co.,
(Est'd 1844),
10&12 College Pl., bet. Park Pl. & Barclay St., N.Y.
In Boston at **63** Pearl St. Factories at Meriden, Ct.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.00. RIFLES $2.00 WATCHES

GUNS

BICYCLES $15
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to
POWELL & CLEMENT CO.
166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

SUBSCRIBERS' WANTS

Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

A LADY who has traveled much abroad will take six young ladies to Europe, for travel or study, in February, 1894. Has been Principal of Female Seminary, and is accustomed to the care of girls. References exchanged. For particulars address C. E. H., No. 5,504, care of The Outlook Co.

MAN aged 22, well educated, thoroughly reliable and capable, wishes engagement requiring strict application and hard work, and offering opportunity for advancement. Good health and habits. References given. Address LYMAN, No. 5,503, care The Outlook.

CULTURED HOME, unexceptionable location, delightful room, is offered in New York to *two* young ladies or *two parlor boarders* studying higher English, French, German. Terms low. IRVING, 696 Madison Avenue.

AMERICAN GIRL, refined and educated, from 18 to 22 years old, to assist mother with sewing and other household duties. Address, stating age, reference, and wages expected, SACMOOR, Plainfield, New Jersey.

TRAINED NURSE desires position in hospital, sanitarium, or institution, or would take charge of invalid. South preferred. Address Miss SWAN, 300 Academy St., Trenton, N. J.

PLEASANT HOME AND CHRISTIAN TRAINING for two or three little girls at the Elderage School, New Haven, Conn. The Misses BANGS Prins.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ought to Know

An English gentleman who believed that his name was honorably known in connection with his learned "History of the Mongols" once had reason to reflect upon the uncertainty of fame. An exchange tells the story.

Sir Henry Howorth sat at dinner next to a lady whose mind seemed full of the diseases and distresses of her pet dog, and who bombarded Sir Henry with questions as to what should be done for the animal.

Not being satisfied with his replies, she finally expressed her great disappointment at his ignorance, and remarked:

"Well, Sir Henry, I must say I did think you would have told me how to manage my little dog, particularly as it is cross-bred—you who wrote that delightful 'History of the Mongrels!'"

Books Received

BRENTANO'S, NEW YORK

Francis, Edward. Life of Wagner. 50 cts.

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE CO., NEW YORK

The Religious Forces of the United States. Introduction by H. K. Carroll. $2.50.

THE CONTEMPORARY PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Peary, Josephine D., and R. E. Peary. My Arctic Journal, and the Great White Journey Across Greenland. $2.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK

Brooks, Phillips. Letters of Travel. $2.

Longfellow Calendar for 1894. 35 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Hodskins, Georgia A. Little People's Reader.

GEORGE GOTTSBERGER PECK, NEW YORK

Von Hillern, Wilhelmine. On the Cross. 50 cts.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Deland, Margaret. The Old Garden, and Other Verses. Decorated by Walter Crane. $4.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas. Polly Oliver's Problem. $1.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Natural History of Intellect, and Other Papers. $1.75.

HOWARD PUBLISHING CO., DETROIT

Owen, Orville W., M.D. Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Writings. 50 cts.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Sienkiewicz, Henryk. Pan Michael. $2.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Walker, Jane H., M.D. A Handbook for Mothers. $1.

Nansen, Fridtjof. Eskimo Life. Translated by William Archer. $4.

Björnson, Björnstjerne. Pastor Sang. Translated by William Wilson. $1.50.

Furneaux, W. The Out-Door World. $2.50.

De Salis, Mrs. Dogs: A Manual for Amateurs. 60 cts.

D. LOTHROP CO., BOSTON

Lowe, Martha Perry. The Olive and the Pine. $1.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Kipling, Rudyard. Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads. $1.25.

Leslie, George D. Letters to Marco. $1.1.50.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, NEW YORK

Salisbury, W. A. Portugal and its People. $1.50.

Stredder, Eleanor. Doing and Daring. $1.25.

Stirling, Amelia H. Torch-Bearers of History. 80 cts.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

MacDonald, George. The Light Princess. $1.75.

Trumbull, William. The Legend of the White Canoe. $2.50.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Johnston, James, M.D. Reality versus Romance in South Central Africa. $5.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON

Higginson, Thomas W., and Mary T. Higginson. Such as They Are. Poems.

Chandler, Horace P. The Lover's Year-Book of Poetry. 2 Vols. $2.50.

Campbell, Helen. Women Wage-Earners. $1.

Schreiner, Olive. Dream Life and Real Life. 60 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Carnegie, Andrew. Triumphant Democracy. $3.

De Saint-Amand, Imbert. The Court of Louis XV. Translated by Elizabeth G. Martin. $1.25.

Harris, Joel Chandler. Evening Tales. (From the French of Frédéric Ortoli). $1.

TAIT, SONS & CO., NEW YORK

Walton, Amy. Black, White, and Gray. $1.

Stuart, Esmé. Out of Reach. $1.

Frith, Henry. The Lost Trader. $1.

WARD, LOCK & BOWDEN, LTD., NEW YORK

Bell, Mackenzie. Spring's Immortality, and Other Poems. $1.

Kernahan, Coulson. A Book of Strange Sins. 50 cts.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER & CO., NEW YORK

Waugh, Arthur. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. $1.50.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Farrar, Frederic W., D.D. Cathedrals of England. $1.50.

W. A. WILDE & CO., BOSTON

Peloubet, Rev. F. N., and M. A. Peloubet. Select Notes on the International Lessons for 1894. $1.25.

Are You Married?

It is the small annoyances that worry—sour milk over night, no milkman in the morning: no cream for the coffee; no milk for the baby. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always ready for use. Obtainable everywhere.

R. H. MACY & CO.

Sixth Avenue, 13th to 14th Street.

1858 1893

36th Annual

GRAND OPENING

OF

Holiday Goods

Shopping Made Easy

3 New Passenger Elevators

Our New Building Enlarged

25,000 sq. ft. of floor space added

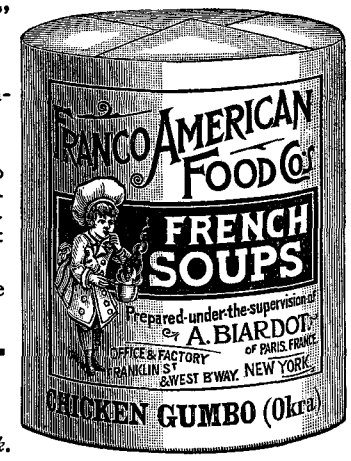
A Short Tale.

One day a gentleman travelling with his servant stopped at an old fashioned Inn and ordered two boiled eggs for his Lunch.

"The broth," said he, "will make a Soup for my servant."

"It will not be very rich, Sir," objected the waitress.

"Well," he answered, "add another egg, I can eat three."


FRANCO AMERICAN FOOD Co's
FRENCH SOUPS
Prepared under the supervision of A. BIARDOT of PARIS, FRANCE
OFFICE & FACTORY FRANKLIN ST & WEST B'WAY. NEW YORK.
CHICKEN GUMBO (Okra)

If you care for what you eat and do not want such a Soup beware of those offered to you as "Just as Good" as the Franco-American for less money, but ask and insist upon getting the Franco-American Soups.

Sample can sent on receipt of postage (14 cents.)

☛ Try our Plum Pudding. Sample can 14 cents.

The Franco-American Food Co., West Broadway and Franklin St., New York.

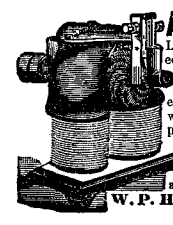
RHEUMATISM CURED

BY USING ONE BOTTLE

YELLOW PINE COMPOUND

Price, $2.00; by Express, $2.25.
Send for treatise.

YELLOW PINE EXTRACT CO.
ALLEGHENY, PA.
For sale by all druggists.



AGENTS $50 to $100 A WEEK

Ladies or Gents. Best seller known. Needed at every house, place of business or farm the year round. "Home" Electric Motor runs all kinds of light machinery. Cheapest power on earth. Connected instantly to wash or sewing machine, corn sheller, pumps, fans, lathes, jewelers' or dentists' machinery, &c. Clean, noiseless, lasts a life-time. No experience needed. To show in operation means a sale. Guaranteed. Profits immense. Circulars free.

W. P. HARRISON & CO., X-7, Columbus, O.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

About People

—President Carnot has four children, one daughter and three sons.

—The famous Chinese giant, Chang, died at Bournemouth, England, on November 5.

—The Hon. Charles Francis Adams is to remove from Quincy, Mass., where his family has had its home for six generations.

—Rosa Bonheur says, in defense of her male attire, that she would have missed all chances of success had she had to bear the weight of the skirts in fashion thirty-six years ago.

—Geronimo, the once powerful and cruel Indian chieftain of the West, is now a quiet and peaceful prisoner at Mount Vernon Barracks, an army post upon the Alabama River, a short distance above Mobile.

—Alexander Beckwell, a negro who died in New Orleans lately at the age of one hundred years, was said to be of royal African blood. He was enticed away from his home in Africa while a boy by slave-traders, and sold to a Virginia planter, whose name he took.

—Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, says of a report that he was to accept a professorship in the University of Chicago: "It has grown out of my saying to Dr. James that if I were a younger man I should like to cast my lot with a city like Chicago. I like Chicago. I like the spirit, the civic power, of the place."

—Mrs. Annie F. Brown, who died the other day in Quincy, Ill., left $40,000 to the Louisiana State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. While visiting in New Orleans some years ago, Mrs. Brown saw a colored man brutally beating his horse. She became interested, and with a friend bought the decrepit animal from its owner and had him humanely killed. Her interest in the Louisiana State Society dates from that day.

—Among some interesting experiences which Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, the sculptor, tells in this month's "Strand Magazine," is the story that when he was modeling the Gordon Memorial, being anxious to obtain a personal description of the famous soldier, he asked Sir Henry Gordon for some information. "My brother," Sir Henry replied, "was a fine soldierly fellow, stalwart, well set-up, and erect, like this," and Sir Henry pulled himself up. The sculptor then asked a fellow-officer of Gordon's. "Oh, was the reply, "rather humpbacked, like this," and he, too, illustrated his meaning. Having thus obtained "the two widest opinions as to a man's appearance that he ever heard," Mr. Thorneycroft wisely decided to rely on photographs.

A Bishop on Sermons

One does not look to a prelate for frank fun, but the Bishop of Wakefield, unasked, has vouchsafed some genuine humor on the subject of preaching. He has clearly made a study of the art, and he divides the modern sermon into seven species. Thus we have:

"The Sesquipedalian: big words hiding little thoughts.

"The Wishy-Washy: no explanation required.

"The Pyrotechnic: blazing with brilliant metaphors and illustrations, and finishing with a faint odor of gunpowder.

"The Anecdotic: teeming with stories—some of them good enough once, but gone bad by keeping.

"The Flowery: in which rhyme is of more importance than reason.

"The Mellifluous: with calm, unbroken flow.

"The Paregoric: against which the powers of wakefulness fail; like a roll of ribbon, so much alike at all points that a yard can be cut off anywhere." Who does not know each and all of these? This is a form of pastoral which congregations, as a rule, will not disapprove.

In connection with this severe episcopal utterance, there is a story on the other side going the ecclesiastical round. A clergyman prepared to preach two Sundays since, and gave out as his text, "The devil, like a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour." In the same breath, before beginning his discourse, he continued: "My friends, you will probably have heard that the Bishop of Manchester has announced his intention of visiting every church in his diocese, and consequently we may very shortly expect to see him among us."

Testing his Ability

It is said that the late Mr. Spurgeon was in the habit of testing the ability and self-possession of the theological students under his care and instruction by sending them up into the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands, containing the text of the sermon or address each one was to deliver on the spur of the moment. On one of these occasions, the student, on opening the paper, found this subject and direction given him: "Apply the story of Zaccheus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry." And the student promptly delivered himself in the following way:

"My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparision between Zaccheus and as to my qualifications. Well, the first thing we read about Zaccheus is that he was small of stature; and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he was up in a tree, which is very much my position now. And, thirdly, we read that Zaccheus made haste to come down; and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

An Effective Cure

A preacher's righteous soul was sadly vexed by the talking and giggling of some of the junior members of his congregation. Breaking off in the middle of his discourse, he looked straight at his tormentors and said:

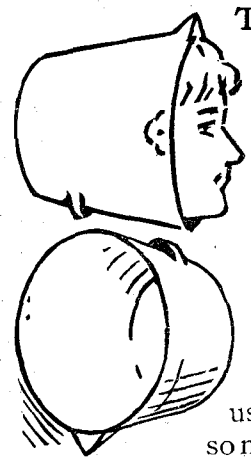
"Some years ago there happened to sit right in front of the pulpit a young man who was perpetually laughing, and talking, and making silly faces. I stopped short and took him severely to task. At the close of the service a gentleman stepped up to me and said:

"'Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man is an idiot.'

"Since that time I have not ventured to reprimand any persons who behave themselves indecorously in church, lest I should repeat the same mistake and inflict censure upon an idiot."

There was exemplary silence during the rest of the service.—*Ueber Land und Meer.*

For Sleeplessness
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate
and you who toss and turn all night, and long and long for sleep to come, will obtain it.



The Best Thing in Milk Pails is Pearline You get them cleaner, and with less work and fuss, than with anything else you can use. It saves so much that it's cheaper than the commonest stuff can be. Proof—the largest dairies and dealers use Pearline. Some women are afraid of Pearline—they think that where cleaning is made so easy, there must be some harm to the thing washed. Pearline can't hurt milk pails, anyway. And it can't hurt the finest lace or the softest hands, any more than it hurts milk pails.
389 JAMES PYLE, New York

High Cost Dress Goods at Reduced Prices

Forty lines of richest Novelty Dress Goods, to be on sale this week, reduced in price, as follows:

$1.50	Novelties	to	$1.00
1.75	"	"	1.25
2.25	"	"	1.50
2.75	"	"	2.00
3.50	"	"	2.25
4.50	"	"	2.50
7.00	"	"	3.50
9.00	"	"	5.00

All from this season's importation.

James McCreery & Co.

Broadway & 11th Street
New York

"Liebig Company's"

These two words are known in every well-ordered household throughout the world as designating the oldest, purest, best, and always-to-be-depended-upon

Extract of Beef

Comfort Powder

Cures Eczema, Chafing, Pimples, Itching, Salt Rheum, Burns, Sun Burn, Tender Feet, Infant Chafing. and all inflammation.

Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents per box, postage paid.

COMFORT POWDER CO., HARTFORD, CONN.
Send 2 two-cent stamps for liberal sample and book.

Use COMFORT SOAP for the Hands, the Face, the Complexion.

BOVININE

It is a boon to women in delicate condition. All physicians will indorse that statement.51

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Interesting Conference

During the past week there has been held in the United Charities Building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York, one of the most interesting conferences of the year, under the auspices of the State Charities Aid. Particular interest centered on Wednesday evening's discussions, as the subject was "The Condition of the Tenement-House Children in their own Homes." The Superintendent of the Children's Aid Society of New York gave the history of that Association, confining his remarks principally to the work done in the schools and in the homes by the teachers and visitors of the Children's Aid Society. He convinced the most skeptical of the necessity of such an organization as the Children's Aid Society in cities where there must always be fluctuations in the income of the laborer, from the point of necessities to bare sustenance, as well as among the more destitute families who are the habitual receivers of charity. Dr. Stanton Coit, head worker of the University Settlement of New York City, made the distinction, which the public are slow to recognize, that to class all children in our tenement-house districts as the children of the poor, representing them as paupers, criminals, or waifs, is unscientific, and, because unscientific, untrue. The children who stand in need of the direct ministrations of organizations—such as the children brought under the care and administration of the Children's Aid Society and such beneficent organizations as the St. John's Guild—are largely from families who are accustomed to more or less assistance in maintaining their homes and supporting their families, and who leave the guidance of their families, to an alarming degree, to these organizations.

Above them are a far greater number of children whose lives have never been touched by the too often soul-destroying effect of administered charity, and of these children Dr. Coit spoke with an intelligence that very few are able to bring to the subject. He demanded that, to keep these children where they are and give them the ability to develop to something better, the city should give, not charity, but opportunity—opportunity for cleanliness, for recreation, for education. He made a strong plea, strong because so logical, for more freedom for the teachers in our public schools, so that they might accomplish a greater work, if they were spared from the making of reports and other unnecessary detail work.

The work of the Home Library Association of Boston, which is one of the departments of work of the Children's Aid Society, was presented by Mr. Birtwell, the originator. The plan of this Home Library is so simple and its opportunities so great that one wonders that the scheme was never thought of before. Briefly, the plan is to put in a tenement-house home, where it will be welcomed and cared for, a small bookcase, with doors that will lock. In this bookcase are placed fifteen popular children's books, to remain until the little library circle of ten have exhausted that library, when the books are to be removed and fifteen new ones put on the shelves. The librarian goes at a stated time to distribute the books, and his or her opportunity comes then, not only in guiding the young readers in their choice of books, but in learning the limitations of their lives. Mr. Birtwell gave several striking instances of the ramifications of the work accomplished through the libraries. Such were the discovery of men who were going about the neighborhood collecting money for policy-playing (this was brought to the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, and that species of business is no longer practiced); the discovery of a child of peculiar ability in certain directions, and the placing of him under the right educational influences; of sudden emergencies where the lending of money carried a family over difficulty. From these little circles have grown circles of the Penny Provident Fund, and last year, just among the children connected with these Home Libraries, $800 was deposited in the Penny Provident Fund. From the Home Libraries have also grown amusement circles, and games have been added to the libraries, and the children are instructed in their use. Violations of the health laws of the city of Boston have been brought to the attention of the librarians, and landlords who have violated these laws have found it safer to obey them, because of the weekly visits of intelligent men and women to the houses occupied by their tenants. Dr. Coit aptly said that each Home Library was a neighborhood guild. Lend a Hand circles have been formed, and everything that sympathy, interest, and intelligence could devise has been brought to bear on the lives of the ten families represented by the readers of the Home Libraries. B.

—There never was a man to whom ostentation and self-advertisement were more distasteful than the Rev. Thomas Mozley, the famous editorial writer of the London "Times." There is a story told of him to the effect that when he was in treaty for the publication of one of his early books, his publisher, who only knew of him as the quiet country clergyman, and was doubtful as to his literary capacity, asked whether he had ever written anything for publication before. "Yes," replied Mozley, "two volumes of sermons"—the publisher's face dropped—"and about 7,000 leaders for the 'Times.'"

ALL the influences of the home should be refining; everything for its use or adornment should be genuine; the Cut Glass should bear the Trade-Mark of the Dorflingers whose reputation for the highest grade of **American Cut Glass** is world wide.

DORFLINGER

Trade-Mark.

C. Dorflinger & Sons,
New York.

"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD."

"BAA-LAMB."

"PICKANINNY"

"THE OWL."

THIS TRADE MARK,

Patented

ARNOLD PRINT WORKS INCORPORATED 1876 NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

July 5th and Oct. 4th, 1892,

Is stamped on the cloth next to each object.

"BUNNY."

"TABBY" AND HER KITTENS.

"DOLLIE."
A PATENT JOINTED DOLL.

"JOCKO."

"BOW-WOW" AND LITTLE BOW-WOW.

"TATTERS."

In addition to the TABBY CAT AND KITTENS, which we are still making, we are bringing out something new for the little ones this year. These illustrations will show you what they are; so perfectly made that you would think they were alive. They are printed on cloth, life size, in colors, with directions for cutting out, sewing together and stuffing with cotton, using a piece of pasteboard to make them flat at the bottom. Any child that can sew can do it. For sale by your dry goods dealer. If he does not have them show him this advertisement and ask him to get you some. DO NOT SEND TO US AS WE HAVE NONE AT RETAIL.

Arnold Print Works, North Adams, Massachusetts.

SAPOLIO LIKE A GOOD TEMPER "SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Age of Trees

The ages of some of the chief species of trees are thus given by a writer in the New York "Times:"

Elm, 300 years; ivy, 335 years; maple, 516 years; larch, 576 years; orange, 630 years; cypress, 800 years; olive, 800 years; walnut, 900 years; the Oriental plane, 1,000 years; lime, 1,100 years; spruce, 1,200 years; oak, 1,500 years; cedar, 2,000 years; yew, 3,200 years. The way in which the ages of these trees have been ascertained leaves no doubt of its correctness. In some few cases the data have been furnished by historical records and by traditions, but the botanical archæologists have a resource independent of either, and, when carefully used, infallible.

Of all the forms of nature, trees alone disclose their ages candidly and freely. In the stems of trees which have branches and leaves with netted veins—in all exogens, as the botanists would say—the increase takes place by means of an annual deposit of wood, spread in an even layer upon the surface of the preceding one.

In the earlier periods of life trees increase much faster than when adult—the oak, for instance, grows most rapidly between the twentieth and thirtieth years—and when old the annual deposits considerably diminish, so that the strata are thinner and the rings proportionately closer. Some trees slacken in the rate of growth at a very early period of life, and layers of oak become thinner after forty, those of the elm after fifty, those of the yew after sixty.

A Young Girl's Romp with Napoleon

In the November "Century," in the diary of the voyage of Napoleon to St. Helena, occurs this description of a scene in the Emperor's life while awaiting the alterations at Longwood House.

In the evening he generally invited himself into the cottage, and played cards with the family for two or three hours. Mr. Balcombe's family consists of himself (a truly good-natured and most hospitable, liberal man of plain manners), Mrs. Balcombe, two Miss Balcombes (women grown, although the one is but fifteen and the other between thirteen and fourteen), and two boys, the one about seven and the other five years old. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Balcombe understands French, but both the Miss Balcombes speak it tolerably well, and Bonaparte appeared much delighted in their society. These young ladies in a few days became perfectly familiar, and the General seemed highly pleased with their naïveté, particularly that of the younger (a pretty girl, and a most complete romp when out of sight of her father). He occasionally so completely laid aside his imperial dignity as to romp with these young ladies, who, during such diversions as "Blind-man's Buff," etc., called him by the familiar appellation of "Boney;" indeed, the younger, who appeared his favorite, said anything and everything to him her lively imagination dictated, asking every possible question, and he answering without the slightest apparent reserve.

The Oldest Republic in the World

Within Italy there exists the most ancient surviving republic in the world—independent in law, government, finance, and armament of Italy itself. Twice a year, on April 1 and October 1, takes place the most important function of the State—namely, the inauguration of the two new Consuls. San Marino has a little army of fifty men. The little republic has its own copper coin, and a special issue of postage-stamps, quite a rarity in their own way. They collect and apply their own taxes quite independent of Italy, to whom they pay nothing.

A handsome new state-house, built of marble, is in course of completion. It may be mentioned as significant of the independence of the little republic, that only lately an extradition law with Italy was framed and passed. Before that, they were worried with an excess of deserters from the Italian army. The revenue is £6,000 a year, collected from 8,000 inhabitants. One-third goes to the administration, one-third to the army, and one-third to the civil service. There is an annual surplus. The revenue is supplied by means of a tax on salt and tobacco. San Marino—the territory is only thirty square miles in extent—is beautifully situated on a rocky summit, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. It commands a fine view of the Adriatic, some ten miles off.

The Word "Trolley"

Most persons who use the word "trolley" probably do not know the origin of this term, or why this name was given to that apparatus by which the electricity is conveyed from an aerial wire. Twenty years ago the word was used to designate "a form of truck which can be tilted, for carrying railroad materials or the like." This is the only definition of the word in Webster's Dictionary of the edition of 1848. In the edition of 1892 of the same work three other solutions are added: 1. "A narrow cart that is pushed by hand or drawn by an animal." It is noted that this meaning of the word is in use in England, not in the United States. 2. "A truck from which the load is suspended in some kinds of cranes." This meaning is technical, according to Webster, and employed only in speaking of machinery. 3. "(Electric railway). A truck which travels along the fixed conductors, and forms a means of connection between them and a railway car." It is easy to see how the primitive form of the electric trolley, which travels upon the wires, came to receive its name from its resemblance to other types of trolley; and the name, having been given to this primitive form, was naturally retained when the method of connection was changed from a little truck moving on a wire to a mast having at its end a wheel pressing on the lower surface of the wire. These facts are taken from an article in the Detroit "Free Press."

—The late Professor Jowett was hit off in a masque, written by a member of his college at Oxford, in the following lines, put in his own mouth as the leader of a procession of Dons:

> First come I, my name is Jowett,
> There's no knowledge but I know it.
> I am Master of this college,
> What I don't know—isn't knowledge.

If you look at a dozen common lamp-chimneys, and then at Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass," you will see the differences—all but one—they break from heat; these don't; you can't see that.

Common glass is misty, milky, dusty; you can't see through it; Macbeth's is clear.

Tough, clear glass is worth fine work; and a perfect chimney of fine tough glass is worth a hundred such as you hear, pop, clash on the least provocation.

Pittsburgh. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.

STRANGE That you let new leather get old for want of Vacuum Leather Oil; 25c, and your money back if you want it.

Patent lambskin-with-wool-on swob and book—How to Take Care of Leather—both free at the store.

Vacuum Oil Company, Rochester, N. Y.

ASTHMA and NASAL CATARRH CURED
By Dr. B. W. Hair's Asthma Cure and Catarrh Specific. Only known unfailing permanent cure. *I send treatise free.* B. W. Hair, Cincinnati, O.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS CHIMES & PEALS in the World.
PUREST BELL METAL, (COPPER AND TIN.)
Send for Price and Catalogue.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. BALTIMORE, MD

The Marked Success
of Scott's Emulsion in consumption, scrofula and other forms of hereditary disease is due to its powerful food properties.
Scott's Emulsion
rapidly creates healthy flesh—proper weight. Hereditary taints develop only when the system becomes weakened.

Nothing in the world of medicine has been so successful in diseases that are most menacing to life. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

No mineral water will produce the beneficial results that follow taking one or more of
Beecham's Pills
with a glass of water immediately upon arising in the morning.
Painless. Effectual. Covered with a Tasteless, Soluble Coating
"Worth a Guinea a Box."—Price only 25 cents.
Of all druggists, or a box will be mailed on receipt of 25cts. in stamps by B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.
25

1,000,000
young mothers need
Babyhood
The highest authority on the care of children, dealing with food, dress, instruction, etc. One hundred physicians write for it. "It will save the child an illness, the mother many a sleepless night."
"Worth its weight in gold."—Boston Transcript.
$1.00 a Year
Babyhood Publishing Co., New York.

World's Fair Awards.
AMONG the awards made by the Columbian Exposition is one to I. P. Frink, of 551 Pearl Street, New York, for Frink's Improved Reflectors. This device is well known to most of our readers, and has been very largely adopted in halls, churches and picture galleries throughout the country, where it has given universal satisfaction, and we are glad to be able to record the award of this prize by the World's Columbian Exposition as a recognition of the superiority of these reflectors.—*Architecture and Building, N. Y.*

PAINT YOUR ROOFS WITH
DIXON'S SILICA GRAPHITE PAINT
Water will run from it pure and clean. It covers double the surface of any other paint, and will *last four or five times longer.* Equally useful for any iron work. Send for circulars. JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

GRANULA
A most nutritious and digestible food. Specially adapted to the needs of invalids and children. Trial box, postpaid, 50c. Pamphlet free, GRANULA CO., Dansville, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arnold Constable & Co.

WINTER UNDERWEAR

Cartwright & Warner's
Celebrated Goods.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
Natural Wool, Merino,
Camel's Hair,
and Silk and Wool Underwear.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
Combination Suits.

Men's Underwear.

Wool, Merino, Silk and Wool,
and All-Silk

HOSIERY.

LADIES'
All Wool, Merino, Cashmere,
Camel's Hair, and
Silk Hose.

MEN'S
Cashmere, Silk Hose, and
Half-Hose.

CHILDREN'S HOSE.
Cotton, Wool, Merino, and
Silk Hose,
PLAIN AND RIBBED.

COLORS WARRANTED FAST.

Broadway & 19th st
New York

Brass Bedsteads

Bedsteads and Cribs in Brass, Silver, and Iron. Brass Furniture, Etc. Curtain Poles, Rings, Etc. Brass Bedsteads and Bedding a Specialty.

THE GOULD-MERSEREAU CO.
Successors to
The Robt. S. Gould Co. and W. T. Mersereau Co.,
261 & 263 Canal St., New York
200 Feet East of Broadway.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

King's W[redacted]
C

TO ARCHITECTS, BUILD[redacted].

Since the completion of *five* of the six sid[redacted]
economy of building upon which so much dep[redacted]
Yet, until the production of King's Windsor As[redacted]
c[redacted]st of fair common wall plaster), this feature in
ments.

EXPLANATION RELATIN[redacted]

Within the past three or four years we have made and sold abou[redacted]
known as KING'S WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT, with which mas[redacted]
ing that in some instances they have disregarded our directions as to the *amoun[redacted]*
and not being thus able to guarantee results without having control of the *quantity* and *qu[redacted]*
gredient, we have, therefore, recently established in connection with our Mills an extensive SA[redacted]
incorporate with our famous cement not only a *suitable quality* but *correct quantity* of the best sele[redacted]
sharp bank sand, being itself first systematically treated—that is, thoroughly *screened*, *washed*, and *kiln-dried*—thus providing a *reliable* and *perfect* wall material, ready for use, except the addition of water by the plasterer—and this is our WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT DRY MORTAR.

ASSURANCE OF PERFECT WALLS AND CEILINGS

By this method, together with accurately proportioning all the ingredients (by automatic weighing of the same), we are now fully enabled to control the *proportion*, *quantity*, and *quality*, and *homogeneous incorporation* of *all* the materials, and thereby to guarantee perfect Walls and Ceilings.

HOW COMMON PLASTER IS MADE

The Indispensable Requisites in the Production of Wall Plaster, of whatever nature, are: 1st, suitable *quality* and *preparation* of the materials, especially the *sand:* 2d, proper *proportions* of the ingredients; and 3d, thorough and homogeneous *mixing* of the same. Neither of these requisites are or can be strictly or approximately complied with in making wall plaster by the usual means. The sand is seldom well selected, is never treated (that is, properly screened, washed, and dried): the materials are proportioned by guess, without pretension to the least accuracy, and never but partially incorporated or mixed—to do either of which by *hand labor* would be too expensive, and absolutely impossible on or at the premises where the plaster is to be used. Nothing short of an extensive plant and steam power renders it possible to produce properly made Wall Plaster, and this is why we can produce a superbly superior material for even less than a poorer article.

RELATIVE COST OF OUR CEMENT AND COMMON PLASTER

Though our material is infinitely superior to any wall plaster made of lime, hair, and sand, or other ingredients, our method of production enables us to more than compete with the cost of a fair quality of common (or any other) wall plaster, as will appear. The materials and labor for lathing, cornices, center-pieces, and finishing coat, and the labor for applying the plaster that constitutes the scratch and brown coats of given thickness, will cost the same whatever be the kind of plaster used for the *scratch* and *brown* coats; therefore, the relative cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar and Common Plaster is narrowed down to the *comparative cost of common plaster (for scratch and brown coats) stacked, wet up, and tempered, ready for the hod; and the cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar, delivered, also ready to wet up.* For comparison we will take Col. Gilmore's Formula for common plaster, which is employed for Government work and cited in Form Books as *standard:* Lime, 4 casks, at $1.10; Hair, 4 bushels, at 25 cents; Sand, 7 loads, at 75 cents; labor for mixing, stacking, and tempering, $3.75—amounting to $14.15 for 100 square yards, or 14 15/100 cents per square yard. Our material delivered at the building, at our price, $6.70 per ton (after deducting rebate for bags returned), for 62½ sq. yds. is 10 72/100 cts. per sq. yd.—showing a difference in favor of our material of 3 43/100 cts. per sq. yd. This comparison refers to ¾-inch ground work on wood lath, and holds good on all other lathing, brick walls, etc.

ADVANTAGES IN FAVOR OF WINDSOR CEMENT DRY MORTAR OVER COMMON HAND-MADE PLASTER

Though so far superior to all other wall plasters, it costs no more than common plaster, and, therefore, can be universally afforded and for all classes of buildings. It is three times stronger—three times harder—free from acid or any other corrosive or otherwise injurious chemicals. The water with which it is wet up is largely taken up by the set, and does not, therefore, evaporate, and so *saturate* the wood-work of the structure. It adheres stronger to brick, all kinds of lath and other building materials—is more easily applied—saves time, as the carpenters can almost immediately follow the plasterers—is not injured by frost after it has once set. As it is wet-up *within* the structure, the plasterers are not delayed by storms or freezing temperature. It can be used and finished in any way that ordinary plaster can—registers, thimbles, etc., can be cut in without extended injury—nails can be driven into it without blemish. It relieves Architects and Owners of apprehension and anxiety attendant upon the uncertainty of securing good walls and ceilings by the use of hand-made and half-made lime-and-hair plaster. It is particularly adapted for setting tiles, slabs, floor brick, topping off chimneys, and the like—can be applied without special skill and by any plasterer. Walls and Ceilings made of our Cement are stronger, harder, tougher, more tenacious and elastic—will not pit, chip, crack, or fall off—are less porous and therefore less absorptive of water, moisture, and germs of disease, hence more wholesome and sanatory and less expensive to paint—are free from filthy tropical cattle hair, asbestos being used for fiber. They are fire, water, vermin, and germ proof—being harder, are not easily defaced—being smoother, are more agreeable to touch and vision—being water-proof, can be cleaned by washing—and they obviate heavy cost of repairs.

Because of the superior strength, adhesion, tenacity, and elasticity of our Windsor Cement, it is applicable to factories, printing-houses, etc., on which common plaster would not stand the jar.

Send for complete treatise on the subject of "NEEDED IMPROVEMENT IN PLASTER FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS."

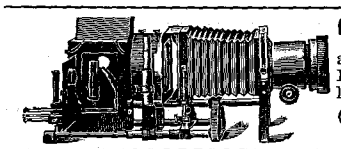
J. B. KING & CO., 21-24 State Street, NEW YORK
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees

TIFFANY GLASS & DECORATING COMPANY

·FURNISHERS·&·GLASS·WORKERS·DOMESTIC·&·ECCLESIASTICAL·

·DECORATIONS· ·MEMORIALS·

·333·TO·341·FOURTH·AVENUE·NEW·YORK·



Criterion and Parabolon MAGIC LANTERNS
and Stereopticons, Oil, Lime, or Electric Light, Views of World's Fair, Scripture, Temperance and other subjects for profitable public lectures or private talks.
Catalogues free. **J. B. COLT & CO.** 16 Beekman St., New York. 189 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

The Old Reliable Standard Pen, No. 048.
ESTERBROOK'S FALCON
26 John St., N. Y.

150 OTHER STYLES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[redacted]IETY.

[redacted]HORITY

[redacted]NS OF

[redacted]S

NTERTAINING
AMUSEMENTS

..., and daintily illustrated. Clever short stories, bright verses, jokes and skits.

FASHION AND SOCIETY CORRESPONDENCE
FROM
PARIS AND LONDON.

THE FRENCH DRAWINGS
REPRESENT THE
VERY LATEST PARIS FASHIONS.

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS:
As Seen by Him (Fashions and Etiquette for Men).
What She Wears (Fashions for Women).

Portraits of distinguished and beautiful Society women of New York, London, Paris, and Vienna a special feature.
The most original, charming, and beautiful weekly.
A Society Journal that, free from scandal, is an adornment to every home, and of inestimable service and value to all who wish to *dress well, appear well, and live well.*
Now taken by the prominent clubs and found in all fashionable drawing-rooms.
Four dollars a year in advance. Two dollars for six months.
For ten cents *enclosed with this advertisement* three sample copies will be sent to any address.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR 1894.

Subscribers sending now with this advertisement $4 for the coming year, 1894, will receive, in addition to all the numbers for 1894, all the numbers of 1893 from the time their subscription is received.

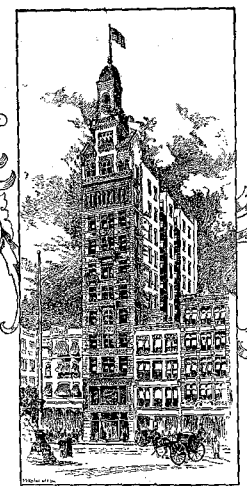
VOGUE $250 SPECIAL PREMIUM

VOGUE offers $250 to that person, living anywhere in the United States, who sends to VOGUE by April 1st, 1894, the greatest number of subscriptions to VOGUE.

This $250 to be paid in the form of an order upon any advertiser in VOGUE for goods to that amount.

ADDRESS 220 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

DECKER
BROTHERS'
PIANOS



MATCHLESS
IN·TONE
OF·THE·HIGHEST
ARTISTIC·CON-
STRUCTION

DECKER
BUILDING

UNION-SQUARE-WEST-NEW YORK

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR
FOR THE MILLIONS

A Beautiful Wreath of Holly and Mistletoe on Cloth that can be Tacked on the Wall.

Ever Green, no fading or dropping off of Leaves, making a unique and artistic Christmas decoration.

Three Styles: "Merry Christmas," "Happy New Year," "Christmas and New Year's Greeting"

For Household, Church, and Sunday-School decoration they are unexcelled.

The price brings them within the reach of every one.

THE CUT GIVES AN IDEA AND GENERAL FORM OF DESIGN, THE SIZE BEING 15 x 30 INCHES.

For sale by all retail dry-goods and toy dealers at 10 cents each. If your local dealer does not keep them, show him this advertisement and ask him to get you some from the Wholesale Dry-Goods Jobber.

WINDSOR CO., North Adams, Mass.

DO NOT SEND TO US, AS WE HAVE NONE AT RETAIL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED